

The

LADIES' WREATH



New York:

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No. 36 HOWARD STREET



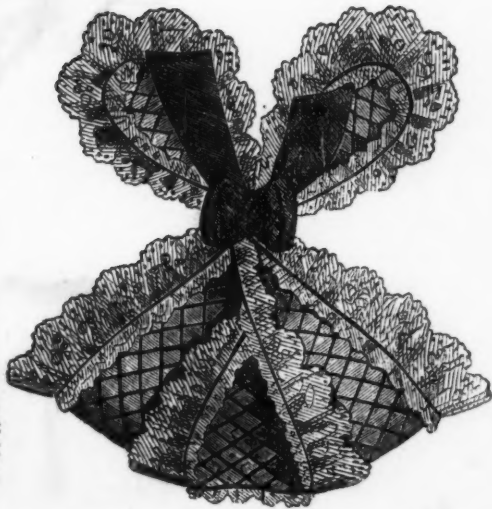
MAY



Morning Glory



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SPRING STYLES.



SPRING STYLES.

CO 11
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v16 (1862)

The Old Folks I Loved Long Ago.

Andante Affetuoso.

I. B. WOODBURY.

Bat-tling with life, 'Mid care and strife, The daily toil in hope I un-der-

- go. Yet mem'-ry will wan-der, Fond-er, O fond-er, To the

Entered according to act of Congress A.D. 1854, by O. DITSON, in the Clerk's office of the District court of Mass.

dear old folks I loved long ago, To the dear old folks I loved long a -

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a half note, and then a quarter note. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the right and left hands.

- go.

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal melody is mostly whole and half notes, ending with a quarter note. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes, ending with a double bar line. The key signature and time signature remain the same as in the first system.

2 Long years have gone
 Since in the morn
 Of life I heard the river's gentle flow,
 And oft mem'ry lingers
 As paint time's fingers
 The dear old folks I loved long ago.

3 Dell, hill and tree,
 Flower, bird and bee,
 All as of yore, make music sweet and low;
 And, though on earth riven,
 I hope to meet in heaven
 The dear old folks I loved long ago.

4 Then up, my soul,
 Strive for the goal;
 O linger not to weep and wail in woe;
 For far in yon azure blue,
 Methinks I yet may know
 The dear old folks I loved long ago.

THE CARDINAL'S BLESSING.

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BY F. I. BURGE SMITH.  
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I AM full of joy to-day. I feel as if wings had suddenly been given unto my spirit, and I had soared away into the upper air from a region of darkness and death—there is such pure light about me, such exhilaration ! such buoyancy ! such bliss !

For twelve years I have been treading, as it were, a damp and gloomy vault hung about with glittering gauds, but impressing me only with the sense of a pervading sorrow, and filling my eye with the one central object, a cold, stiff form that used to spring towards me so lovingly at the cry, "*Mother !*"

I can remember a time when no dream of ill had ever disturbed me, and I walked along such a flowery path, looking up into a sweetly beautiful face that seemed to me as an angel's. I like, now and then, to sweep away the sombre, intervening curtain between this and that, and step again into the redolent path, and see only the beaming face that made my Paradise. I care not so much about it to-day, however, because the curtain has somehow been lifted for me by other hands, and will never again fall so securely as to shut out the vision of my childhood's peace—will never again cut off the stream of radiance that flows from that point to this.

I must tell you how it came about, this glory that enwraps me with its warm, luminous, luxurious folds.

My father is a grave, taciturn man. I have kept out of the way of his great, dark shadow for years and years, never so much as creeping up to his knee, or laying my head upon his breast, as most children do to him who begat them.

Dear old "*Bess*" has been my *ne plus ultra* since my mother's life went upward. How I have clung to her apron string, and whined about her steps all this long, long time ; and she so gentle, and patient, and unwearied, never chiding my selfishness, never refusing my petitions, never preferring her own comfort and rest, to my thoughtless demands upon her time and ease. Dear old Bess, with her knotted, wrinkled visage, and her crumpled form, and her hobbling gait ! How do I love the very furrows upon her queer old face, and the shuffle of her feet as they make their singular music along the passage to my rooms.

There has been nothing so welcome to me for all these long years, as the appearing of the brown stuff gown, and the white double frilled cap in the frame of my doorway, a picture that can never fade out of my grateful remembrance.

My tutor, ugh ! the grey-beard ! with his solemn expression, and his continual sermon upon "the value of the passing moment," and "the necessity of diligence in the days of youth and vigor, if I would attain to a mature wisdom." Well, poor man ! he has his brief respite from his miserable, tormenting pupil, and when his vacation has ended, how his sage eyes will start out with wonder at the change that has come to my ambition ! for I have a wish now, an ardent desire and thirst for the knowledge I have so lately despised. 'Twas but yesterday that I met with such an incident.

"Oh, Bess, you dear old soul !" said I, as my queen went hobbling through the corridor, her shrunken arms piled up with fresh linen ; "come, quick, I have such a thing to tell you !"

"But you must wait a bit, Miss Augusta,"—Bess forgets that I am no longer a child, and often treats me nursery-like—"It's coming night, and there's the north room to air and make up for the guest that will be here, and such heaps on heaps to do."

I suppose the kind-hearted creature saw how bursting I was with impatience, for she looked at me a minute, and then perched herself upon the wide seat of a window we were passing, and made room for me by her side, just as she used to do when I was even with her belt.

"Well, what is it, dove ?" said she, "we'll have it over, and then my mind'll be easy like at my work."

"But first, queeny," said I, creeping close to my good nurse, for 'tis early spring, and there was quite a chill in the hall,— "first you must tell me all about my mother."

"What puts that into your head, child ?" said she in surprise.

"Oh, never mind, but be sure you begin at the beginning, and don't skip any, not a word, Bess."

She looked despairingly upon the white heap upon her lap, that she was hugging up and rocking to and fro like a real live baby, and then she commenced.

"You remember your mother, Miss Augusta ?"

As if I could ever forget the gentle face that for five years brightened my earth, and had always since been beaming lovingly out of my sky upon me.

"Well, she was the sweetest angel in all Granada ! Not any thing like most of the Spanish ladies, dark and fiery ; but from her

English father, fair and somewhat gently tempered in her quick, southern blood. Your grandfather, Miss, fell quickly into the ways of our country, and my sweet lady grew up with her mother's faith and manners.

"The Spanish Caballeros were all crazy after her, so heavenly was she and opposite to their swarthy, flashing beauties; but her heart was whole at twenty, and she as full of joy as a calm summer's day. Well, there came a time when her peace seemed ruffled, and there was a sort of tumult in her young bosom. She would sit silent for long hours, and then fall a sighing heavily. Her feet lost their spring, and there was a sad tearfulness in her blue eyes. My lord was greatly troubled for her health, and the Senora spoke urgently of a trip to her father's land, for the poor child's benefit. As for me, I was beside myself with grief at sight of my pretty darling fading away before my eyes. At last a change came, before the Senor had determined to go to England. My young lady found her heart again, and filled us once more with delight by her cheerful, sweet ways. You may be sure I was glad not to have to leave blessed Spain, for the cold shores of the British island, and I was so full of my own happiness, that for a time, I was stupid about my young lady's ways. Bless us, how heaven gives chances for loving souls to meet!"

Bess fell to musing so after this ejaculation, that I had to shake her up before she could continue her narration.

"Let's see, where was I?"

"About the meeting, Bess,—come, don't sleep over it again, don't you see how I'm dying to know the end?"

"Yes, yes, child, I'm getting to it. I was awakened one night from my sleep by the soft notes of a guitar, and being somewhat suspicious of my young lady, I threw something around me, and entered her room which adjoined mine. I saw in a moment that her bed was not tumbled, and tripping quietly to the balcony, there she stood with the moonlight full about her, her face partly peeping from its black lace shield, and glowing with blushes and feeling. I got but a glimpse of her knight, but that showed me your father, of English features, but bronzed a good deal by the southern climate. He was noble enough to look upon, that is for himself alone, but thought of as a suitor for my young lady—good lack! was ever a cherubim fit for her? Well, she stood there, as I said, with her Spanish lace shawl clinging gracefully around her, and the"—

"That was it, Bess, you may depend!" said I, interrupting her, and clapping my hands in childish glee. "You needn't tell me any

more now, I know the rest,—she married my father, and came away from the sunny skies, to live in his chilly land, and it froze her life-blood and killed her, Bess ; this is the end, I am sure."

She shook her head mournfully and looked at me, and I felt that I was right.

"And my father pines sorely for her yet?"

"Lord bless you ! and always will, Miss Augusta, there's neither hope nor comfort left."

How little Bess knew the sting of those few words ! The blood rushed up to my forehead,—I could feel its quickening course in my veins,—then it left me pale and wilted. My nurse was terrified, she had never seen me betray such emotion before, and letting the white heap roll from her lap upon the floor, she held out her old arms to me. I leaned my head upon her for a minute until the faintness passed ; then, without preliminary warning of my secret, I said, "I must have you a minute, Bess, deary,—come, follow."

So amazed was she at my manner, that she quite forgot her household cares, and leaving the snowy linen lying there upon the floor, she shuffled after me up another flight of stairs into a little turret room, where some huge, old-fashioned trunks were piled against the wall.

"This is *it*," said I, kneeling before a campbor-wood chest whose lid was firmly fastened. "Now give me your keys, Bess, and we'll get in here in a trice."

The poor creature looked frightened, and vexed, and begged me to come away quickly—"None but my father ever went to that trunk—it would give him mortal offense, and get her into great trouble if I should open it." But all was of no avail ; a sudden whim had seized me, and I would carry it out. I fumbled in her pocket with my obstinate hand, and triumphantly withdrew the bunch of keys, one of which fortunately aided me in my burglarious action.

Taking the coveted treasure from the trunk, I bade my frightened nurse go with me to my chamber and help me to dress. I put on a white frock, and Bess, obliging soul ! arranged the lace upon my shoulders. I went timidly to my father's room—I cannot tell what impulse made me enter without knocking—the door was slightly ajar—it had hitherto been so useless a precaution to lock it, or even to close it—and I pushed it gently and stood within.

My father was rapt before a portrait—'twas so singular I had never seen it. A sombre drapery was looped on one side, and the whole scene of Bess' story was before me,—the balcony, with the vines creeping through the lattice-work and clambering over the

balustrade ; the moonlight flooding the place, and the dear figure leaning forward, her slight form folded in the Spanish mantle, and the very glow of her sweet young love speaking from her heaven-lit face.

There was such a sigh from my father as he at length stepped towards the curtain and dropped its heavy folds over the canvas. Then he turned, started, murmured "Augusta !" and caught me as I sprang into his embrace. It was a half hour before either of us spoke, and then he said :—

"Thou art like thy sainted mother, my dear child. I have been absorbed with the past, and all unmindful of present blessings. Henceforth, thou wilt be ever near me, Augusta,—thy mother forgive me for neglecting our child."

I could but lie upon his bosom quietly for awhile, afraid to stir lest the enfolding arms should drop away and leave me to the outside chill again. Then my hand lovingly sought his broad, smooth brow, and wandered there to and fro until the twilight shut us in with its calm dreaminess. Oh ! it was then that the fountain of my father's soul was broken up, and the low murmur stole gratefully upon my ear, and brought such joy to my spirit as I have never before felt.

"Thou art grown, my little one," said he, holding me off, where the faint rays from the lamp in the outer hall straggled in upon me ; "and I thought thee yet a child, and gave thee up to the companionship of thy nurse."

I felt myself really a "little one," and was so glad to be frail and weak and dependent before him ; but he gathered me again to his breast, and continued :—

"From this time, Augusta, my heart will share all thy pleasures, all thy studies, all thy pursuits : thou art worthy thy mother's place in my love." And embracing me once more, I left him.

Bess stood at a respectful distance from the door, awaiting me in the corridor. She seemed amazed and bewildered at what had happened, and as I told her all, I could perceive how suddenly I arose in her estimation, into the dignity and majesty of a young lady.

"You see, Bess, queen," said I, walking beside her in the corridor, my mantle coquetishly enveloping me as she had arranged it, "if I hadn't such a propensity to haunt forbidden places, I should never have caught my father at the perfumed trunk, musing sadly over this relic of the olden days, and the Cardinal would have lain there from age to age, instead of coming forth to give me such a precious blessing."

SHADOWS.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"WELL, Silas, I suppose I must consent, but what can have put in your head the idea of going to Europe?"

"Why, mother, Captain Hawkins is going in his new schooner, and he has offered me a passage in her. I thought the opportunity too good to be lost; as he intends making but a short stay, you will hardly have missed me, before I shall be back again."

The mother sighed: for she knew how lonely the days would seem when he was away, and it was hard for her to yield the consent, apparently so readily granted, although she knew that for some time Silas had been discontented with the circumscribed view of the world, that could be seen from the neighboring hills, and his great desire had been to see, with his own eyes, a few of the wonderful things that were described so beautifully in the many volumes he had read.

"How soon will the schooner be ready, Silas?" asked his mother.

"In about a month I think."

"Does Emily know you are going?"

"No; I have not spoken to her yet about it, nor to Delia either, for I was afraid you might oppose it. I will see Emily and talk to her about it; I don't think she'll object, for she frequently quotes her cousin—who has traveled."

"Hum," ventured Granny, whose usual seat was in the chimney-corner, where she smoked and knit, with but little cessation, between the intervals of sleeping and eating—"hum, seems to me you'd better be staying at home, and getting an honest living, and not be wasting time and money. Your brother Will went away ten years ago, and he's never been heard of since. He's food for fishes more'n likely; and if you don't want to break your mother's heart, fretting about you, you'd better stay where you are. No good'll come of it." And, Granny, after having delivered herself of this bit of advice, resumed her knitting, occasionally giving a satisfactory grunt, which was usually distributed through every part of her conversation.

But grandmother's advice was seldom appreciated, because it was something like the decoction of herbs she usually had stewing over the fire—very bitter and unpalatable.

Mrs. Turner with difficulty suppressed her tears at mention of her

son, who had been a wanderer for so many years ; while Silas, irritated and vexed, turned to leave the house and met his sister Delia coming through the gate.

"What is the matter, Si?" she asked, noticing the hard drawn lines in his face, and the fretted look, "has anything happened?"

"No," was the curt reply.

"I have just parted with Emily. Mrs. Waite has invited her son to spend the summer with her, and Emily is half inclined to accept my invitation to spend that time with us. But you don't speak to me, Silas ; what is the matter?" and she leaned affectionately on his arm.

"Well, I'm provoked at grandmother ; she's always poking over dead ashes. I was speaking to mother about going to France——."

"To France!" echoed Delia, with a startled look.

"Yes, in Captain Hawkins' new schooner ; well, Granny sets mother off in a crying spell, and you'd better go in and comfort her, if you can, while I go to Emily's. If mother is willing," he added, after a moment's hesitation, "I should think it would be pleasant for Emily to spend the summer with you, as I shall be away."

It was nightfall when he reached Mrs. Waite's, and found Emily sitting on the piazza in the dim twilight, so busy with her thoughts that she was not aware of his presence, until she felt herself raised from the chair by a pair of strong arms, and stood face to face with Silas Turner.

Mrs. Waite was Emily's step-mother, and she had never evinced any peculiar friendship for the only child of her husband. The latter being in good circumstances, for a farmer, very probably, so the neighbors said, she was anxious her son, by her first marriage, should come in for a share of the property ; and was angry, as could easily be seen, that Emily would not consent to marry Stephen Coleman.

Silas and Emily were betrothed, and but few of the neighbors knew it, not even Mrs. Waite herself, who looked upon Silas as a being far beneath the consideration of Emily : "Very good for a gallant, when nobody better was at hand, but not at all suitable for Emily's husband."

When Silas told Emily of his intended trip, although there were a few tears shed, at the prospect of a separation, there was a perceptible flush of pride in her cheek, that told of inward gratification.

She desired a husband to be proud of, to look up to, and she already imagined herself saying to the neighbors, "My husband has been to France," and listening to Silas as he related his adventures. It was like the realization of a dream.

"It will not be long," he said, after a silence sufficient to allow of a little musing on either side, "it will not be long, Emily, and yet I dread to leave you because I fear——." She gave a questioning and reproving glance, and he left the sentence unfinished.

At that moment Mrs. Waite summoned Emily to tea, and Silas bade her good-bye, and went toward home, while the stars winked, and the moon laughed at him, and the leaves on the trees kept up a mocking, tantalizing whisper. And yet, for all that, Silas had faith in Emily, though he hated Stephen Coleman for the "snake in the grass" that he was ; so he whistled cheerily as he walked and reached his own home, where, through the window from which the curtain was drawn, he could see the family group, awaiting his return. As he glanced toward Granny, who sat beside the blazing hearth, his heart gave a quick agitated beat, then as he drew nearer and saw the calm brow of his mother, his own became smother, and the beat of his heart more regular.

II.

The needful preparations being made, it wanted but two days before the schooner would sail, and Silas had just found time to think what was the first thing for him to do when he reached "la belle France," when he was interrupted in his meditations by the entrance of Delia and Emily.

The same thought seemed to have possessed Delia's mind, for she asked him the question he had but just put to himself.

"Go about and see all I can, I suppose," was his reply.

"But you can't speak a word of the language. Have you thought of that difficulty?" she asked.

"Will you go as interpreter?"

"No, indeed, my 'parlez-voing' would be sure to be laughed at."

"I think not, Delia," said Emily ; "my cousin says the French are too polite and well-bred to laugh at a stranger."

"Do you understand the language, Emily?" asked Silas.

"No ; I only learned a few sentences from my cousin."

"Well, if a man don't understand me, how am I to know it?"

"He generally shrugs his shoulders and says, 'Je ne comprends pas,' which, cousin says, is the French for 'I don't understand.'"

"I wish you were going, Emily ; I think you would be of assistance to me ; but I'll play 'green,' and do as I see the others doing. I shall keep eyes and ears open, and if I don't have much use for my tongue while I'm away, it will be better able to do the work of eyes and ears for you, when I return."

The schooner sailed out of the bay, with colors flying, and voices cheering, and proudly the trim little craft moved through the narrow opening, and pursued her course through the Sound toward the ocean. * * * *

"Three times three," was the captain's order, as the schooner weighed anchor, and the welcome shore lay within the range of vision; and "three times three" went up from the sturdy crew, who already began to feel a longing for "terra firma;" and none on that ship had been more restless and anxious than Silas Turner.

It had been a pleasant voyage for him in many respects; he liked Captain Hawkins, and out of friendship as well as gratitude, assisted him in every way that was in his power.

Cheerfully he stepped on the shore, and bidding the captain good-bye, promised to be in readiness to take the schooner homeward.

His first step was to procure something to eat, so he wandered through the streets until he came to a stylish-looking place; on the swinging sign he spelt out "Café," and judging from the similarity of sound, and from what was displayed in the window, he concluded he had found the place he was seeking.

Silas was unusually bright and observing, for a country lad, or rather young man, for he was now twenty-two, but the village of Evansport was considerably in advance of most villages of its size; the bay and the hills, and the scenery altogether, had lured many a wealthy New Yorker to make his home in the place he had frequently chosen as a summer resort.

Mr. Turner had been a soldier in the war of 1812, and his widow was now in receipt of the pension awarded by government. Silas worked the farm, which was very productive, and had amassed a considerable sum of money, which he had been saving in anticipation of his approaching marriage. Part of it was now appropriated toward sight-seeing.

Having entered the café, he took the first vacant seat, glanced at the plate of the person who sat opposite, and motioned to the waiter, who thinking Silas wished to know the name, repeated it interrogatively. Silas bowed, and the waiter brought him the desired food. In like manner he procured whatever else he wished, and made his first repast in a French restaurant.

Everything was new and strange to him; the very atmosphere was impregnated with strange odors, and the only chance he had of recovering from the bewilderment that was sure to steal over him, after a day spent in viewing objects of interest, was when, from the

window of his room, he could look at the stars and dream of his home, and fancy that those he loved were thinking of him.

III.

It was an easy matter for Silas to find his way to Paris, for no traveler visits France without sojourning at this great capitol. He had received but one letter from home, and that told of Emily's being with them, of grandmother's failing health, the marriage of Stephen Coleman with a Baltimore lady, and sundry news of minor importance, and closed in Delia's handwriting, "Although grandmother avers you will never return, she commissions—your spirit, I presume—to bring her 'some real French calico, that won't run, once washing.' If you can find any, do get it, and ease the old lady's heart. You have been away now nearly four months—how swiftly time has flown; in less than two months the trees will be leafless, the flowers faded: hasten your return, my brother, ere the roses on our cheeks wither at your absence, and the snow that will soon cover the garden walk send a chill to our hearts as well."

How that letter turned his thoughts homeward! An irresistible longing for that dear, familiar place, quenched, for a time, even his thirst for novelty. He had well nigh forgotten his promise to Captain Hawkins to join the schooner homeward bound; it wanted but a few weeks of the time.

See Paris he must, and then "home, sweet home." On his entrance into the city, his first object was to secure accommodations for himself and portmanteau, which were easily found, for in Paris one meets with more of his own countrymen than in any other part of France; that is indeed the "Mecca" of Europe, and there America is well represented.

The next day, being assailed in his wanderings by that merciless fellow, hunger, he sallied into a restaurant, and having succeeded so well on a previous occasion, he made use of the same pantomime, inwardly lamenting his ignorance of the language. So he dined every day at the same restaurant, without seeing one familiar face.

"I like that man's looks," said Silas to himself, one noon. "I have met him now for several days. If I mistake not he understands the manners and customs of this great nation. I have half a mind to follow him; he can't lead me astray; he may be able to introduce me to sights worth seeing. By the by, he don't look so much like a Frenchman as he did at first; so much the better—so much the better," and Silas drew back from the table, prepared to follow the person to whom he alluded in his soliloquy.

Presently the gentleman appeared on the sidewalk, and Silas proved an indefatigable follower. Up one street, down another; into this building, and out again, until Silas grew weary long before night came, and found him at the door of his transient home.

Although Silas approved of his mental determination, and persisted in it during his stay, Monsieur Letournier, who had been aware that he had a follower, and whose pertinacity, knowing he was a foreigner, he could not but admire, took it into his head to remonstrate with his voluntary disciple.

"Vat do you mean?" he began, turning suddenly and confronting Silas, "vat do you mean; vous suivey-moi like von, vat you call—poodle. Vous avez insultez moi; I vill ave revenge. Dère is my card. Vous comprenez?"

Mechanically Silas took the card which the Frenchman, during his excitement, had shaken in dangerous proximity to his nose, and having made the exchange, was preparing to leave, when a muttered exclamation from 'le Français' drew his attention.

"Sacre bleu! milla tonneres! dat ever I live to see dis ting! Von vilain," he resumed, directing his attention to Silas, who was at a loss to know in what way he had so grievously insulted the honor of a French gentleman. "I go one place, vous suivez; I 'ave diné, vous suivezaussi, tout le temps. I take your card, et, I look, I see le nom, c'est le mien—Anglicé. Nous verrons, Monsieur," and off he started at a brisk trot, leaving Silas completely bewildered and astonished.

Arrived at home, it was with difficulty he could collect his thoughts sufficiently to realize the full extent of his situation. Had the Frenchman challenged him?"

Eagerly he sought for the card he had slipped in his pocket; it was no dream; there was the name and address in full; so he retired to dream of battles, home, fire-arms, Emily, and irascible Frenchman.

Early the next morning, ere the mistiness that enveloped his brain had been dispelled, he was surprised by a call from a gentleman, whose countenance was not at all familiar, but who speedily made known his errand.

"I have called, Monsieur, in obedience to the request of Monsieur Letournier, I being the only Englishman of his acquaintance, in regard to a little matter, which occurred yesterday; you remember doubtless." Silas bowed. "In the excitement of the moment he challenged you—exchanged cards—it is all the same; he thinks better of it to-day, and does not care to fight. But—if you cannot

give me a satisfactory explanation, it may be necessary to meet ; I am his friend," and with this acknowledgment, he waited for Silas to speak. The latter wished himself back at Evansport ; he was no coward, but the idea of blotting out all these pleasant remembrances with blood ! it was not to be thought of.

"I will explain ; pray be seated. I came from America for the purpose of seeing a little of France ; I had no friends ; you are the first person who has spoken intelligibly to me, since I landed from the vessel. I was anxious to see all the sights I could during my short stay, so I selected for my guide one whom I judged pretty well acquainted with the city and its environs, and I followed him merely for the purpose of finding my way back again through the labyrinth of streets. The vessel in which I intend returning, leaves a week from to-day ; and I had been congratulating myself on having found such a reliable guide. However, notwithstanding this unpleasant circumstance, I shall still hold in grateful remembrance your friend, and the service he has rendered me. You laugh." Silas sprang from his chair and seized the gentleman's hand—the grasp was mutual.

"It will be all right. He is not half as angry as he would have you think ; it is all very satisfactory, and he will laugh heartily ; ha ! ha !"

"I hope so indeed," ejaculated Silas, "and you must tell him if he ever visits America, he can retaliate by doing as the Yankees do."

IV.

It is a lovely day ; a few light clouds fleck the sky ; a slight breeze just agitates the water, and yields a pleasant motion to the gliding vessel. Home is the future, towards which many a prayer is sent, many a heart looks forward. Within three days of port ! The days pass slowly and wearily, the nights seem interminable ; there is scarce room on the deck of the vessel for the feelings that yearn for expression.

After the explanation M. Letournier called on Silas, and was so much pleased with him that he voluntarily offered his services during the rest of his stay. The time of departure was nigh at hand, and although Silas felt a natural longing for home, he could not help feeling sad at parting, perhaps forever, with the few friends he had made in a foreign country. He was speaking of this to Monsieur, who seemed very much disposed to quarrel with him for thinking of leaving so soon.

"But I must, Monsieur," Silas expostulated ; "I am to be mar-

ried this winter, and the letters I have received from home, speak of their anxiety at my delay."

"Eh !—vat !" slowly, as if considering, "I ave von grande, magnifique idée. I vill go with you, eh ! Vat do you say ?"

"Monsieur, are you in earnest ? Nothing would please me better," and Silas' face really expressed the pleasure he felt.

"But leesen, may I go chez vous ? I must see votre fiancée. I vill asseest at the vedding."

So it was arranged, to the intense satisfaction of both parties, and we find them on board the schooner—three days from home.

It was a joyful time when the schooner entered the little bay, and made toward the dock. Cheers greeted her on every side, which were prolonged by the echoes that lurked in the rocks along the shore.

It took but little time for Silas to find his way home, and introduce his friend. Silas, after kissing his mother, who hung on his neck and wept tears of joy at his return, saluted Delia and Emily, and they were sitting with moistened eyes listening to an account of his adventures, when all of a sudden, up jumped the Frenchman, and went through the same performance of kissing all 'round. Silas sat with eyes and mouth agape in silent wonderment.

"Ha ! ha !" laughed Monsieur, "you no like it ? You no remember vat you say. I come to Amerique—I do as the Americans do. You no like it, eh ?"

"No," said Silas, who had hard work to swallow down the lump of anger, "it isn't just the thing, I acknowledge. You have given it rather a free translation. But never mind," said Silas, when the ludicrousness of the affair became apparent to him, "we'll call it even," and it was speedily forgotten in the desire to hear all that had happened to Silas.

Even Granny, who had almost overcome her dislike to a "furiner," with a moustache, which she had declared was her abomination, drew her chair closer to the orator of the day, and peered curiously at Monsieur through her great silver-rimmed spectacles.

A pause in the conversation was broken by the Frenchman's speaking, to the infinite surprise of the whole family ; and in perfect English too.

"Madame," he began, addressing himself to Mrs. Turner, "your son has never had the curiosity to inquire into my history. To lessen your surprise, I will tell you, I am by birth an American ; but a prolonged residence in France, and a continual use of the language, has made me almost a Frenchman. In my youth, I was a boy of very strange habits, frequenting taverns, seeking the society of dissolute compan-

ions, in fact, doing all that I could to render my home unhappy, and my friends anxious for my welfare. My father, shortly before his death, purchased a farm in the country, which did not accord with my taste, so at the age of twenty, I left home, not thinking or caring to inquire the future residence of the family. I went directly to Paris, made money, and spent it, sometimes faster than it was earned ; and at the end of a few years found myself thinking of the race I had run, and how unprofitable it had been.

"I endeavored to amend, and succeeded, insomuch that having remained in Paris nearly eleven years, my name was, when I left, a passport to the best society, as your son can inform you. I don't know but I ought to reserve the rest until morning ; you are already fatigued and excited almost beyond your strength. I am intruding——."

"No, no, indeed, go on," was the mutual exclamation.

"And you will promise not to faint at the denouement ?"

They laughed at the idea.

"Well, I adopted the name of Letournier ; your son has my card, I believe," he continued, glancing roguishly at Silas ; "Guillienne Letournier, because I did not wish the friends of my boyhood to know of my whereabouts ; and by that name I have been known ever since. Your son, whom I frightened severely on the Boulevard, and accused of stealing my name, and Americanizing it, will pardon me for honestly using his. Mother, take me back to your heart ; I am your son, William Turner."

They were on their feet in a moment ; even Granny, who had been lulled to sleep by the "parleying" of the Frenchman, was now thoroughly aroused and using her snuff and bandanna to good effect.

What happy hearts rested beneath that roof ! And how earnestly the widow's prayer went up for her "son that was dead, and is alive again ; was lost, and is found." There were no shadows there, for love's sunshine was around and within the hearts that were so closely united—there was not room for a shadow between them.

LAUGHTER.—A hearty laugh occasionally, is an act of wisdom ; it shakes the cobwebs out of a man's brains, and the hypochondria from his ribs far more effectually than either champagne or blue pills. One of the emperors of Japan is said to have killed himself by immoderately laughing, on being told that the Americans were governed without a king.

"FOR HE SHALL DELIVER THE NEEDY WHEN HE
CRIETH."

~~~~~  
BY MRS. H. B. GOODWIN.  
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ONE day, one weary day and night
This winter rain
Hath swept in cheerless, chilling might
Against my pane,
Against my single, broken pane.

All day the dripping from my eaves
Makes a sad moan,
Like dropping leaves, dry, withered leaves
A wailing tone
Falls on my ear—a wailing tone.

The ashes on my hearth are cold,
My fire is dead,
And through the roof so worn and old,
Rain drips upon my bed,
Upon my half-clad child in bed.

She had no supper yester-eve,
My baby sweet,
Not e'en the crumbs rich children leave,
Were her's to eat—
My baby had no milk nor meat.

Alas! I cannot see her die
For lack of bread—
Is there no angel hovering nigh
Her lowly bed?
No pitying angel near her bed?

Hush, baby, hush! God sends to thee
Sweet sleep and rest;
Against thy thin cheek tenderly
My lips are pressed—
Thy soft curls lie upon my breast.

Even now the patter of the rain
Comes to my ear,
Mingled with gentle, soothing strains
Of spirits near—
God's messengers of light are near.

They tell us that our Father's arm
Supports us still—
And trusting it will shield from harm,
We wait His will—
We wait our Father's holy will.

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE IN THE WOODS.

BY FANFAN.

WHAT can there be of interest in the dingy looking building that stands alone amid the silent trees ? Much every way, and to many a grateful spirit, whose first sweet draughts from the fountain of knowledge were derived through as humble a medium. Who cannot remember some rude structure, 'neath whose roof his youthful days were spent—the rough seats and the hieroglyphical carvings upon the desks, the handwriting upon the walls, and the familiar names upon the window panes ? The very spirit of destruction must have possessed the children of former generations, if the mutilated remains of these ancient temples of learning are the exponents of the habits of the age.

I doubt, however, if the present race are less inclined to the engraver's art. Indeed, if there is any change in this respect, I shall be forced to attribute it to the restraining influence of penal laws, rather than to any inherent difference in mankind.

There must have been a sorry set, in the marred and dilapidated room that courts my present notice, since scarcely a trace of the carpenter's plane was visible upon the deeply cut boards. Was it pleasure to think of yourself as the presiding genius over such a place ? Why not ?

To be sure, there were visions of rebellious subjects, trampling upon one's authority,—and dull wits, that it were almost in vain to sharpen, and vulgar habits and tastes to shock one's fastidiousness, and then days of weariness and monotony, when the cramped enclosures would seem like the walls in the story—to press nearer and nearer, until they stopped your very breath,—and desires for the freedom of the broad world, with no sluggish brains to guide, or refractory wills to tame.

Oh ! you may be sure there is no employment without its drawback ; but if one has his own way to make in life, he must put on a brave heart, and face all discouragements with an undaunted front. They told me “ the former teacher had been ejected from the school-house by his pupils,” and that was rather a formidable anticipation.

Then "the trustees were not harmonious," and "the committee did not agree."

It could not be helped ; so one pleasant morning when the spring was fresh and green, and my own heart was more buoyant than usual, I stood behind the high desk, with my dignity and authority in my hands. One feels terribly independent, even with a petty office !—Wonder how the president of these United States looks upon himself, the morning after his inauguration ?

How funny the little subjects appeared, ranged so comically upon the benches, with their hands demurely folded upon their pinafores, according to the discipline of a former dominion. Surely, there was nothing to be feared from such diminutive specimens ! "There wasn't one of them that could hunt a fly ;" and my autocracy began to descend a little from its high pedestal, as the weeks wore on with but slight increase either in numbers or stature.

The end of the second month drew near, and then came the influx—the farmers had done their planting, and young men and maidens, whose shoulders my head barely reached, came flocking to the spot, where the seeds of a richer harvest were sown. Ah, thought I, as I hastily scanned the new comers, as if to take a measurement of their physical ability, now is the time for the looked-for evil ! Nevertheless, donning my most imposing manner, I bade them 'be seated,' and calmly—as if in the presence of my own children, I examined into their varied acquirements, classifying and arranging them according to their attainments.

How simple to allow one's self to be intimidated by the anticipation of a trouble that may never come. Peacefully and happily the summer days glided on, without a single cloud of disturbance to cast its shadow over our united group. I look back with wonder upon the perfect docility and gentleness of the tall youths who bowed daily to my will.

Was there a pleasure in hiving yourself up in the quaint, old place, with the heat, and the hum, and the bustle ? Indeed, there was, if there is any joy in imparting to the hungry mind, or in tracing the onward steps of the aspirant for knowledge. The sunbeams came not down more fiercely upon our busy heads, than upon the languid forms of the indolent, whose only task was to stir the sultry air with sweetly perfumed fans, and 'hum' and 'bustle' there was none, save low voices, giving expression to the well-conned pages that were fixed in the memory.

'Twas not all dullness and weariness in the old schoolhouse. Bright faces upturned to your own, with the sudden flush of joy, as

some abstruse problem becomes clear to the intellect. Little hands outstretched towards you with the simple offering of wild-flowers, the promptings of gentle, loving hearts,—words of kindness that fall so soothingly and gratefully upon your soul,—and that pure trustfulness, and confidence in your superior wisdom and judgment,—these are sufficient compensation for your confinement and toil, and lend a blessed charm to the relationship of teacher and scholar. 'Then the quiet noon-tide hour, when you lay your badge of office aside, and roam with your pupils a sister and an equal,—and the cool seat, 'neath the spreading oak, where you dream away the listless moments, with your fancy flitting hither and thither, gathering rest and refreshment for the next short session.

It must be terrible to be a regular "schoolmarm," with but the one idea of pedagogueship in your brain! to be a bundle of abstract sciences only,—having no interests beyond the four walls that shut you in from the natural and the beautiful! No flights—no impulses—no wanderings in an ideal sphere,—no power to transform the scene of your labors into a Paradise of delights,—and the objects of your care and love into winged cherubs, that will survive the crumbling away of all the material things about you! Oh! give me the imaginative and the susceptible to mould the heart and mind of my child—rather than the cold and plodding, who never step beyond the bounds of certain rules, and who see in the intellect only a fiery 'Pegasus,' that must be curbed and kept forever down, though it paw the earth in frantic endeavors to be free. Let it mount upward, say I, with no restraint but the one blessed link that binds it to the Eternal Throne of justice, mercy and truth!

The old schoolhouse no longer greets the traveler as he walks his tired horse past the cool woods. The hand of the incendiary placed the burning brand 'neath the venerable pile, and naught is left to tell the tale of its existence to the stranger, but the blackened ruins.

HAPPINESS.

HAPPINESS is only evident to us in this life by deliverance from evil; we have not real and positive good. Happy he who sees the day! said a blind man; but a man who sees clearly does not say so. Happy he who is healthy! said an invalid; when he is well he does not feel the happiness of health.—*Nicole.*

HYBERNIA.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

"AND all the saints an' the howly angels give you pace—Mary mother be forever wid ye."

"Thank you—thank you, that's plenty;" and we essayed to cross the street.

"If they pay you in nothing else they pay bountifully in blessings," remarked a friend, "what did you give him?"

"O! a penny!"

"For which he gave you in exchange heaven and all the saints."

This led to a spirited delineation of the Irish temper.

It is proverbial that Pat jokes over his last potato. The rain may leak on his hatless head, he thanks the saints that it isn't a "baver that would be spoilt entirely." If his shoes are gone—"bad luck to them, they make corns." Take away the bread from his table, and the little tow-heads from his cabin, but don't deprive him of his joke. An Englishman in reduced circumstances is as sullen as a mule. Don't you dare intimate that you would like to help him. Johnny Bull scorns to be put under an obligation; he'd a great deal rather be put to death. He never had help in his own country, thank you, and you'll please to mind your own business.

But Pat laughs on an empty stomach, and wouldn't mind in the least inventing a little story to stir up your sympathy. His children vary in number from six to sixteen, all helpless "babbies" in arms—and he himself is twenty-one or fifty; you can have your choice. A perfect encyclopedia of trades and callings—he will be your gardener, coachman, farrier, farmer, porter, or a "gentleman,"—he's done them all in the "ould counthrie," and he'll *do* you. And as to getting angry with the fellow if he plants your tulips in the potato-patch, founders your best horse, or knocks you down with an awkward brick, the comical way in which he scratches his head and looks out of the left corner of his eyes, and slips the blunders from his Irish tongue, disarms (sometimes) reproof of its sting, and "your honor," find refuge in a hearty laugh.

Pat's wit and Pat's jokes are indigenous to the soil in which he plants his praties. It seems almost impossible to starve, beat, or

drown an Irishman's passion for a lull or a ludicrous repartee. His blows are generally dealt quite as unsparingly, however. The wife who laughs with him in the morning, generally cries or quarrels with him before night. Only a day or two ago we were passing a tenement-house that bore unmistakably the seal Hybernia, when we saw Pat through the window, beating his wife unmercifully. She was calling on all the saints of heaven, and invoking the spirits of—the other place beside, and he with a deliberate whack ! whack ! laid on the curses and the blows together. A frowzy-headed daughter of Erin stood at the door below, calm as a summer's evening ; evidently speculating whether the moon wasn't green cheese or white, as she lifted her broad face towards that matron luminary.

"What's the matter ? what *is* the matter ? That man will kill his wife !"

"Och ! it's not killin' her he is to be sure," replied the—lady, with a broad frill and a broader brogue—"an' hasn't he bin gone on a long vige, an' isn't it so glad to see her he is, that he couldn't help using his shilalay ?"

"O ! you paddies !" was our mental conclusion ; "you may beat each other to death before I'll trouble myself to cross the street again."

Alas, poor Pat ! what an admirable taste he has for dirt ! Go through the swarming streets of the Dublin neighborhoods of our great cities, and you shall have plenty of proof that he at least believes heartily that "dust we are and unto dust we shall return." Uncarpeted entries black with accumulated dirt—door steps filthy beyond filth—fat women with elbows on window sills—children—scents—but in this "*category we paws*."

It was not long ago that we were victims to the treacherous disposition of some of these people, even while trying to do them good.

"Make up a bundle of some sort, and call with me to see a destitute Irish family," met with a ready response.

We were directed to a tumble-down house which had evidently had the rickets from the commencement—felt the way up broken stairs, and through filth that beggars description, and came upon a scene which an artist would *not* be inclined to portray. A day old babe and its mother lay in one corner ; four or five sick children, with festering lips and emaciated frames, languished on straw thrown over the floor.

"What is the matter with these children ?"

"O ! it's the masles, ma'm, only the masles—heaven bless ye—they've been down, but they're gittin' up now."

"Are you *sure* ? They don't look like it."

"Heaven bless ye for your kindness, an' the saints make yer bed,
and the howly angels be my witness—and the mother of——."

"That'll do—it must be masles."

Home gained again, and the momentary faintness at sight of foul humanity, and scent of fouler air overcome—we learned that every one of those children were and had been sick of ship-fever of the most malignant type.

We solemnly declare that from that moment our faith in Irish human nature has grown small and beautifully less. Among themselves we meet often instances of the most noble humanity. The trait that leads them to send their hardly earned wages to dependents in their native land, is thoroughly beautiful, and almost redeems the distrust and deception they often feel and practice towards us Yankees. Mr. Pat! *untrammel* you, give you liberal education, enlarge the sphere of your capacities, teach you to trust in your own native strength, elevate your social nature, inculcate neatness and sobriety, and you will stand side by side with the best specimens of less degraded countries.

UNWRITTEN POETRY.

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BY E. M. FARGO.  
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THERE'S not a silver moonlight ray,
That falls in silence on the hill,
Or seeks the glen where waters play,
And gilds the foam-crest of the rill—
There's not a star-beam from above,
That smiles upon this darksome earth,
But tells the realm of light and love,
Where angel Poetry has birth.

There's not a breeze, that from its home,
Calls gaily to the birds at morn,—
And not a stream, that loves to roam
Through banks where winds the wild bee's horn,
But has a language all its own,
That flows in numbers pure and sweet,
Heard by the answering soul alone—
With song and poetry replete.

There's not a zephyr floating by,
And singing through the summer vales—
There's not a burning orb on high,
Which through the boundless ether sails—
There's not a cloud bathed crimson bright,
When western skies in glory shine,

But speaks of loveliness and light,
Enrobed with poetry divine.

It gleams along the dancing wave,
That breaks on ocean isles afar,
And glitters in the beams that pave
Celestial roads from star to star
It glows upon the rainbow's crest,
Serenely bending o'er the storm,
And with refulgent beauty dressed,
It flashes in the lightning's form.

We hear its cadence in the swell
Of heaving billows, wild and grand,
And from the thousand harps that dwell
Within the breezy forest land;
We hear its louder tones of dread,
When earth by earthquake shocks is riven—
And when the thunder's solemn tread
Resounds along the floor of heaven.

O, written songs are dull and tame,
Compared with those that Nature sings,
Which soar in characters of flame,
Borne upward on creation's wings;
Could I but catch their living fire,
As artists catch the eye's true light,
And chain it to my willing lyre,
Then might its numbers flow aright.

THE WIFE'S UNIVERSAL RIVAL.

IT must ever be borne in mind that man's love, even in its happiest exercise, is not like woman's; for while she employs herself through every hour in fondly weaving one beloved image into all her thoughts, he gives to her comparatively few of his, and these, perhaps, neither the loftiest nor the best. It is a wise beginning, then, for every married woman to make up her mind to be forgotten through the greater part of every day; to make up her mind to many rivals, too, in her husband's attentions, though not in his love; and among these I would mention one, whose claim it would be folly to dispute, since no remonstrances or representations on her part will ever be able to render less attractive the charms of his competitor. I mean the newspaper, of whose absorbing interest some wives are weak enough to evince a sort of childish jealousy, when they ought rather to congratulate themselves that their most formidable rival is one of paper.—*Mrs. Ellis' Wives of England.*

Editor's Miscellany.

"THIS sweet May morning
The children are pulling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers."

WORDSWORTH.

"THE flowery month of May," says Peacham, "must be drawn as a youth, with a sweet and amiable countenance, clad in a robe of white and green, embroidered with daffodils, hawthorns, and blue-bottles; upon his head a garland of white damask and red roses; in one hand a lute, upon the fore-finger of the other a nightingale, and the sign Gemini in the background."

Why is it that in these balmy days one's heart always goes back to the scenes of his youth! I leave these city surroundings and skip away on childish feet to an old white house in the midst of a garden. I press with my fingers the delicate leaves of the sweet brier that climbs up to my grandfather's window, and snuff the aroma with an appreciative relish—the odor of pink and white blossoms comes to me through the tremulous air. I trample upon the soft verdure of the terrace, and rejoice that the yielding earth no longer resists the pressure of my steps. I gaze with glistening eyes upon the wondrous developments of grace and beauty that burst upon me.

Through the "east gate" I find my way to a summer-house at the end of a walk, and peep in at the twivel-twine that supports the crumbling fabric—thence I retrace my route, and following a central alley, lean against a willow at the top of a green bank, that is skirted with lilacs, and look through the narrow opening upon the wide blue waters that make up almost to my very feet.

How glorious even to my childish apprehension is God's marvelous creation! My little soul is filled with "wonder, love and praise." Is not God's voice in all his works!

With my sun-bonnet falling from my head, and held by the string in my hand, I flee the garden boundaries, and wandering along the foot-path trodden by so many children in the years that are gone, I clamber up the ancient hill whose verdant summit is thick with the sweet blue violet. This is my heaven. I can sit down on the soft turf 'neath o'erspreading branches, and looking up through the parting leaflets tremulous in the breeze, can see God. Nothing comes between me and His exceeding Majesty. His breath is upon the fleecy sky, and the green leaves, and the sweet scented blossoms, and the clear, shining water at the margin of the slope. His voice speaks within my spirit, and flutters irrepressibly forth, "My Lord and my God."

Beautiful Thought.

"To-day, to-morrow, every day, to thousands, the end of the world is close at hand. And why should we fear it! We walk here, as it were, in the crypts of life; at times, from the great Cathedral above us, we can hear the organ, and the chanting of the choir; we see the light stream through the open door, when some friend goes up before us; and shall we fear to mount the narrow stair-case of the grave, that leads out of this uncertain twilight into the serene mansions of the life eternal!"

LONGFELLOW.

PRIVILEGE some of the old Turkish rules and penalties were not in force amongst all nations! We imagine they would work a salutary change in the manners and morals of the people—for instance, who would be caught "chastising the cat," or tarnishing his neighbor's fair fame if he felt that the branding iron would stamp him for life? How many of our bakers would persist in giving short weight, with the prospect of having his "ears nailed to his own door?"

A NEW thing under the sun is the "Enamel Brick" for building purposes. The common brick is faced with an indestructible enamel or porcelain, of any desired color. Crystallized quartz and felspar enter largely into this composition, which is warranted impervious to damp, and incapable

of being affected by atmospheric influences. We can imagine what wondrous beauty can be given by a tasteful combination of colors, both to the front of buildings and to halls and vestibules. The owners of the patent are Messrs. Clark and Johnson, of Bennington, Vt. Fiske and Ring, of Boston, are the manufacturers for that city, and Messrs. J. Park & Co., 25 Nassau street, for New York city. Samples may be seen at the offices of these gentlemen, who will give any desired information on the subject.

Juvenile Department.

A LITTLE angry boy said to an adult companion, "Hold your ear here." When the gentleman did so, Willie whispered a curse upon the object of his wrath. "Oh!" said his friend, "it is wicked to curse so!" "Yes, but God can't hear me if I whisper," returned the child. How imperfectly had he been taught the attributes of Him who "knoweth even our thoughts!"

"UNCLE M.," said Harry, putting his arm affectionately around the neck of his uncle's wife, "I want you to get *divorced* from this woman, so that I can marry her."

"META," said little Willie, thrusting his hand down deep into his trousers, where he always had a penny in reserve. "Meta, I hope God'll always fill my pocket full of money! don't you?" We can echo the wish, dear little Willie, if your pocket, like papa's, will be always open to the needy.

A GREAT, raw-boned, green, over-grown youth, went for the doctor. Through the fascination of his extreme ugliness, he enticed two of the doctor's little children upon his knees. They amused themselves by pulling at his red hair, poking at the yellow freckles upon his face, and pinching his burly cheeks. At last one of them pulled his flabby lips apart with her tiny fingers, and said to her sister, with a roguish twinkle of her black eyes, "Now, Anna, don't he look like a turkey?"

"GIVE me the sun, I will have the sun, mamma; give it to me, give it to me," said an unreasonable little boy, struggling in his mother's arms, and reaching out his hands toward the fiery orb. Have not full grown men frequently as vain an ambition!"

Mother Goose's Cousin M.

Lizzie loves to frolic,
Lizzie loves good fun,
Lizzie loves her cousins,
Loves them every one.

Lizzie has two cheeks so red,
And Lizzie has a nose,
And Lizzie's hair upon her head
Like other children's grows.

Lizzie looks from coal-black eyes,
When Lizzie wants to see,
And now and then our Lizzie cries;
But that's 'tween you and me.

Daffy down dilly,
Annie and Milly,
One with her braids,
One with her curls
Two pretty maids,
Two pretty girls.

Madgie was a "Philai," Madgie was a queen,
Madgie had a sister, sweet sixteen,
Two sisters and one brother,
All lived with one another.

"Mamma," said little Carrie, "now I'm going to tell you all about Adam and Eve. They lived in a beautiful garden, and they eat something they ought not to, and then ran away and hid, and the cherubim came down with a lamp in his hand, and hunted all about, and found them at last in a corner naked." "Who told you, Carrie?" asked mamma. "Oh, my Sunday School teacher."

How important it is to be sure that these little ones have clear ideas of what we teach them, before we send them from us—their tender minds burdened with a new subject. What strange revolvings, what ludicrous conclusions might we not avoid!

Literary Notices.

"*Mrs. Howe's Cuba*," is said to be one of the liveliest books of the season. The author's descriptions both of public and private life on this Island, are very graphic, and full of interest.

HAWTHORNE, we are happy to say, is again before the public with one of his enticing works. We have not yet read the new production, "*St. Hilda's Shrine*," but promise ourselves much pleasure in the perusal.

"*HINTS ON NURSING*." By Florence Nightingale. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Not only is this volume valuable to professional nurses, but it should be thoroughly conned by every woman. To minister acceptably to the sick and helpless, is an accomplishment most rare, and yet to be coveted above all gifts. Let every wife and mother, sister and daughter, avail themselves of Miss Nightingale's profitable "hints."

DR. OLDHAM AT GREYSTONES, AND HIS TALK THERE. D. Appleton & Co.

Religious Publications.

Suitable for Sunday Schools. Daniel Dana, Jr., New York

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS AT CEDAR GROVE. Also, WHITSUNTIDE AT CEDAR GROVE. By Mrs. William Ward Seymour.

BARLEYWOOD. By Mrs. J. M. Parker.

Issued by American Sunday School Union, Phila., a series of Juveniles, by F. I. Burge Smith.

"The Stained Hand," "Missionary Kite," "Little Alice," "Maddie and Lolly," "Fire Blue Eggs," "Bessie Gordon's Lesson," "Miriam's Reward," "Little Mary's Three Homes," "Hetty Baker, or Proud and Humble," "What the Trees Said to the Little Girl," "Curious Eyes," "Little Earnest, or the Land beyond the River."

To be obtained at Am. S. S. Union, Broadway, New York.

"EIGHTEEN CHRISTIAN CENTURIES." By Rev. James White.

"THE PATH THAT LED A LAWYER TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH." D. Appleton & Co.

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE. Cassel, Peter & Galpin, 37 Park Row, N.Y. 15 cents per copy. Mailed Free.

ART AND ARTISTS.

The social gatherings of our native artists are doing much towards bringing out genius and talent. There needs the emulation of the fraternity, and the appreciation of the public, to develop the real treasures of the studio; it is but miserable comfort to execute a beautiful creation, and be yourself the only admirer; besides men need mutual criticism, as well as praise in order to attain to any merit in any art, and we of the public, want educating in our tastes, lest we crowd our walls with daubs, and make ourselves a derision to our more cultivated neighbors.

Some of our most clever artists, who have given themselves publicity at these reunions, are Gifford, Gray, Dix, Coleman, Shattuck, Bellows, Thompson, Baker, Boughton, Hall, and others. We regret that all do not lend their presence and their works to this most agreeable and profitable movement.

From "The Century," one of the best family newspapers of the age, published by McElrath, N. Y., we take the description of Gifford's "September Afternoon."

"It represents the junction of the Shenango with the Susquehanna at Binghampton. The sun is sinking in the west, and the heavens are warm with a bright yellow haze, through which the mountains in the distance are dimly seen, their grand and imposing outlines, however, being well preserved. The mingling waters flow calmly through a broad valley, dotted with shade trees and clumps of wood, a delicious tranquillity pervading the whole. The early frost has dressed the foliage in the foreground in the rich and variegated livery of autumn, painted so true to nature, that the crispy leaves look as if just ready to fall. Two figures—lovers, we take it—sit contemplatively on the bank, beneath a clump of trees, watching the play of the sunbeams on the water. Far away to the right cattle can be seen cooling themselves in the stream; while a fisherman in the foreground is in the act of launching his skiff. The charm of this picture is its exquisite tranquillity; the calm repose of a summer evening, expressed in the shadow reflected by the sinking sun over the valley."

MR. STONY is the sculptor of the statue of the venerable Josiah Quincy, for the alumni of Harvard College. The statue is about six feet six inches in height, and represents the distinguished man in his academic robes.

Pulpit Gleanings.

"If the minister's sermon make angels weep and devils tremble, where were the good unless you do your duty?"—REV. T. T. GUYON.

SOME author has said, "Those are not the best sermons that set men talking in enthusiastic admiration; but those which send them home silent and thoughtful."—ARON.

"We thank thee, oh God, for this unsatisfied longing that is within us—for this pensiveness that comes over us, which is but the shadow cast of the grandeur of our own endowments, the solemnity of our own career."

"The fall of man brought not extinction but overthrow, and in the ruins may still be seen something of the sublime original. The foundation stands, the structure may yet be replaced."

"Speak in us, oh our Saviour! and let all other voices be hushed! breathe on us, and may the sorcery of sin be banished."

PROF. HITCHCOCK.

Family Receipts.

Breakfast, Dinner and Tea.

NICE JOHNNY CAKE.—Sift one quart of Indian meal into a pan, rub into it two tablespoons of butter, add one small cup of molasses, and a teaspoon of ginger. Pour on by degrees sufficient warm water to make a moderately soft dough. It may be stirred hard. Butter small tin pans, fill them with the dough, and bake thoroughly with a strong heat. Care should be taken in the baking that the outside does not burn while the inside is soft and rare.

SAYER'S OMELETTE.—Break four eggs into a basin, add half a teaspoon of salt, a quarter of a spoonfull of pepper. Beat well with a fork, put into the frying-pan one ounce and a half of butter, which is put on the fire until hot; then pour in the eggs, which keep on mixing with a spoon, until all is delicately set; then let them slip to the edge of the pan, laying hold by the handle and raising it slantways, which will give an elongated form to the omelette; turn in the edges, let it set a moment, and turn it over into a dish and serve. It ought to be a nice yellow color. The pan should be free from damp, therefore put it on the fire with a little butter, let it get hot, and wipe with dry cloth.

JELLY PIE.—Make a nice crust; take two soda crackers rolled fine, and one cup of currant jelly; beat them well together, adding a little water, and bake in a quick oven.

"A dessert without cheese is like beauty wanting in a eye."—M. SAVARIN.

COCOA-NUT PIE.—Make a plain custard, with the proportion of one egg to a pie; grate to it one-quarter of a cocoa-nut.

BAKED APPLE PUDDING.—Six large apples well stewed, six eggs, a quarter of a pound of butter, a pound of sugar, one glass of wine. Bake in a thin paste.

"Let not your table be coarsely heaped, but at once plentiful and elegant."

DELICATE CAKE.—One and a half cups of sugar, the same of flour, half a cup each of butter, milk and corn-starch; the white of six eggs, one teaspoon cream of tartar, and half a teaspoonful of soda.

"Do not too much for your stomach, or it will abandon you, for it is ungrateful."—CURRY.

Fashions.

THE Balmoral Skirt is worn very generally in our city streets. It is a most sensible and cleanly costume, far preferable to the exhibition of soiled muslin hitherto so prevalent.

There is a capital invention that will take the place of pages in holding up the dress from the sidewalks. It consists of a small, strong cord to be attached to the bottom of the skirt, before, behind, and on each side, and brought up through a small opening in the gathers at the waist, where it is kept in place by a knot. When the skirt is to be raised, draw the cord up by the knotted end, and wind it firmly around a small button sewed into the folds of the skirt, or fasten all four cords together by means of a good sized pin.

BRIDAL DRESSES.—The fashion of going to the hymenial altar in a traveling suit, seems to prevail. The dress and mantilla are of the same material, and the hat of the same color.

The Broadway windows teem with summer goods. The patterns are a little more modest than last season, at least a simple, quiet taste can be satisfied this year, whereas the last summer presented only brilliant colors and gaudy figures.

Lace Mantillas are larger, if possible, than ever, to correspond, we suppose, with the advance in bonnets, which really overwhelm our belles.

'Tis pleasant, however, to see a sweet face shrink away somewhat from the public eye, under cover of the improved mode, and we hope the present style will be slow in departing from us.

We noticed yesterday a novel coiffure for little girls of six or seven years old. The child wore a lace cap, medallion pattern, with full ruche around the face. An oblong piece of crimson merino, rounded at the corners and button-holed in small scallops, was attached to the top and sides of the cap by means of a narrow ribbon. This just revealed the ruche, and flowed gracefully down behind, screening the child's neck. Silk could be substituted for the merino.

WORSTED WORK.—Baby blanket—12 oz. double zephyr, half white, half colored. Cast on 30 stitches. Put the wool in front of the needle, slip one stitch, seaming. Then narrow. Repeat till all the stitches are off the needle. Knit 24 rows which make 24 loops of colored, then join the

white—7 plaids for each strip—7 strips, each strip to begin alternately with white and colored, to make plaids when sewed together. For border, cast on 9 stitches, 1 row plain knitting—put the thread in front of the needle, and knit 2 together three times—then put the thread in front and knit 1. 3d row plain knitting. Knit as in 2d and 3d rows, 9 times, which leaves 18 stitches on the needle. Knit plain these remaining stitches. Knit 2 rows plain to make the point of the scollop; then slip one, knit 5 together 4 times. Knit the remaining stitches plain. Next row plain. Repeat the 2d row until you have 10 stitches left, then knit 1 row plain, narrowing at the end, which will leave 9 stitches, then join the white, and repeat. This finishes the border.

A PRETTY ELASTIC FOR THE HOSE.—Cast on common sized knitting-needles, four stitches of colored, single sephyr, knit, garter stitch, 16 rows. Then take up the 4 stitches of the beginning, to form the strip into a loop—join white single sephyr, and knit the 8 stitches ribbed crossways 4 and 4 until long enough for the size of your limb, when, divide your stitches again, and knit the colored loop, as at the other end; fasten with cord and tassels to be tied through the loops, and droop gracefully.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

LETTERS referring to terms for articles, also requests for copies of the magazine, should be addressed to the Proprietor, Mr. John F. Scovill, No. 37 Park Row, New York.

Contributions must be written upon one side of the paper only. All letters requiring an answer must enclose a postage stamp.

Juvenile anecdote is solicited.

Articles for the Wreath should not exceed ten or twelve manuscript pages. Continuous stories are not desirable for a periodical of its character.

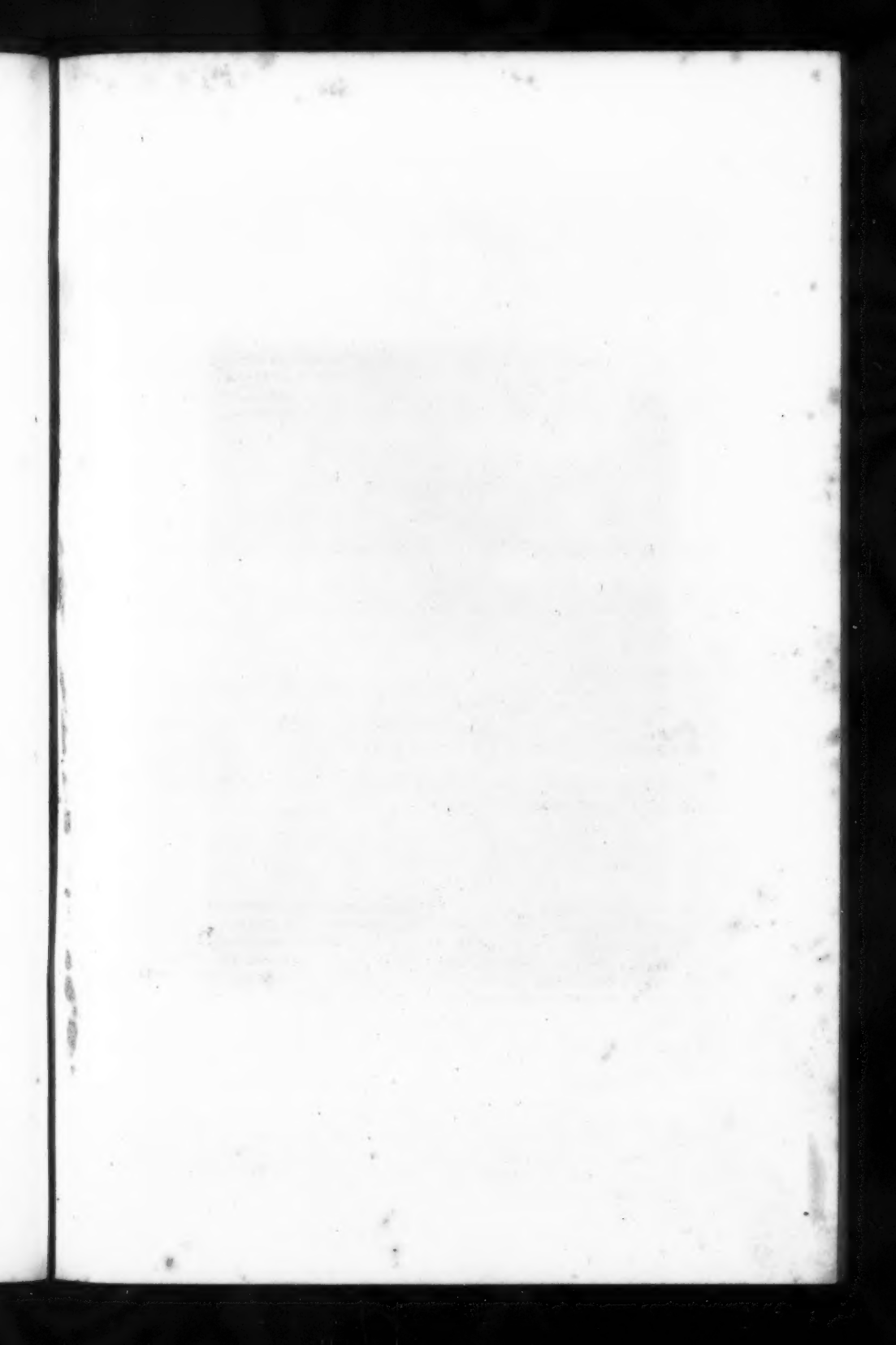
Subscribers are requested to notify the Proprietor if their Numbers fail to reach them punctually.

Rejected contributions not returned unless especially desired, and not then unless stamps are forwarded.

In articles for the Wreath contributors are expected to avoid such political or religious subjects as would only stir up the antagonisms of the readers.

☞ One of the most enterprising and successful business young men to be found in this great city, is Mr. JOHN S. WILLARD, of 269 Canal Street, near Broadway. He is always at his store to wait on his customers, and we only express the unanimous opinion of all who know him, when we say, that politeness, promptness and cheapness are the characteristics of his business. If you want a Looking-Glass, or Portrait or Picture Frames, or Cornices for your windows, or Oil Paintings, and Engravings to adorn your parlors, you had better at once favor him with your orders.

☞ **ADVICE TO THE LADIES.**—One of the oldest and most prosperous Carpet Establishments in the city of New York, is that of our friend Mr. HIRAM ANDERSON, No. 99 Bowery. He succeeds because his goods are fresh, his clerks gentlemanly, and his prices reasonable. He is now receiving a magnificent assortment of Spring Styles, and we advise our lady friends, who are about to commence house-keeping, or who are in need of a new carpet, to give him an early call.





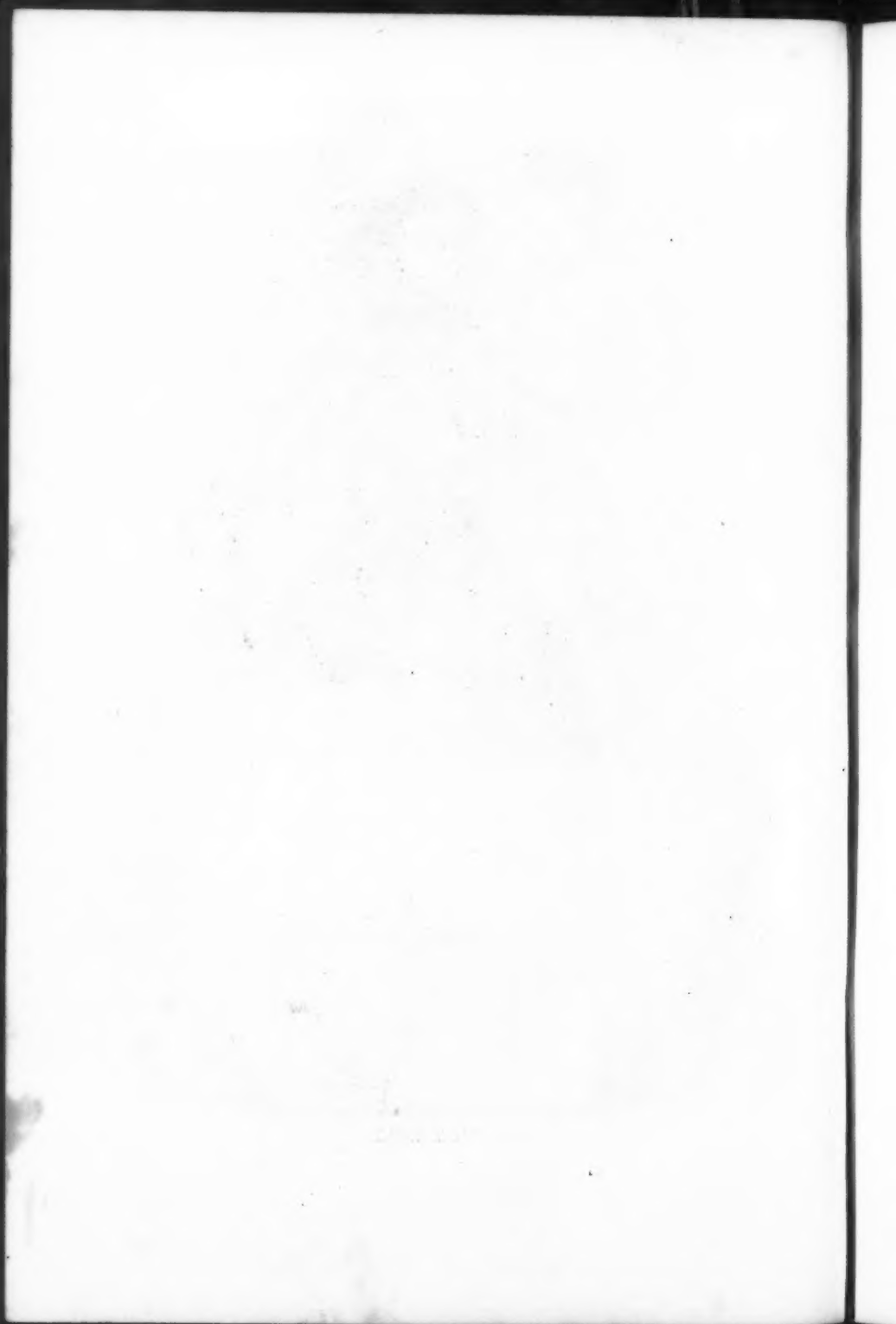
Designed by J. A. Ralph

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The Hermit



ORGANDY ROBE.





LATEST PARISIAN STYLES



HAND SCREEN.

A TALE OF VILLAGE LIFE.

~~~~~  
BY E. J. G.  
~~~~~

WE live in what we think is one of the prettiest villages in all New England. We dignify the principal street in our village with the name of "Washington Avenue." It sounds rather grandly, does it not? but some of us quite affect grand sounding appellations. It is a wide street, that Washington Avenue, shaded by magnificent trees, their lofty branches meeting here and there, so as to form a perfect arch, through which the sunlight falls gently, weaving many a fantastic picture of chequered light and shade.

The houses on the "avenue" are all nice-looking; built in various styles of architecture, but most commonly verging on the order of "white with green blinds," so very offensive to the fastidious taste of one Charles Dickens, of "American Notes" celebrity. Through green vales, at a little distance from the village, winds a merry little stream, its bright waters sparkling in the sunshine, and glistening like molten silver in the moonlight.

The society in our village is quite select; in fact we rather pride ourselves upon our society. We have a library and reading-room, which we call by the high-sounding name of "Athenium," and we "young people" have a reading society, though I would not have you think it is called by so vulgar an appellation. By no manner of means. In polite life, in the "upper tendom" of Washington Avenue, it is known as "the Minerva Circle," which name, we think, has a highly classical ring to it. To be sure, some of our opponents, who from one cause or another, could not be admitted within its hallowed precincts, (for we are very strict in our requirements of membership,) choose to misunderstand our classical name, and always speak of us as "the nervous circle," maintaining and affirming there is so little difference between the sound of "Minerva" and "nervous," that it is scarcely worth while to make the correction, when the latter is used instead of the former. But I have not yet said what is done at the meetings of our "Minerva Circle." Listen, then, while I tell. This circle, rejoicing in a name so classical, meets on Saturday afternoons, at the houses of the members, each one taking her turn in alphabetical order. It is composed of twelve "young ladies" (in the days of our grandmothers they would have

been called "girls," but times are changed,) who, to be admitted as members, must have a taste, more or less decided, for reading (we are sorry to add, it is sometimes "less,") and who, this is a very essential point, shall be able to read aloud well. To be sure there is room for difference, as to what "reading aloud well" means, as for instance, any one who reads in what Deacon Sims calls a "snorous voice," reads "well," no matter if his or her ways of pronouncing and accenting are as old-fashioned as the hills. But I must hasten, for I fear I am becoming prosy.

At the meetings of the society, I beg pardon, "Minerva Circle," which commence at two o'clock and close at five, we take turns in reading aloud, and while one reads the others are deeply engaged in sewing, stitching, netting, embroidering, knitting, crocheting, tatting, (oh, Mister Printer, don't spell that "tattling,") and almost every thing else that ends in i-n-g. We read history, travels, biography, Belle's Lettres, (which Deacon Sims always persists in calling "Bell's Letters,") and now and then indulge ourselves with a feast of poetry, served up in covers of "blue and gold." Nay, we have sometimes gone to the delightful extreme of treating ourselves to a play of Shakspeare, distributing the characters among us, taking the distinctive parts in style, though not in costume, "got up regardless of expense." We do not indulge in this taste for theatricals very often, because "once upon a time," when deeply engaged in one of the most exciting scenes in Macbeth or Hamlet, I declare I have forgotten which, the "ohs" and the "ahs" came out with such gusto, as to cause some of the neighbors to run in, in eager haste, to know if any of the "nervous circle" were in need of medical assistance! It must be admitted that this was quite a damper to the enthusiasm necessary in histrionic efforts, and it was a long time before we ventured again to undertake anything in that department of literature.

Truth compels me to say that some of our "young ladies" are particularly fond of the little breathing space before and after the readings of the afternoon, necessary for getting out the work, arranging their seats in the best light, and in cozy nooks, and then before leaving, in putting everything in the room in its accustomed order. While these important affairs engage our attention, how merrily wag the tongues, as the news of the day is recounted and commented upon. But when the reading does commence, then no sound must ever be heard but the voice of the reader, and the click-clacking of knitting, netting and crocheting needles.

The "Minerva Circle" being confined to a chosen few, the glory of

our village is the sewing society connected with the "Washington Avenue church." This society meets every fortnight, through the snows of winter and the heats of summer, now busily sewing for the inhabitants of some far-off isle of the ocean, and now working with might and main to get up a fair to procure funds for new carpeting and cushioning the church. And here, if I only had the time, how I should delight to enlarge upon the fruitful and absorbing subject of "fairs." The theme is so unhackneyed, that a treatise on it would be refreshingly cool, and would deserve to take a high stand among "the curiosities of literature," to be collected by some future Disraeli.

At the sewing society, old and young, grave and gay, married and single, meet, going at three o'clock and staying till nine; a bountiful supper, or tea rather, being served at six. At eight o'clock the gentlemen come, and then the ladies can lay aside their work if they choose and indulge freely in the pleasures of social converse. Oh, yes! our sewing society is one of the "institutions" of the village. Thank fortune, there is no reading aloud there; everybody is at full liberty to talk from the first moment to the last, and sometimes it really seems as though all talked at once, without any regard to time, place, or subject, while the frantic rush after needles, thread and scissors, so far from interrupting the conversation, serves rather to add zest to it.

There are not many young men in our village. Many who were born there, when they arrived at "years of discretion," that indescribable and indefinite turning-point in the history of every one's life, sought more stirring scenes and employments in the far-off West, or in the fabled land of gold, and so we young ladies were obliged to make the most of the few that remained. There was Edward Carver, the cashier of the bank, (true, there was a flying rumor that he was "paying attention" to a young lady in Boston,) there was George Prentice, a handsome fellow, who kept a "dry goods" (pretty "dry" some of the "goods" were,) store, and William Merrill, a "dealer in lumber," as his card said, and two or three others, who may, or may not, appear again in the pages of this veritable history, according as our royal wish and pleasure may dictate.

And now, after this long preamble, which I hope no one will venture to call either rambling or uninteresting, I am coming to the pith and marrow of my story. During a certain spring that shall be nameless, the meetings of the Minerva Circle and of our sewing society were made uncommonly lively by the reports that Edward Carver, for no other thought of calling him "Mr. Carver," was really

going to be married, and that Capt. Grove, having six months' furlough, was to come home after a long absence in the Mediterranean, and with his charming wife spend the summer in our village among their friends. So busy were we discussing the probabilities and improbabilities of these events, that at the meetings of the Minerva Circle, Motley's Dutch Republic, fascinating book though it was, failed to absorb so much of our attention as its merits deserved, and an unusually long time was necessary to arrange our work for the afternoon, while we "wondered" if it was "certain true" that Edward Carver was to be married, whether a "reception" would be given after the wedding party arrived, when the Pacific might be expected, and where the Groves would board, all of which "wonderings" formed apparently endless topics of interest.

As the members of the "Minerva Circle" were also connected with the sewing society, we had an opportunity of hearing these all-absorbing subjects discussed to our heart's content. We all noticed when the marriage question was discussed, our minister's wife, Mrs. Alison, a hearty, sociable, little body whom everybody loved, and everybody respected, kept silence, or, if appealed to, said as little as possible, contriving generally to change the conversation as soon as she could without rudeness.

At last, oh what a weary "at last" it seemed to our young eager souls; it suddenly came out; all was settled; the name of the bride-elect was Effie St. Clair, (how charmingly romantic was the name!) The wedding-day was fixed, and Mr. Alison was going to Boston to perform the marriage ceremony. Nor was this all, though that was quite enough to set our village agog. The cottage at the lower end of Washington Avenue, which had lately undergone the process of being newly papered, painted and furnished, and on the subject of who were to be its occupants, there had been so many conjectures, it seems had been taken by this very Edward Carver, and in a week's time was to receive him and his bride. And, furthermore, Mr. and Mrs. Alison had known all this for many a week, but had had the wisdom to keep it all to themselves, never "letting on," as children say, what they knew about it.

When all this momentous intelligence was proclaimed at "the circle" and "the society," how glibly rang the tongues! How often were heard the triumphant exclamations, "There, I told you so," "I thought so," "I was sure of it." The arrival of the Pacific seemed to be quite swallowed up in the wedding, and yet she was keeping nobly on her destined way, her white sails catching the favoring breeze, till in due time she entered "the haven where she would be."

The very day that witnessed the arrival in our village of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Carver, also saw Capt. and Mrs. Grove take up their abode for the summer at the Washington House. These two events seemed to be more than one small village could bear, and for a few days everything wore such a joyous aspect, that young children asked more than once if the Fourth of July had come !

Of course we all hastened to pay our compliments to the bride, and to welcome home again Captain and Mrs. Grove. With the bride we all fell in love at once. She was indeed the sweetest little creature that ever lived, the most joyous and perfect sunbeam that ever shone on our village. Below the ordinary size, graceful as a fairy, with an abundance of wavy, silken hair, and with bright blue eyes in which danced joyousness and happiness ; her very presence imparted new life and light wherever she appeared. As a married lady she could not be admitted within the precincts of our Minerva Circle, which was confined entirely to the single sisterhood, but to the less exclusive limits of the sewing society she was most eagerly welcomed. There her appearance gave new activity and energy. Her slender fingers never seemed to weary in works of industry ; her spirits never flagged while among her own sex, nor brightened up into newer life when " the gentlemen " (talismanic word) made their appearance. She made friends with all. She seemed to show no partiality to any, but was kind, pleasant and affable to every one. And all seemed to try to make her new home as pleasant as possible to her. Tea-drinkings, pic-nics, sailing parties on the river, fishing excursions to the pond, charming rides into the country, were the order of the day. Every one seemed blither and happier that summer than ever.

As to the cottage abode of Mr. and Mrs. Carver, it was perfection itself. Nestled down among trees and roses and flowering shrubs, furnished with simple, yet exquisite taste, it was a dwelling fit for an enchanting princess in a fairy tale. " Happy as the day was long," the youthful bride never seemed to pine after the home or the society she had left behind her. Her house, her flowers, her birds, her hens and chickens, her music, for she played and sang " divinely," all in turn claimed her attention. In each and all of her duties, she was perfectly at home. We were all so glad she liked country life. As one of our juvenile friends, when asked if she liked pickles, answered, " I adore them." So sweet Effie Carver seemed to " adore " the country with its amusements and charming occupations.

Perhaps some may think we have left Captain and Mrs. Grove too long in the background, so we will, if you please, bring them out

more fully into the light. Their sojourn for two or three years in foreign lands had lent a new charm to them, not only as regarded their personal appearance but their conversational powers. We were never wearied of hearing their descriptions of foreign life and scenes.

A great intimacy was "struck up" between the Groves and the Carvers, and William Merrill, Edward Carver's most intimate friend, was a frequent visitor at "Elm Cottage," for so was named the abode of the newly wedded pair.

And thus time passed, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." Suddenly a cloud seemed to darken the sky; no one could tell how or when it arose. A rumor was afloat, whispered in the Minerva Circle, darkly hinted at in the sewing society, that strange, unaccountable words had passed between Mr. and Mrs. Edward Carver, words, too, that related to Captain Grove and William Merrill. And yet, no signs of uneasiness could be traced on the face of either bride or groom. As for the groom, his handsome, manly face looked the same as ever, or if there were any change, it was for the better, while the deep and rather tragic tones of his voice sounded more cheerily than usual. No one, by the strictest scrutiny, could discern even the slightest cloud on the serene brow of Effie Carver, nor detect the lightest shade of mournfulness in the sweet tones of her voice. What then could it all mean?

The inhabitants of our village might like to gossip, but they were never known to slander, for, gentle reader, there is a vast difference between gossip and slander. Whence then could this undefined rumor have originated? It baffled us all.

At last Miss Harriman, one of the most indefatigable and persevering of our sisterhood, determined to ferret it out, and we all gave up the matter into her hands, well satisfied that what would baffle her, would baffle the most astute mind that ever swayed the councils of a nation. The oracles of Delphi were not more mysterious than that same Miss Harriman was for a while. When addressed on the subject, her knowing smiles and nods and winks, and raising of her eye-lids, said as plainly as gestures could speak, "don't trouble yourself, everything is in a fair way of discovery, all will be known in due time."

And in "due time" it was known. And great was the commotion produced by that knowledge. High words, no, not exactly "high words," had passed between Edward Carver and his wife, in which the names of both Captain Grove and William Merrill had occurred more than once. It was evident she had done something to excite her husband's jealousy of one, if not both of these gentle-

men! "I don't believe it, that's flat," said one. "Who told you that nonsense?" asked another. "Why it was only last evening," exclaimed a third, "that Mrs. Carver was sauntering in her garden between Captain Grove and her husband, while Mrs. Grove and William Merrill brought up the rear, and all of them in the best spirits imaginable." "Edward Carver jealous, indeed, of Captain Grove!" sneered a fourth. "It is more likely the other way; she is jealous of Mrs. Grove."

"Come, I can't stand that," said Mrs. Sims. "I have known Edward Carver ever since he was born, and he hain't got a spice of jealousy in his composition, and as for *her*, poor little darling, any one who looked at her once, could see she was more angelic than human." And Mrs. Sims knit with redoubled energy after having thus spoken her mind. She was a woman of few words, but when she did speak, it was to the point; there was no mincing of words about her.

"Why don't some of you speak to Mr. or Mrs. Alison about it?" asked Mrs. Beecher, who was always for "going to the fountain head for knowledge," as she termed it.

"I should like to see any one," said Mary Clarke, a gentle, little maiden, "who would have the courage to repeat a gossiping or scandalous story to our minister or his wife. Why the quiet, mournful look of reproof they would give would be answer enough, I should think. I know for one I could not stand it a minute."

"Poh," exclaimed Miss Spring, one of the strong-minded kind, whose "spring" was fast becoming autumn, "Mrs. Alison is a woman after all, and what woman does not enjoy a dish of scandal, be it more or less highly spiced?"

"You don't know Mrs. Alison," boldly answered the usually timid Mary, "if you can make that remark of her."

Miss Spring's look in return would have been a study for a painter.

At the next gathering of the sewing society, Mr. and Mrs. Carver were subjected to a special examination, but if they had had a dozen Talleyrands united within themselves, they could not have baffled more effectually all curiosity. When the hour arrived for the incoming of the male portion of the society, all, as if by mutual consent, ceased talking that they might have the better opportunity for watching the course of events. The first one that made his appearance was Captain Grove, handsome, composed, self-sustained as usual. For one moment he seemed struck by the ominous silence that pervaded, while every eye was turned upon him, and then stole a quick, inquiring glance at Mrs. Carver, who was too busily en-

gaged upon an intricate piece of embroidery to raise her eyes from her work. Not the slightest possible blush mantled her fair face.

"What," exclaimed the Captain, raising his eyes and clasping his hands in a half tragic, half comic manner; "what *has* happened? A paralysis of tongues! Wonder of wonders! And all females, too!"

This sally caused a general laugh, in which Mrs. Carver heartily joined. And thus the awkward silence was broken, and no one was the wiser, for neither the Captain nor Mrs. Carver had shown that they suspected themselves to be "the observed of all observers."

Edward Carver and William Merrill came in together. Edward's greetings were as hearty as ever. He shook hands with even more than usual cordiality with Captain Grove, who had been away for a few days. And thus affairs remained for some time "in the state of quo," as "the old lady," Mrs. Partington, perhaps said, till one morning, when Miss Harriman rushed into our house. Yes, "rushed" is the only word that could any way express her manner of entrance. Throwing herself into a chair, she exclaimed—

"I never, never could have believed it! but it is too true, too true," she added, with a sigh that was particularly expressive.

"My dear Miss Harriman, what can be the matter?" asked our grave, quiet mother, in a manner far more eager and impulsive than she was wont to indulge, while we all gathered around our breathless visitor, judging at once that the "it" that was "too true," must have something to do with Effie Carver, who, as my merry brother Robert said, was "a model of perfection" in my eyes.

"What shall I do? where shall I go? Oh, dear! how I wish I had been a thousand miles off!" piteously exclaimed Miss Harriman.

"It is something then that concerns yourself more than any one else, is it?" said my mother.

The slightest possible tinge of sarcasm in the tone recalled Miss Harriman to herself, and she answered rather tartly,—

"I don't know as it concerns me more than it does everybody. I guess it will make a stir in the whole village. Nay, I much doubt whether some tragic act may not accrue therefrom, that will create an excitement through the length and breadth of the land." And she paused to see what effect this announcement had caused.

Of course we could only beg her to go on, and relieve us from our suspense. So she proceeded to say, that Mrs. Green, who lives in the next house to Mr. Carver, while at work in her garden that very morning, heard Mrs. Carver singing cheerily as she watered her flow-

ers, and tended her birds. Suddenly Mr. Carver ran towards his wife, saying, in those deep tones of his—"It is of no use, Effie, I can't stand it any longer; you must consent to give up either the Captain or Will Merrill, for I can't have them both about here any longer, they quarrel so dreadfully, so one or other of them must go."

"Captain Grove and Will Merrill quarrel!" I exclaimed: "Why, they are as peaceable and playful as—as—" I hesitated for a comparison.

"Two kittens," promptly suggested my brother Robert.

"But even kittens scratch sometimes," said Miss Harriman, sharply.

"Well, what said Mrs. Carver?" asked my mother.

"Oh! that is the strangest part of it. When I asked Mrs. Green that very question, she said, Mrs. Carver looked up quietly, and said with a slight laugh, 'Go! go where?' And then Edward laughed too, and said, 'Why, die, to be sure!' Mrs. Carver drew a long breath, and raising her eyes to her husband's face, said, 'Oh! Edward, how cruel! don't speak in that way of my pets.' She is a heartless woman," added Miss Harriman.

"You shall not call her heartless," I exclaimed vehemently. "If you had seen her, as I did yesterday, visiting the poor sick child in that miserable hovel down the lane, dressing her painful, sickening sores with all a mother's tenderness, you could not have called her heartless."

My mother sat lost in thought. At last she said slowly, as though weighing every word, "I don't know what to make of it. There must be some mistake, some misunderstanding, or false witnessing."

Miss Harriman drew herself up proudly.

"I do not suspect you," said my mother kindly, noticing the gesture; "but I must think Mrs. Green has been deceived in some way or other. Is she at all deaf?"

"Her hearing is as good as yours or mine," she answered shortly.

It was evident she did not like having the reliability of her information questioned; neither did she seem satisfied with the impression her narrative had made on us. The fact was, we were stunned, confounded by the shock, and our ideas had not had time to rally, and so, Miss Harriman, grieved, mortified, and a little bit offended, took her departure, and left us to ourselves, and our sad conjectures. In less than an hour, a number of friends and neighbors, having heard the news, came in to talk it over; but they met with little encouragement, either from my mother or myself, for we were satis-

fied there was a misconception somewhere, and that sooner or later the mystery must be cleared up. For myself, I dreaded to go out, fearing what I might hear to shake my confidence in my favorites, and was glad of the excuse of a slight cold and headache, for staying in the house a few days.

At the next Minerva Circle, however, I was destined to hear the whole subject discussed with all its "pros and cons." The "Dutch Republic," and even a choice bit of "blue and gold," could not show sufficient attraction for us that afternoon; and I am sorry to be obliged to confess the Minerva-ites showed a greater desire for the reception of knowledge through talking, than through any other channel.

"What would you do?" inquired Julia Mather, addressing the assembled disciples of Minerva collectively.

(To be Continued.)

THE ROSE.

I SAW a rose perfect in beauty; it rested gracefully upon its stalk, and its perfume filled the air. Many stopped to gaze upon it, many bowed to taste its fragrance, and its owner hung over it with delight. I passed it again, and behold it was gone—its stem was leafless—its root had withered; the enclosure which surrounded it was broken down. The spoiler had been there; he saw that many admired it; he knew it was dear to him who planted it, and beside it he had no other plant to love. Yet he snatched it secretly from the hand that cherished it; he wore it on his bosom till it hung its head and faded, and, when he saw that its glory was departed, he flung it rudely away. But it left a thorn in his bosom, and vainly did he seek to extract it; for now it pierces the spoiler, even in the hour of mirth. And when I saw that no man, who had loved the beauty of the rose, gathered again its scattered leaves, or bound up the stock which the hands of violence had broken, I looked earnestly at the spot where it grew, and my soul received instruction. And I said, Let her who is full of beauty and admiration, sitting like the queen of flowers in majesty among the daughters of women, let her watch lest vanity enter her heart, beguiling her to rest proudly upon her own strength; let her remember that she standeth upon slippery places, "and be not high-minded, but fear."—*Sigourney.*

SUNDAY MORNING.

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BY GOLDEN LILY.  
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THE purple tints of morning light,
Are o'er the landscape stealing,
As midnight dreams steal o'er the soul,
When wrapped in slumber's sweet control,
Strange, mystic thoughts revealing.

Through fleecy clouds, that curtain o'er
The broad blue arch of heaven,
Fresh burst the rosy beams of light;
Before them fast the shades of night
Like phantom forms are driven!

Earth, smiling, greets the holy morn
Of calm and sweet repose,
The visitant that from above
Its message brings, of peace and love,
To soften human woes.

The rumbling brook, the sighing breeze,
To heaven their homage pay—
In strains of melody divine,
Their songs of praise in love combine,
To consecrate the day.

The forest trees, in dew-drop tears,
Seem like young converts weeping!
While groups of gentle flowrets fair,
With heads bowed low, as if in prayer,
The Lord's day morn are keeping.

A sweetly solemn, sacred awe,
O'er nature's realm is reigning,
That bids the soul with joy arise
In converse with the upper skies,
All meaner things disdaining.

O! who can view the glorious scene,
The joy that fills creation,—
And not with glowing soul upraise
His hands to God, in heartfelt praise,
And grateful adoration!

THE SURGEON AND I.

BY W. H. BROWNE,
(Lieut. and Brevet-Capt. U. S. Army in Mexico.)

IN a corner of the immense quadrangle, that furnished complete quarters for our ten companies, in a corner entered from a sombre corridor, was the laboratory of my friend, Dr. Halstead. It was a gusty night when I passed into what was now the abode of death.—The room was like a prison, or more like a tomb for the living victim of tyrannical hate. Thick, solid stone walls, and floor of brick, a narrow grated window, and almost entire absence of furniture, made it so appear. Loose boards outside of the only aperture, the iron-guarded window, creaked and moaned in the fitful blasts as if bodiless eaves-droppers were in restless waiting for a consultation—cheerless without, comfortless and saddening within.

Upon closer examination, other furniture might be seen. Long rude shelves at one end of the room held bottles and jars and instruments, all highly suggestive of pain and misery; and scattered here and there were the usual concomitants of an army surgeon's workshop. A large glass jar contained in spirits the heart of Edmund Riley, the man whom the lieutenant had ruthlessly slain with my sword. It was a remarkable case, demonstrating as it did the fallacy of the vulgar idea that a puncture of the finest cambric needle could at once inevitably check vitality. Once had the keen blade entirely penetrated its delicate fibres, again had it nearly perforated the vital organ, and yet, strange as it may seem, that citadel of life did not surrender for about five and a half hours.* But I had not been invited thither to look at curiosities. The figure prostrate in the middle of the floor, and covered by a white sheet, that was to be the subject of our lucubrations. Let me go back, and show why it was there.

Early in the afternoon, four men had passed the open door of my room. They stepped softly, yet with long strides, for on a litter they bore a dying soldier. The pallid face was turned toward me: it was that of the first corporal of my company, the faithful Albrecht. The cold steel of the assassin had entered the left side. Poor Albrecht! I hardly knew what to say to him. He smiled and looked

* The heart is now to be seen in the Cabinet of Dr. Mott in New York.

brave, as he was, but no smile met his in return. Across his face flitted the shadow of an unseen angel's wing. His sun was to go down while it was yet day. Alas ! what answer could I give his widowed mother when she inquired for her boy ?

He was a favorite with his comrades ; so they came up by the side of his cot, gazed at him, and retired with moistened eyes and compressed lips. He died not unavenged !

It was night. The tatoo had beaten ; and all the garrison had become quieted. I was musing in my lonely room, melancholy at the reflection that my faithful friend had thus been cut down, and yet but partially recovered from an enervating attack of disease.

Rap ! rap ! rap ! at the outer door. Wondering who had obtruded upon my chosen solitude, I bade him enter. It was my friend the surgeon. He said that some of the symptoms of the murdered man had suggested the agency of poison. It was a matter of considerable moment to ascertain precisely whether the knife had pierced a vital part, or whether, as the alternative, the most wicked portion of the native population were not resorting to means more diabolical ; for it was suspected that lethal drugs were sometimes infused with the beverages that were so plentifully dispensed. Being then the temporary commandant of my company, my assent and attendance were required at a post-mortem examination. A mere formality, to be sure. Very well. A little time might profitably be spent in the study of toxicology, or anatomy, or some kindred science. That is how I happened to be in the surgeon's room.

As the disciple of Æsculapius turned down the drapery, and exposed the finely-developed form of poor Albrecht, the cold, glassy, open eyes caught mine, and held them fixed, until a motion or a word of my companion broke the ghastly spell. How vastly did our meditations differ. I beheld but the wreck of a lately joyous youth : he saw only a subject, that was to aid in the solution of a problem. Then was begun the work of displaying the internal organization of "the house we live in." His pursuit was to the young surgeon intensely absorbing ; but to me, it was awful, almost a desecration of the "human form divine ;" and yet no superstitious feelings would be likely to trouble one who had soundly slept with his head pillowed by a disanimated mortal, with hundreds of a similar kind lying around. That was a matter of stern necessity, but this seemed to be a deliberate act of sacrilege.

Taking it for granted that I must be deeply absorbed in the study that to him was a passion, the surgeon honored me with a dissertation not soon to be forgotten, one which lasted until chanticleer

warned all night-walking spirits to betake themselves to their abodes in the cemeteries.

Each incision made, each process, nerve or bone laid bare, was the signal for copious illustrations ; until I began to think that my preceptor would not cease while he could flourish a scalpel. He was down on his knees, with both hands hard at work, whilst I, his weary student, filled the humble office of candle-holder. The melting spermaciti whitened as it cooled upon the red mass of coagulum on which it dropped ; but my teacher heeded it not while he retailed the doctrines of Dupuytren, Velpeau, and a regiment of others, with interpolations of his own, all which he strove to permanently impress upon the tablets of my memory.

The midnight hour was proclaimed by the solemn tolling of church bells ; but it brought no relief to me ; and my eyes were weighed down with heaviness. Why could not those bells exorcise the imp that oppressed me ? I yawningly promised to peruse divers and sundry tomes of lore. Watch ! what had I done ? How he caught at the idea ! He took it as an indication of my earnest desire to learn how to scientifically demolish the human fabric ; and he kindly digressed from the topic then under consideration. Mere reading, he assured me, never could impart a sufficient knowledge of anatomy for surgical purposes ; but it required the aid of associations and minute illustrations to guide the judgment. Ah ! what associations did I not have in connection therewith ? But enough of that. Let me not be too prosy.

He would not relinquish his moral grasp upon me ; and my head was fast becoming too ponderous for the neck ; and both arms had become tired with holding the candle. Still he pursued his theme in a monotone. Scooping out the coagulated mass that had filled all the internal cavities, he riveted my attention to the difference between light-colored arterial fluid and the dark-hued venous blood.

"Prodigious quantity !" I ejaculated, but it proceeded not from genuine astonishment or interest, but only from the desire to assure both him and myself that I was really awake.

"Yes, my dear sir," he answered, as for a moment he lifted his eyes, and straightened himself back ; and he then proceeded to inform my benighted understanding that it was from one-quarter to one-fifth of the weight of the whole body—somewhere thereabouts—cannot be accurately determined.

"How clotty and hardened it becomes !" I exclaimed, fearful that he might elaborate the subject, unless interrupted.

"Yes. It only continues a fluid so long as it circulates in the

living vessels ; then, by a purely chemical phenomenon, connected with no kind of vital process, it passes from a fluid into a solid state, and becomes just what you see here."

How much longer he continued in that strain I know not ; for as he again bent to his task, all his words became conglomerated, confused, and the sound of his voice resolved itself into a monotonous hum, like that of a distant mill.

A shadowy, indistinct something, void of perfect form, rose like an exhalation, and the upper part gradually assumed the lineaments of the departed one ; and it seemed that the spiritual essence was unwilling to quit its tenement of clay, until the hand of scientific analyzation had ceased its work, and synthetically had restored all the component parts. Could it be fancy ? The air grew chilly, and my extended hands became icy cold and rigid. It was manifest that a spirit watched the despoiling of that form so lately quickened by a living soul. My eyes were fully open, but were fixed beyond the power of volition. Had those organs become erring media of intelligence ? or did they no more see than does the glass which we hold to assist the vision ? The hazy atmosphere about the apparition now seemed like the rolling smoke of battle ; and the reminiscent brain depicted the young soldier as he had mounted the masked battery at Cerra Gorda, pausing an instant to cast a pitying look upon the fallen foe, even while the first flush of victory illumined the cheek and set the eye in a blaze.

The tableau changed. A slight, young girl, yet in her adolescence, had with her arms clasped the soldier's neck, and laid her head upon his shoulder ; and when he would have loosened her hold upon him, her weeping eyes met his, and I thought I could hear her choking sobs. Her look, how piteous ! One quick embrace, and then the scene melted away like mountain mist before the morning sun.

A figure robed in black looked down over the prostrate form of the murdered man. I thought it was her mother sorrowfully contemplating the mangled remains. My heart-ache was somewhat relieved by the reflection that no explanation would be required from me, for all was already known. A hissing noise startled me ! The semblance of the mourner had in an instant changed into the familiar person of the surgeon, and everything was as before. What sound was that ? It seemed close to my ear ; but after acutely listening nothing was audible but the whistling of the wind, the creaking of the loose boards outside, and occasionally the voice of my companion. I am not prone to the supernatural ; but that hiss—what did it mean ? That odor, too. Ah, yes, that is how it is. Both eye

and ear had availed themselves of the absence of the absolute mind to fail in their respective duties, or at least had not faithfully discharged them. While I was overpowered by mental phenomena, a lock of my hair had caught fire from the candle, and singed up to my cap. Then I remembered the story of the superstitious gravedigger, whose experience in that way had well nigh divorced soul and body, but that his wife discovered the cause in his burnt wig. My preceptor had not perceived my inattention. How fortunate ! It would have been mortifying to one so sensitive, to find that he had in vain unlocked to me the arcana of the complex mechanism of the human frame ; and as he continued to trace the wondrous pulleys and hinges, and detail the purposes of each, I felt an inward rebuke, and resolved that abstraction should not again enthrall my senses. His countenance glowed with the inspiration of his theme, that called into play the noblest faculties of the mind. I could not help exclaiming so forcibly as to arrest his attention, and break his chain of thought :—

“ Well, there’s poetry even in anatomy ! ”

His responsive glance was reproachful, for he seemed hurt that any person of ordinary intelligence could ever have questioned that great truth. To him it had ever contained the elements of true poetry ; the poetry that does not audibly burst forth in glowing imagery, but which nevertheless fills and expands the soul with emotions of admiration and delight. The inanimate form that trembled beneath the touch of the surgeon, as he pursued his investigations, even the dead, as the shadows flitted over his face, seemed to be revived, and to give a tacit assent to the words that were so eloquently enunciated.

Then the mind of the anatomist turned upon the importance of the nervous system to the vital and animal functions—the bundle of white medullary threads, the first branches terminating in the brain, spreading like a net-work throughout the whole frame, and variously connected with each other—“like sensate telegraphic wires.” He would not forbear—would not release my riveted gaze until my brain tingled with an accession of a million new nerves, and my flesh began to creep with the consciousness of a billion of invisible veins pervading the whole of the cellular tissue. Disengaging the hooks that held back the flaps of flesh, he restored the body to its former appearance, leaving nothing, only a seam that he joined with wide stitches to betray his doings—to show that he had been peering into the curious case of beautifully-constructed and admirably-adapted

machinery. The work was finished ; and I was to be permitted to slumber awhile.

No, he had not finished—quite. The cause of death was determined to be internal hemorrhage ; and no traces of poison could be detected, though indeed not much sought for after the course of the assassin's knife was perceived ; but the votary of science felt not the hours slip by, and had still a volume of information to impart. However, my memory was not sufficiently retentive to store up all that he uttered for my edification. The nervous theme was not quite exhausted. He spoke of a chord that is finer than the most delicate lute-string : divide it, and the eye becomes sightless ; the ear loses its power of catching and gathering in the undulations of air, the channels and windings and the vibrating tympanum become useless lumber, for all acoustic power will be gone ; the tongue will no longer articulate ; the rose will lose its aroma ; the fingers no longer respond to the smooth touch ; and the inmost soul will pine away in the universal stagnation of the senses. Divide two small chords, and respiration will be suspended ; the circulation will stop accordingly, and all will be *dead* !

Warmed up to an intense pitch of enthusiasm, he waved his gory weapon before my eyes. There was some danger of my heated companion operating upon me, to exemplify his theories. I instinctively started back, and averted the peril. All things sublunary have an end. Perpetual motion is yet undiscovered. That long night, and that lecture, both had an end.

“Hark ! isn't that a drum ?”

“Yes !” was my sad response. The musicians are bracing up for the *reveille*. It's already grey in the east ; and in a few minutes daylight will be here.”

“Indeed ! Where's the time gone to ? My dear fellow, you must be tired out. Here, take a pull at this flask of cordial. No ! wait—that's laudanum. Ah, here it is. A little sleep will do you no harm. Let me see : you are quite feverish. Better not go on duty till to-morrow. There *is* the *reveille* in earnest. Where has the night gone to ! Strange !”

“There's no time for sleep, doctor. The regiment, you know, has orders to march this morning early—that long, long tramp of scores of leagues, to help General Pierce out of his scrape. We quite forgot that.”

“True, true, you are right. Good morning ; but stay a moment : do not forget what I said of the——.”

I escaped from him. Then the funeral ; then the long march.

GRANDMA'S STORY.

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BY E. H. S.  
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A PLEASANT time it was, in "the old homestead," where grandpa had gathered all his children and grandchildren back to his dear old home once more. All, did I say? All but two were there. Since our last meeting, five years before, one had left the cares and toils of this earth and had departed for the realms of eternal light—the other, where was he? God only knew. He had left his native land on a vessel bound to distant shores; three years had passed and no word had come from him. Whether he was still in the land of the living we knew not, but we entrusted him in our prayers to the care of the Almighty.

With these exceptions our family circle remained unbroken, and in the presence of so large a number as we were, their absence was almost unperceived. Six families, and not small ones at that, of noisy children, made the old farm-house ring with their joyous shouts. It had been a family custom to have a general reünion every five years, and by the youngsters this period was looked for with earnest desire and great expectation. On this particular occasion grandma had promised that, if we would become quiet by evening, she would close up our pleasures of the day by a good story. Such a promise was no common thing, and as soon as the shades of night began to fall, we hushed our boisterous mirth and subdued our exuberant feelings. After tea we gathered round the hearth, the old-fashioned hospitable fire-place, with its shining andirons, and blazing logs, so promotive of geniality and harmony, and ensconcing grandma in her rocking-chair of state, seated ourselves on low stools or on the floor in an expectant circle. The older children, our parents, took their various employments of knitting, sewing, or other light work, and took their position in an outside circle behind us, while grandpa himself we enthroned in his usual seat in the chimney corner, and two of the smallest climbed on his knees, and committed themselves to his care.

After musing a few moments and watching the bright jets of flame that shot out from the blazing hickory, grandma began.

HER STORY.

Fifty years ago, as I well remember, I had accepted the invitation of one of my boarding-school friends, to pass the summer vacation at her home in the country, instead of going to my own home in the noisy town where my father resided. I promised myself rare quiet and seclusion amid the hills and valleys of the open country, and gave way to my utmost hatred of brick walls and paved streets. I was naturally fond of the country, and delighted to ramble amid the beauties of nature, and pour out my soul in praise to the Creator in temples and groves of his own creation. Nor was I disappointed. On the outskirts of the farm, through a grove of some extent, flowed at the foot of a hill a beautiful stream, which, some miles below, the inventive genius of man had set to work on the wheels of a mill——.

"Why! grandma, that's just like this farm here," broke in half a dozen small voices.

"Order! no interruption!" commanded grandpa, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, as if he knew what was coming next.

Then grandma proceeded——

Daily it was my custom, either alone or with my friend Sue, to take a book and seek the shade and quiet of "Cozy Dell," as we had named the beautiful spot. But when Sue was with me, rather than read we would talk of the pleasant times, walks, and excursions we would have when her brother Jim came home. He was at a village some miles distant, teaching school, and would be at home during his summer vacation to help on the farm. But secretly we two resolved that we wanted a companion in our rambles, and came to the conclusion that it would be better for Jim's health to rest after his arduous duties rather than go to work on the farm. So for a week or two our time passed dreamily away, waiting for the advent of Jim ere we could commence the longed-for excursions.

Meanwhile Sue took it upon herself to write to him and explain the state of affairs, to tell him what was expected of him, and something more, which, with a wink, she informed me I would find out in due season. Directly there came back an answer, to his father, stating that, feeling exhausted and feeble after his year's exertions, he was not equal to the heavy work of the farm at present, and had therefore accepted an invitation to remain with a friend; that while he was recruiting he might benefit by the society in which he was. Enclosed was a note for Sue, which by no means I could get her to reveal to me. But as usual one afternoon I took my way to the "Dell" alone, for my friend was engaged with some household du-

ties ; when as I approached the moss-covered bank, on the edge of the stream, which formed my usual lounging place, I discovered seated upon what I had begun to look upon as sacred to me, a young man, with rod and line, attempting to ensnare the pretty denizens of the stream, on which I had so often delighted to gaze in my listless thoughtfulness. Most maidens of my character would have fled and deserted the place forever, but my first impulse, and one which I carried out, was to approach and discover who had so boldly dared to desecrate with his presence my private resort. Accordingly I advanced from among the trees, which had sheltered me, and presented myself to him with as much assurance as was possible in a boarding-school girl. He dropped his rod and sprang to his feet, doffing as he did so his jaunty little skull-cap, and acknowledged my presence with a very low bow. I was just about to demand his reasons for his presence in this spot, when, divining my intentions, he interrupted me.

"Pardon, most gracious lady, the assurance of your humble servant, in presenting himself in a place where he knew he would meet with one, whose attractions rumor had brought to his ear. Think not that one so gifted can come into a neighborhood like this, without having the news of her arrival spread throughout the length and breadth of it. Pardon my presumption, then, in wishing to see one whose attractions Rumor had painted brightly, but which I now affirm she had in no way exaggerated. I intended in this guise to have met you by accident, but your presence has assured me that you will not banish me if I tell you plainly that the fish formed no part of the magnet which drew me hither."

His address was so bold, and at the same time he expressed himself with so captivating a grace, that with a school girl's imprudence I stammered out that I supposed he had a right to roam and fish where he pleased, and I did not suppose him any way to blame for having ventured on a spot where I of late had been spending my leisure hours ; when to my express gratification, Sue appeared in the scene. She greeted the intruder joyously, and introduced him to me as Arthur Gilman, son of a farmer who lived near. Her appearance relieved my embarrassment, and seating ourselves on the moss, Sue drew him into a spirited conversation, during which I was at leisure to study his countenance and see as far as I could with what sort of a character this strange encounter had thrown me into company. I was pretty well satisfied of his politeness and gallantry, when Sue asked him to take the place of her brother in our excursions, and explained to him all that we had planned in the way of amusement.

He accepted eagerly, and placed himself entirely at our disposal. After some more conversation, chiefly upon the forthcoming pleasures, we departed for home, he accompanying us to the gate, where he left us, and proceeded on his way till his form was lost to us over the hill.

It will be needless to recount the numerous excursions which followed in rapid succession, and in which Arthur made one of our party. Sometimes we went for berries, at others, to visit places which were memorable for deeds done, or which were noted for peculiar situation. We visited the cave where a certain Indian tribe were wont to dwell, where, formerly, they visited the whites for the purpose of barter; the place where the British army had once encamped; the "Eagle's Perch," a jutting crag near the top of a mountain, precipitous on the side of the "perch," the "Hermit's Hut," now low and deserted; and other places thought worthy of a name and reputation, for good or evil, by the neighborhood around. The days we were not off upon some jaunt, I was always at my place in the "Dell," where, strangely enough, I would find Arthur, either there before me or appearing soon after. On such occasions he was always ready with a tale concerning the place we had last visited, or would get me to tell of our doings and scrapes at school.

Thus things continued till his presence seemed to be a part of my existence; of which, however, I had no thought till a rainy day confined me in the house and kept him away. The day passed most miserably, and I was at a loss to know how to kill the time. I let fall some hints to Sue that I was getting home-sick, but with an insinuating laugh, she said that if it cleared up ere the morrow, so that I could see my friend Arthur, I would quickly get well. I hastened to deny the insinuation, but her words had produced more effect on my mind than I was willing to show. That night as, sleepless, I lay tossing painfully, I came to the conclusion, that if I were not in love, I liked Arthur very much; and having satisfied myself of this, my brain was soon resting in balmy slumber. The next day he did come, and I became assured my conclusions were right.

But vacation drew near its close, and as it was necessary I should return home ere the school commenced its session, I announced to my friend Sue, that however much I regretted it, I was compelled to leave on the day after to-morrow, and we would have one more, our final excursion, which, if she liked, should be to the old mill, which, heretofore, I incidentally mentioned. Arthur was duly apprized of the fact, and joyously we set forth the next morning. In Arthur's pleasant carriage the distance was rapidly gone over, but when we

reached the old mill, we found it silent, for no miller's family inhabited it. It was a curious, antiquated structure, built in the early times of the first settlers, so Arthur informed us, as common property. When a farmer wanted his wheat ground, he took it to the mill, raised the gates, set the machinery in motion, and performed the work, stopped the mill, shut the doors, and left. Ere we explored the building, we surveyed its surroundings, and ate our dinner under the shade of the willows that skirted the race. That duty performed to our satisfaction, we prepared to search the hidden mysteries of the mill itself.

On account of its public nature, its doors were not barred against us, so we entered, and throwing open some window-shutters to enlighten our ways, we proceeded upon our examination.

It was a roomy structure, full of windings ; the machinery was antiquated and well worn. It contained none of the modern improvements which, even at the times of which I am relating, rendered mills so different from the object of our visit. Its huge, crazy water-wheel, which hung dripping in its vault, patched and pieced each season, to render it fit for use, was of itself a monument to remind the visitor of the antiquity of the pile. For awhile we wandered amid its mazes in company, examining and remarking on the machinery, when Sue declared herself satisfied with the interior, and said she would rather view the surroundings and stone the fish in the stream, than remain longer among the cobwebs and rats. In return I said that I had not seen all I wished inside yet ; Arthur came to the same conclusion ; and so we separated. We had explored nearly every part except the garret, so thither we proceeded. But at the top of the garret stairs was a trap-door which Arthur found impossible to open, except with the use of a ram ; luckily he found one near, in the shape of a piece of scantling, and with a few well-directed blows a crack appeared, and we were enabled to open it. Having entered, we closed it lightly, that it might not obstruct our researches, and brushing off the accumulated dust of years from the little gable windows, we proceeded, by the feeble light afforded, to overhaul broken machinery still more antiquated than that now in use below. While proceeding in this I happened to step on the trap-door and down it went with a growl and screech that caused me to turn pale, not so much at the noise as at what it heralded, an imprisonment, from which it was impossible to escape without aid. In vain Arthur tried his strength ; the iron ring was so worn and rusted that it parted in his hands. We gazed at each other in mute amazement, which was quickly succeeded by a hearty laugh. He went to

the window and called through a broken glass for Sue, explaining our situation, and directed her to run over to the nearest farm-house, which was about half a mile distant through the fields, and obtain help. She started, but it would be some time before she could return, so Arthur determined to improve the time.

"It seems to me, Mary," said he, "that Providence had some special end in view when he shut us up here together."

"Now, grandma, you might as well stop!" here interposed grandpa.

"Keep still, James, and don't interrupt me again," returned grandma, with a queer smile spreading o'er her benignant features, as she resumed—

"I am sure I don't know what it was," I answered, innocently.

"Why! I fancy 'twas just this," he returned. "We have known each other for some time—and I have for some time felt the want of just such a little wife as you would make and—and—and for some time I've been thinking——."

"Now stop! stop! grandmother, right there!" broke in grandpa, trying to look vexed.

"I will directly, if you stop these interruptions," she answered, and continued—

"For some time I have been thinking that we would yet along right well together in the world, and have come to the conclusion that you, and you only, are the one set apart for me since the creation. What do you think about it?"

"I think you take a good deal for granted, Mr. Arthur," I returned, "and I think, also, you might have chosen a much better place in which to declare you intentions."

"Dearest Mary, do not answer me thus!" he cried, with feeling, and taking my hand in his own, he continued, "But perhaps it is just; at any rate I will be frank with you. Sue and myself arranged a plot that I should meet you in the grove and be introduced. I had before heard so much of you from her, that I was sure I would love you, and meeting you, my supposition proved true. Ever since I have regretted that you knew me under an assumed name, but knowing you to be prejudiced against Sue's brother, and fearing it might militate against me, forced me to deceive you. This is the only excuse I can offer. You behold in me, not Arthur Gilman, but——." Here grandpa was taken with such a violent fit of coughing, that he kicked over the stool on which one of the youngsters sat, causing such a racket that the last of the sentence was wholly drowned. Without noticing the interruption grandma proceeded—

"Now, Mary, you know all, but do not utterly despise me. Give me but one token that my love is returned. Believe me, 'tis not the passion of a moment; long and earnestly has the flame been burning in my bosom. Say, Mary, that you love me; give me but the assurance that you love no one else, and I shall be happy." He paused, as for an answer, but my tongue would not utter a refusal of his entreaties, and I would not acknowledge a return of his passion, so I remained silent, and my feelings found vent in a deep sigh and slight but fond pressure of the hand which still retained mine in his possession. He caught me to his heart—but the next instant we heard a thundering rap on the door, and warned by it, he sprang from my side to a pile of broken machinery, from which he advanced as the door raised and displayed the benevolent countenance of the farmer whom Sue had brought to our assistance. He hailed us with a laugh, and as we descended, hoped we would never get into a worse scrape. Arthur told him the scrape was not so bad as might be expected, to which he, looking at me who blushed like one conscious of guilt, gave his full concurrence. With his help our carriage was soon ready, and thanking him for his *timely* assistance, we departed, each fully satisfied with the pleasures of the day.

I did *not* depart on the morrow, nor on the next day, nor indeed till the moment actually arrived, when my presence was required at school, and then 'twas with the promise to Arthur, or as I now had learned to know him as James ——" Here grandpa's cough came a little too late, and we learned that it was good, dear, old grandpa Howard that was meant all the time. Then what a shout we raised, while grandpa blew his nose desperately behind his great, red silk handkerchief, and our parents tried to hush us. When we got quieted down, grandma proceeded—"That last year at school was the lightest of all, for I received letters frequently from "Cozy Dell;" and 'twas not long after I left the school, that James came to my home in the city and brought me to this place, where I have lived happily for nearly half a century. God has blessed me in my husband and my children, and unto Him be praise for His goodness!"

As she stopped, grandma's head fell upon her hand, and a tear rolled from either eye over her furrowed cheek; and after a few moment's silence, we knelt and grandpa's voice arose in prayer and thanksgiving for all the mercies received. Then as we retired, we each kissed and thanked grandma for her story, and went to sleep, to rest after the pleasures of the happiest day now present in my memory.

Editor's Miscellany.

"WHEN I am abroad in June," says Dr. Oldham, "the thousand blended perfumes which the flowers exhale, seem to me not only the breath, but the soul of nature's life; and I almost feel as if I belonged to the world of beauty as much in virtue of my nose as of my eyes."

"Don't Mrs. Brown look good?" said Irish Mary, as her mistress appeared to her in new spring attire, "indeed that bonnet becomes her to pieces."

"How's your mother, Miss Thorn?" asked an anxious neighbor concerning her sick friend. "Oh! she's been dreadful ill," replied the daughter. "The doctor gave her over yesterday, but somebody came in and recommended an injunction, (injection,) and they down with it, and she's a great deal better to-day."

"DEAR me!" said the same young lady, "there's a new tenement (tenant) moved into our chambers, and they're so noisy, I shall be glad enough when they move out."

MRS. Brutis was showing a friend her new house. "There isn't much here yet," said she, as she opened the door of the china closet; "husband's sent to get me a new set of liberty-pole (Liverpool) ware, and then the shelves 'll be better set out I reckon."

"BOB," called Mrs. Rose to her rash son, who was amusing his little playmates with all sorts of antics upon a crazy stone fence, "Bob, dear, do take care! you'll surely participate (precipitate) yourself down that wall."

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—"I breathe large at home. I drop my cloak; unclasp my girdle, loose the band that ties my hair. Now could I but unloose my soul! We are sepulchred alive in this close world, and want more room."—*Aurora Leigh*.

Juvenile Department.

WHEN E. was about four years of age, being at home alone with her mother one Sunday, suddenly she asked, "Ma, shall you go to heaven?" "I hope so," was the reply. "And father?" "Yes, I hope so." "And grandma and grandpa, and auntie?" enumerating all the family. The same reply was given to each interrogatory. Quietly thinking a moment, E. said, "But, mother, then who'll be here to give the cat any milk?"

JAMIE one day at dinner begged for some dandelion greens. After tasting them and making many wry faces, he asked "Who made them?" "God," was the reply. "I wonder where he got the seed?" spitefully retorted the little boy.

JULIA was on a visit to her cousin Ida. She was listening to a conversation between

her uncles, one of whom, Mr. Sherwood, was a member of the Sanitary Board, and hearing them say something about the Board of Health, she ran into the yard and asked, "Ida, what kind of wood is the Board of Health made of?" "Sherwood," answered Ida, innocently.

"AUNTIE," said a sweet little daughter, now in Paradise, "how pretty the flowers are!" "Yes, darling," replied her aunt, "they are sometimes called God's smiles." "God's smiles," wonderingly repeated the child, "why, where do they grow?"

—
DIALOGUE between little Willie and his "big uncle Ned."

Willie. Uncle Ned, don't you remember when we lived down in Westerly, and the soldiers went by, and one soldier was left behind and he came running along, with his gun, and frightened me most to death?"

Uncle Ned. "Yes, I remember."

Willie. "How do folks remember?"

Uncle Ned. Indifferently, "I dunno."

Willie. "I know; they tink."

Uncle Ned. "They what?"

Willie. They tink; they keep still a minute and hark, and then it comes to 'em; that's what I mean by tinkling."

We think this as good a definition of memory as many older brains could make out.

—
From Mother Goose.—Cousin M.

THE LITTLE GLUTTON.

A little white pig,
With his little black feet,
Got into his trough
His breakfast to eat.
He thrust in his nose,
And bespattered his clothes,
And he pushed his kind mother,
And his dear little brother,

And wanted at least
The best part of the feast.
What a sad, naughty pig!
If he lives to grow big,
And behaves in this way,
Everybody will say,
"It is easily seen
What his breeding has been."

• Family Receipts.

~~~~~  
BAKED FISH.—Make a dressing of bread, well chopped and seasoned, and stuff your fish. To keep it together, wind thread or twine several times around it; lay two skewers on the baking pan, and melt a good piece of butter in it before laying the fish therein. Sprinkle salt, pepper and flour over your fish, and spread bits of butter on the top. Bake in a quick oven, that it may brown well. The fish should not be turned; if not very large, it will cook in half an hour. Take it up carefully, lest you break it. If the gravy in the pan is not burned, add more butter, a little flour and water, boil it up, pour over the fish, and serve. This rule applies to bass, cod, pike, or white fish.

—  
"Both the Syrians and Egyptians abstained from eating fish out of dread and abhorrence, and when the latter would represent anything as odious, or express hatred, by hieroglyphics, they painted a fish."

—  
CORN OYSTERS.—Take two dozen ears of large, young, and soft corn, grate it from the

cob as fine as possible, and dredge it with wheat flower. Beat four eggs very light, and mix gradually with the corn; stir the whole with your hand, adding a salt-spoon of salt; melt equal portions of lard and butter in a saucepan, stir it so that they may well mix together, and when it is boiling hot put in the mixture in the form of oval cakes about three inches long and one inch thick. Fry brown, and send to the table hot.

**SPINACH.**—This is a delicate and favorite vegetable for greens. Boil in salted water; when done, drain thoroughly, and prepare it for the table by putting on butter.

A French physician calls spinach "the broom of the stomach"—"*le balai de l'estomac*," it so cleanses and purifies that organ.

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## Literary Notices.

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**THE THRONE OF DAVID.**—Another of the Rev. J. H. Ingraham's interesting works, issued by G. G. Evans, No. 439 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. This volume is an illustration of the splendor, power and dominion of the reign of the shepherd, poet, warrior, king and prophet, ancestor and type of Jesus. The volume is in the form of letters, addressed by the Assyrian Ambassador in Israel to his master Belus, King of Assyria, and embraces an account of the people and customs of the Assyrians, Israelites, Egyptians, &c. It has also descriptions of the religious ceremonies of the Hebrews, of the Tabernacle, of the duties of the Priests and Levites, and many other valuable and profitable delineations. The book cannot fail to incite to greater earnestness in the perusal of the Book of books. With all the fascination of a work of fiction, it yet follows the inspired narrative in every essential point. The book is illustrated with superb wood engravings, well bound in one large 12mo vol. Price \$1.25.

**DR. OLDHAM AT GRAYSTONES.**—D. Appleton.

A singular book, touching upon all sorts of subjects in a most original way. Altogether we like it. The doctor is such a genial old fellow, and presents his ideas in such a frank, honest manner. There is some keen satire in the volume, which we relish much, and many a plain truth which can scarcely fail to benefit the earnest reader.

**"FRIARSWOOD POST OFFICE."**—By the author of *Heir of Redclyffe*, &c., &c. D. Appleton. A juvenile, written in the pleasing and instructive style of this delightful storyteller.

**"EL FARCIDIS,"** is a new work, by the author of the *Lamplighter*. The merit of her first production will insure this new volume a hearty welcome from the public.

EDWARD EVERETT is writing a *Life of Washington*.

HON. GEORGE P. MARSH is about to edit an American issue of *Wedgwood's Dictionary of English Etymology*.

**"FRESH HEARTS THAT FAILED THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO,"** is the title of a poem by Rev. Mr. Lowell, the author of "*The New Priest of Conception Bay*." Whoever has read that powerfully written story will look with eager interest for other droppings from an eloquent pen. Mr. Lowell is a brother of the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.



### NOTHING BETTER.

We would call the attention of every lady to the advertisement on our advertising sheet, of "Winship's Patent Self-Ventilating Refrigerator." Being the fortunate possessor of one of these household treasures, we speak from actual knowledge when we assure our friends that it is *unequalled*, and no family can AFFORD to do without it. Do not fail to read the advertisement carefully, and then go without delay and secure the real article. Manufactured and sold Wholesale and Retail by BRAMHALL, HEDGE & Co, No. 442 Broadway, between Howard and Grand Streets, New York.

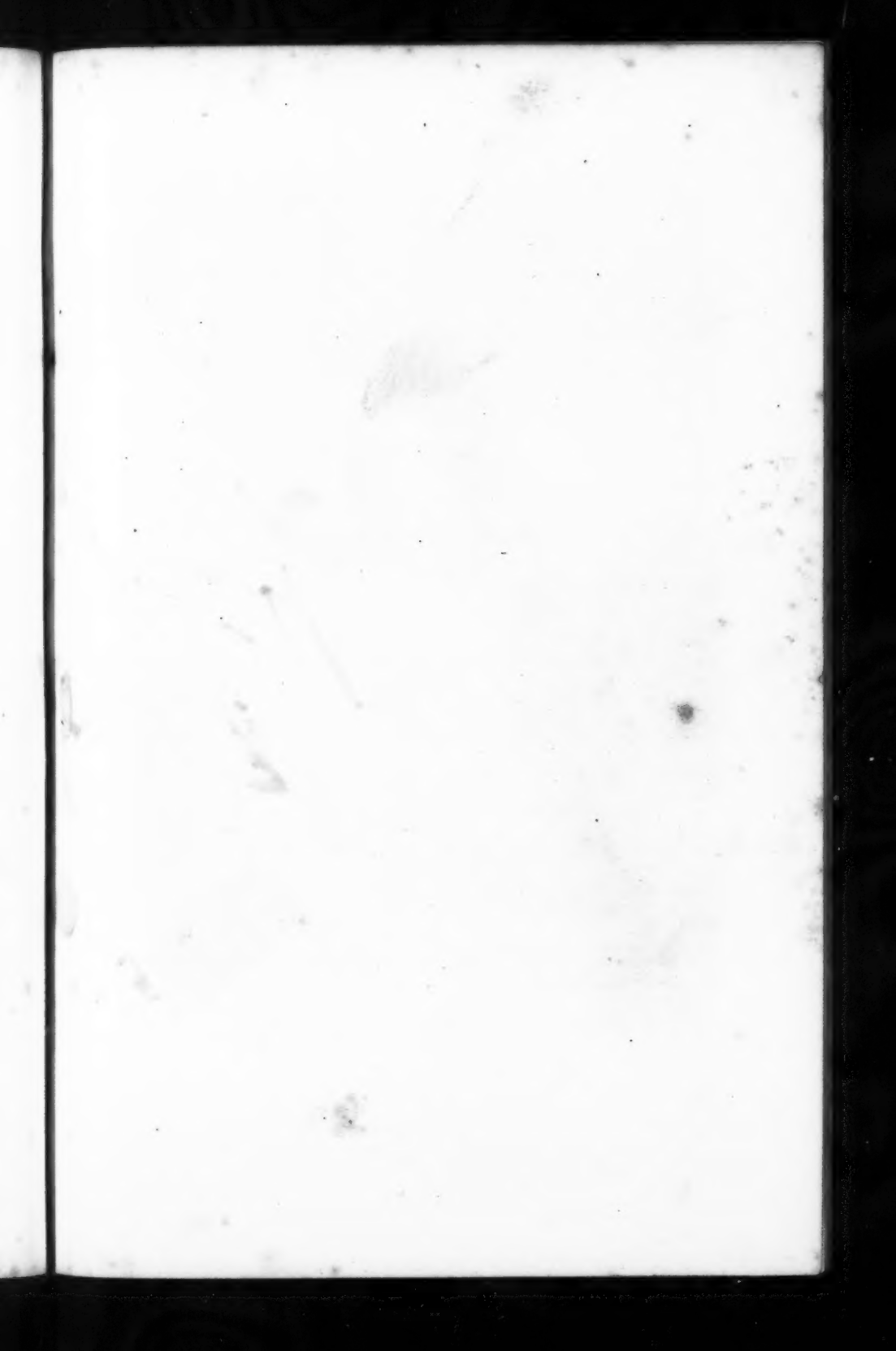
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### ROSA BONHUR'S HORSE FAIR.

Some of our readers have seen this wonderful masterpiece of the foremost female artist of the age. Those who have not have heard of it, and know therefore what a blaze of enthusiastic admiration it has kindled among art-critics not only, but among all who have souls to feel the magic touch of genius. We are not going to describe it, nor attempt to catch and fetter by words the troup of fancies which the glowing canvas of the original picture awakens: but only to give our readers what we are sure will be a pleasant piece of intelligence, namely, that those enterprising publishers, J. M. Emerson & Co., 37 Park Row, N. Y., have secured the execution by the eminent artists, Sarony, Majer & Knapp, of an engraving on stone of The Horse Fair, which is a most remarkably exact representation of the original painting. Its size is nearly two feet by three. Each figure—the black Norman charger, the matched span of dappled grays, the straight-limbed dray-horse, the heavy-maned, nervous little Shetland, a marvelous specimen of foreshortening—the safer, but for once ambitious slow nag, urged by spurless heels of his half-sauculotte rider with a frightful "rack," as he stretches away around the circle—these with all the figures to the minutest details reappear with the closest fidelity in this beautiful specimen of lithography. It is difficult to persuade one's self as we look at it that this chromolithograph is not in fact an oil-painting, so exactly are the original colors reproduced. The exquisite skill employed by the artist in its production, may be inferred from the fact that no less than eighteen different tints are employed to reach the results. As a mere specimen of chromolithography, showing the marvelous perfection to which the art has been carried, this splendid picture is well worthy of the attention of our readers—and when it is considered that it is an exact counterpart of one of the most celebrated paintings in the world, few we imagine will be able to resist the temptation to possess it.

This picture is itself a novel, but a still greater novel is the price at which it is sold by the publishers. No reasonable person with any pretention to taste, would look at it and fix the price at less than \$5, and yet it is actually sold for \$1.50. How it can be done we don't know, but so it is. More than this, it is furnished to the subscribers to the United States Journal, (a highly illustrated, monthly paper, 32 large quarto pages, devoted to agriculture, mechanics, literature and current events,) for one dollar, that is, the Journal, for one year, and the picture are given for \$2. A more profitable investment of this amount, for parlor adornment, and instructive and entertaining family reading, can not well be made.







*E. G. Postwick*





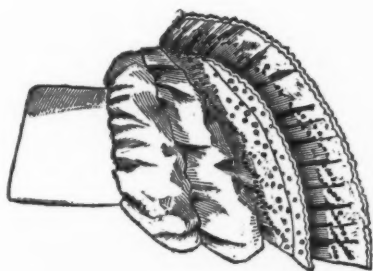
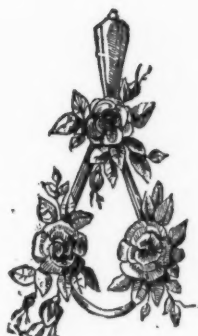


THE ROMANCE OF LIFE.



LATE STYLES.





THE NEWEST PATTERNS.



THE END OF THE WORLD

## A TALE OF VILLAGE LIFE.

~~~~~  
BY E. J. G.
~~~~~

[Concluded.]

"WRITE an anonymous note to Captain Grove and Will Merrill, warning them to be on their guard. It would be so romantic!" lisped Bessie Smith.

"Psha! no one but a coward would write an anonymous letter," said Amy Thurston. "If you want to let them know their danger, go and tell them to their faces."

"And be laughed at as busy-bodies," I said.

"Well, what better do you deserve!" sharply asked Lottie King. "For my part, I am sick of the whole subject. If Mr. and Mrs. Carver, and Captain Grove, and William Merrill," and she flushed slightly as she pronounced the last name, "have had a quarrel or a misunderstanding, whatever you choose to call it, which, by the way, neither you nor I believe, let them fight their own battles. If you should tell me till doomsday they had either of them done wrong to the other, I could not and would not believe it, and there's an end of that matter as far as I am concerned, so do let it drop," and she took up the book, found the place, and began to read, as though her life depended on her getting through the next page as speedily as possible.

And thus matters stood for a week or more, till at length we were startled as by a thunderclap. Once more Mrs. Green heard Mr. and Mrs. Carver in their garden talking about "the Captain" and "Will," and at last Edward said in his most determined tones—

"Don't talk about it any more, Effie dear, there is no use in waiting any longer. Matters don't seem to mend at all, as I see. Before to-morrow morning, one of those fellows dies. I don't know as it makes much difference to me which it is." "Those fellows!" How perfectly cold-blooded and heartless! Who could believe that was to be the end of a friendship which had stood the test of years? And from Mrs. Carver's answer, one would think she cared little about it too, though being one of 'the softer sex,' she seemed to manifest a little more feeling than he did. "I can't bear to think of it, but of course you must do as you see fit. I like them both very much. To be sure the Captain is proud, and struts about so," (what

would our Captain say to that, he who was never known to "strut" in his life?) "and rather crows over poor Will who is meek and cowardly; the dear little fellow, and there is no question he would get along a great deal better if the Captain was out of the way, for he provokes the quarrel always, there is no doubt about that. Yes," she added, with a sigh, "there would be more peace if the Captain was only gone."

"Well, so it shall be, ere the midnight hour he dies, the Captain dies!" he exclaimed in his deepest, most tragic tones.

"And how?" she asked quietly.

"I shall cut off his head, if there is no easier way," he said, briefly.

"Oh, husband! don't ask me to look on," she cried in her most winning tones, to which he answered by patting her hands, and saying fondly, "tender little heart!"

"Tender little heart," indeed! A great deal of it she had shown in this thing.

And then, according to Mrs. Green's account, from whom we had learned these particulars, she walked towards the end of the garden, saying softly, "Good bye, my pet, I don't want to look at you again," while her husband began humming a tune, as though nothing had happened, or could happen to ruffle his serenity.

Fancy, oh, my reader, if you can, the consternation that filled our village, when this was made known. Nothing like it had ever happened before to interrupt the even tenor of our quiet life. Edward Carver to have a grudge against both Captain Grove and Will Merrill, which was to result in the destruction, nay, to use the plainest language, the cool-blooded murder of our brave and handsome Captain, the favorite of old and young, male and female. Then the coolness with which he had announced his deadly plan, and the almost equal coolness with which his wife had received the announcement! In all the bloody annals of fiends and devils and murders, could anything surpass it?

What could excite this bitter animosity? Was it, could it be jealousy? The most prudish old maid, the most exacting, fastidious husband could see nothing in Mrs. Carver's deportment towards either of these gentlemen to give such a key to the mystery. And then the manner of the death. "Cut off his head if there is no easier way." Could there be anything more totally heartless, cruel and unfeeling? A duel, or a pistol shot, would be so much more genteel, so much more in unison with the doings of the polite world!

But time was hastening on. "Ere the midnight hour he dies." Thus the fiat had gone forth, from which there seemed no appeal.

Groups collected here and there in the parlors, under the trees, on the piazzas, in the streets, to discuss the all-important question—"What could be done to avert this doom!" for averted it must be. Should we call in the police? Fortunately, or unfortunately, as the case may be, we had no police. Inform "the selectmen." The "selectmen" had selected themselves to form a fishing party, and had gone off to Long Pond, taking Captain Grove with them. What can be done, what ought to be done?

Listen to the consultation held under our spreading elm tree. Mrs. Green's voice "takes up the wondrous fable." "What do you think of that? There is no misconception now, there can be none," throwing a triumphant glance at my mother. "No one can doubt me now, unless indeed they dare to say I do not speak the truth."

There was silence for a minute, and then every tongue was unloosed, and all spoke at once, and each one had her own suggestion to offer. One advocated one thing, another quite the opposite. A third begged that some one would go at once after Captain Grove, and tell him of his danger, that he might take himself out of the way in time. As though our brave Captain would shrink from danger!

It would be in vain for me to attempt to bring order out of such a chaos, and so I will come at once to the conclusion arrived at, after a long and peculiarly trying discussion. The men might arrange it as they pleased, but as for us women, the more peaceful portion of creation, we should try to settle it by peaceful means. We should go at once to Mr. Alison, and ask him, as a minister of the Gospel, a man of peace, to mediate between the offending parties, and so Miss Harriman and Lottie King, two of our most "spunky" maidens set off for the parsonage, where we, gentle reader, will take the liberty of following them, that we may see the result of the interview.

And I shall not stop to describe either the parsonage or the parson who lived in it, as descriptions of people, houses or furniture, are not in my line, neither can I go over with all the "says I's" and "says she's." Suffice it to say, that though Mr. Alison was in his study, the place where ministers most do love to congregate, and deeply engaged in a sermon on the doctrine of total depravity, he rose at once from his table to greet his fair visitants. In due time the narrative was told, amid many expressions of amazement, doubt, and even unbelief on the part of Mr. Alison.

"Mrs. Green is one of your own people," at last said Miss Harriman, angrily. "Did you ever know her guilty of a falsehood?"

"Never. And Edward Carver has been one of my flock for ten years, and I have never seen anything against him, more than the faults incidental to poor, depraved, fallen nature," laying his hand as he spoke on his "total depravity" sermon. "A more gentle, kind-hearted man than he is, lives not. The idea of his committing a murder! Why, it is not only horrible, but it is totally impossible. What would induce him to commit such an act?"

"Jealousy," suggested Lottie King.

"Jealousy? of what? of whom? Not quite six months married to a wife as pure and spotless as an angel, treating his friends no more freely or familiarly than any wife should treat those who had been friends of her husband from his boyhood; there must be some mistake about it."

"Well, if there is a mistake," said Miss Harriman, "it should be cleared up, and who so well fitted to do that as you, sir, their pastor and spiritual guide?"

Mr. Alison was silent a long time. At length he said, "Through the whole course of my ministry I have always avoided scandalous or even gossiping reports, and never allowed myself for a moment to listen to anything of the kind, and there is not a person living who ever heard a story of that nature from my lips."

"And yet if there is trouble among your parishioners, ought you not to interfere?" asked Lottie. "Would you sit silent at home, and have a murder committed under your very eyes, and never raise a warning voice?"

"Murder? bah! I don't believe a word of it. Edward Carver would not harm a chicken. I tell you, my friends, there is some misunderstanding about the whole matter. However, I am going round there this afternoon, and I will see what I can do, though, I repeat, it is greatly against both my principles and my inclination to meddle at all in matters that do not concern me. And yet what relates to my people, should always have interest for me," he added, musingly.

In a little library, the window shaded by clustering vines, sat Mrs. Carver sewing, while her husband was reading aloud to her. Every thing about Mrs. Carver always wore an air of daintiness and refinement. Avoiding gaudy colors and elaborate trimmings, she dressed in a style of simplicity, and yet beauty, that it is to be regretted more of her sex do not follow. Extravagance in dress may indeed be called one of the crying sins of the age. Simplicity of attire, than which nothing can be more pleasing to the eye, seems in these days to be entirely lost sight of.

Outward adorning seems really to be the occupation of the day, to the neglect of higher and more important duties. Would that the time might speedily come when my own sex shall burst away from the flimsy fetters of fashion, (and yet they bind more powerfully than chains of iron,) and show themselves to be made for something better and higher than to be mere "lay figures" for the exhibition of the latest fashions. But, dear me, where have I gone to? Far away from my simple story, so I will hasten back.

Mrs. Carver never looked more charming nor happy, than she did that afternoon, as she quickly rose from her low seat, (for high, stiff-backed chairs passed away with our grandmothers,) and held out her hand in greeting to her beloved minister. Mr. Alison fixed his eyes inquiringly upon her as he said—

"How happy you look and seem here," with a slight accent upon the word "seem."

A beaming smile, and a shy, fond glance at her husband, plainly said it was more than "seem."

As he shook hands with Edward, and looked him fully in the face, he said to himself "psha! don't tell me that man with his cool hand and quiet pulse, and with an eye that does not fear to look his minister in the face, is on the point of committing a deadly deed, a deed against the laws of man and of God."

Mr. and Mrs. Carver entered readily into conversation, but Mr. Alison was constrained and evidently ill at ease. As Mrs. Carver was eagerly telling him about a "charming ride she had taken that very morning with Captain and Mrs. Grove, his attention was distracted between watching her animated face, and stealing glances at her husband to see how he was bearing it, while he was pondering in his mind how he should approach the delicate question of the deadly quarrel between these seemingly firm friends.

At last he interrupted her with "You rode out with them this very day after all?"

There was so much meaning in his tone, that she looked up inquiringly into his face, and then turned towards her husband, as though asking for an explanation. But he looked as though he understood the question no better than she did.

"Is there any reason why I should not ride with them?" she asked, rather quickly.

Mr. Alison hesitated. "Perhaps not, if your husband approves," he said at last.

She flushed the deepest crimson, and looked as though she was ready to cry, but said nothing.

Edward exclaimed quickly, "And why, I should like to know, in the name of common sense, or uncommon either, should I have any objection? Captain Grove has been one of my best friends from my boyhood up, and I have no friends," he added, proudly, "that I am ashamed to have my wife associate with."

"Then may I ask," said Mr. Alison, mildly, "why do you express such open animosity to him?"

Mr. Carver stared at him, but for a moment seemed actually incapable of making a reply. At last he blurted out—"Open animosity? what do you mean? I am not often accused of showing 'open animosity' to any one, and you must excuse me if I say I do not know what you are at, imputing such conduct to me."

"Softly, softly, my young friend!" said Mr. Alison, "you know me well enough to believe me when I say I am not in the habit of finding fault with my people, unless I think I have a cause for so doing, and you may be sure it must be a pretty good cause," he added, with a smile, "that would lead me to say anything to wound the feelings of those I prize so highly as I do you and your good little wife here."

"Then why do you accuse me of 'open animosity' to Captain Grove?"

"Not only to Captain Grove, but to William Merrill too," said the good pastor, gathering courage as the battle around him seemed to wax hotter.

"Mr. Alison," said Edward Carver, rising slowly from his seat, "I never before knew you guilty of an injustice, and why you should accuse me of dislike to two of my very best friends, is more than I can tell. Why, for years, there has never passed a hard word between us, nor, as far as I know, even a look of dissatisfaction since we have been old enough to put away childish differences. I wish you would speak out plainly, and not deal in inuendoes," he added, pettishly, for by this time his usually mild and gentle disposition was worked up to fever heat.

"I am sorry to so grieve and offend you, my dear young friend, but I am not apt to deal in inuendoes any more than you are, and so I will speak out plainly. Why, if there is such perfect friendship between you, have you been heard to utter expressions of dislike," (Edward made a gesture of impatience, but Mr. Alison went on,) "towards both Captain Grove and William Merrill? Nay, I am grieved to be obliged to add, not only of dislike but utter hatred," and the tears actually stood in good Mr. Alison's eyes.

Surprise, anger, or something else, took from Edward Carver the power of speech. He could only stand and gaze fixedly at Mr. Alison, as though suddenly turned into stone.



Gently came sweet little Effie Carver to the rescue. "You surely are mistaken, dear Mr. Alison," she said, firmly though mildly. "Who ever heard an expression bordering upon hatred from the lips of my husband?" and she looked at him fondly, as she stood resting her hand upon his shoulder.

"Well, I certainly don't know what to make of it all," said Mr. Alison, with a long-drawn sigh. "Here is this whole village, quiet generally, almost to stagnation, suddenly stirred up to the highest pitch of excitement about the enmity, openly professed on your part towards Captain Grove and Mr. Merrill, yes, and carried to such an extent that murderous designs have not only been indulged in, but proclaimed, in defiance of the laws of God and man."

Edward Carver actually gasped for breath. "Upon my word," he said, "this is too, too much. 'Open enmity,' 'murderous designs,' 'defiance of the laws of God and man!' what can it, what does it all mean? It is a mystery that utterly baffles my comprehension. I solemnly deny every thing of the kind. Whoever told you I had 'open enmity' bordering upon 'murderous designs' against any one, told you a contemptible falsehood, a base lie, and I am ashamed you could have believed it of me, and that is all I can say, and all I will say," and he turned to leave the room.

"Stop one moment, my dear young friend. This is as painful to me as it is to you, but I have begun it and must carry it through, even to the very end. How can you deny 'open enmity' and 'murderous designs,' when this very morning, in your own garden, you were heard to declare that 'ere the midnight hour he dies, the Captain dies?'"

For one moment Edward Carver gazed fully into the very eyes of Mr. Alison, then catching a meaning glance from his wife, whose sunny face had resumed its usually bright, animated look, he burst into the most immoderate laughter, in which she joined.

It was now Mr. Alison's turn to stare. He looked first at one and then at the other, and if looks could speak, his would have said, "What does all this mean? Am I to be treated like this?"

At length Edward Carver stopped laughing long enough to say, "You must excuse me, but it is really quite too much," and again he went off into such a fit of laughter that the tears actually flowed down his cheeks.

Mr. Alison, meek and forbearing though he was, began to show signs of impatience. He slowly rose from his seat and turned towards the door. This gesture aroused Edward Carver, and served for a moment to check his mirth. He began to speak, but it really

seemed impossible for him to frame a sentence. At last he turned to his wife. "Effie, dear, you must explain this to Mr. Alison, for I really cannot. It will be the death of me instead of poor Captain Grove," and again and again his merry peals of laughter filled the room.

Then spoke charming Effie Carver, though at times she could scarcely command her voice. "You must know, my dear pastor, that last year I visited a friend at a lovely country-seat just out of Boston. She was 'born to love hens and chickens,' as Willis expresses it, and had quite a collection of these feathered fowls. Every hen and every rooster had their own names, generally given in honor of some chosen friend. Thus she often spoke of 'Louisa' and her brood, of 'Emma' and her propensity for straying from her proper bounds, of 'Ben' and his constitutional tendency to wheeze at night, of 'Charlie' and his quarrelsome disposition, and so on. Acting upon this, when I came to 'Elm Cottage,' I took upon myself to name all my feathered flock——."

"I see, I see," interrupted Mr. Alison, and he, too, burst into a merry laugh, which encouraged Edward to laugh louder than ever.

"The two roosters," continued Mrs. Carver, "I named from my husband's most intimate friends, Captain Grove and William Merrill. From the very first, these two bipeds seemed to show great animosity to each other, fighting and quarreling, till my husband lost all patience, and said more than once to me, that he was determined to kill one or the other of them, for that there would never be anything like peace in the hennery, while those two belligerents waged such constant and noisy warfare. But he could not bear to destroy any one of my pets, and so from time to time he put off his 'murderous design,'" glancing roguishly at Mr. Alison, as she uttered the last two words, "till this morning he became so utterly disgusted with a prolonged fight between 'the Capt.' and 'Will,' that seeing 'the Captain' was the most quarrelsome of the two, he uttered the dread, final sentence, which must have been overheard by some one, 'ere the midnight hour he dies, the Captain dies.' You can imagine the tone in which he could have uttered the words which spoke so plainly of 'murderous designs.'"

Here her laughter compelled her to pause, and Edward, who by this time had become somewhat composed, took up the story.

"So, my dear Mr. Alison, you have the key to my 'open enmity' and 'murderous designs.' No wonder this quiet village has been thrown into so alarming a state of excitement! No wonder that you, a man of peace, should have been called upon to step in and

avert this fatal bloodshedding ! But oh ! it is too much, to think that all this fuss has been caused by the charming propensity of my little wife to give names to her pets !” And once more his joyous peals of laughter burst forth, in which both his wife and Mr. Alison heartily joined.

Imagine if you can, oh my reader, the amazement, the consternation, the laughter caused in the village by the news, as it rapidly sped from door to door, that “Captain Grove” and “William Merrill” in the tragic story that had created such excitement, stood for two inmates of Mrs. Carver’s hennery ! From that time to this, there has never been any use in trying to circulate a gossiping story in our village, for the remark, “Oh, that is another Captain Grove murder,” would quash it in the very bud. And whenever the Minerva Circle meets at our house, my roguish brother Robert delights to salute the departing members with a vigorous crowing.

Truth compels me to add, that Edward Carver, though Mr. Alison had said he would not harm a chicken, kept his word, and “ere the midnight hour” “the Captain” was no more, and thus (excuse the pun) a *fowl* murder was committed.

So ends my simple tale of village life.

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## MEETING AT SEA.

~~~~~  
BY FLORENCE CAREY.
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As ships from far and different ports,  
To distant harbors hurrying on,  
Meet with each other on the deep,  
And hail, and answer, and are gone,—

So we upon the sea of life  
Have met, as mortals often will,  
One from the prairies of the west,  
One from the land of rock and hill.

So we shall pass our separate ways,  
As vessels parting on the main,  
And in the years to come, our paths  
May never meet nor cross again.

Yet when life’s voyage all is done,  
Where’er apart our paths may tend,  
We’ll drop our anchors side by side  
In the same haven at the end.

THE SILVER FOX:  
OR, THE HUNTERS OF ST. PAUL.

BY CRIS L. D. SHEARS.

AMONG the early settlers who lived in friendly intercourse with the Indian tribes scattered along the western bank of the Mississippi, was one old trapper by the name of Alan Mackenzie, who boasted, in his maudlin moments, of having descended from the proud old Scotch family of that name: and few were the white settlers for miles around that had not heard his strange, eventful story,—how in his youth he fell in love with the destined bride of his elder brother, Lord Angus; how the fair lady Elinore returned the passion, and how but a week previous to her anticipated marriage with his elder brother, he made his escape with her from Glasgow on board Lord Angus' new and beautiful yacht "Lily." How on arriving at London, and finding they were hotly pursued by the incensed relatives of both houses, they embarked in a brig bound for America; how they were "tempest tossed" and blown about on the bosom of the heaving ocean for nine long months ere land greeted their vision; and how, a few months after, his young and beautiful Elinore expired in his arms, leaving a "wee bit" of a baby to his care—a poor little motherless thing in a strange country.

Except at such times as these the old trapper never spoke of his past history, yet none who looked upon his beautiful daughter Elinore, now grown to womanhood, doubted the tale, for the true stamp of the lady was breathed in the very air about her.

Though reared in the wilderness, and with no feminine mind to train her own, and instruct her in those arts and studies, which bring to view the loveable traits of character in woman, she yet grew up to womanhood without that masculine tendency, or rudeness of manner which characterizes many of our pioneer women.

Kind, considerate, gentle and delicately sensitive in her manner, with an eye large, full, and as deeply blue as the noon-day sky, and ringlets floating about her fair brow, resembling in lightness and color those fleecy clouds which cap the summit of the lofty western range, or lie in brilliant golden masses scattered here and there over the broad horizon. With cheeks of the lightest rose tint, and lips that vied in hue with the thorn berries she sometimes wore in her hair, she seemed a being made but to be loved.

When Alan Mackenzie in his youth felt the cold hand of death at his heart-strings, severing from him the beautiful being for whom he had willingly resigned home, kindred, and all the ties of friendship—the being for whom he would have given his life, he turned to the one thing left to love—the miniature of his lost Elinore—and he felt that life was not quite so dark and dreary as he had at first anticipated; his daughter as an infant, was cradled on his bosom while he traversed the mighty forests of our new world in search of game, and when at length he built him a rude hut upon the bluff where a portion of West St. Paul now stands, it was her delicate hands that planted the Michigan rose beneath the window, and taught the creeping vine to twine about the rough logs, which the strong arm of her father had constructed into a cabin.

The pine torch of the cabin served, on many a stormy night, as a “beacon” to light the canoe traveler of the Mississippi to a place of shelter, for it was located on a point of land visible for many miles down the stream. And here too the red man of the forest was always sure of a hospitable welcome.

Other white settlers followed in time, and Mackenzie’s place of abode soon became a regular fur trading mart, drawing thither hunters and trappers of the white, mongrel, and copper colored races that in small companies penetrated far north into British America, and in some instances, even to the very shores of Hudson’s Bay, in search of the Marten, Sable, and Silver Fox.

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“This is a night to make e’en the hardened, rough shod soldier long for shelter,” said De Morest, a blackeyed, wirey, little Frenchman, who was ascending the Mississippi for the first time in one of those frail barks, the birch canoe.

“Aye, a sorry storm,” replied his companion, still plying hard at the oars that, with every dip, sent the light boat shooting through the water as though it were but a swallow skimming over the surface.—“A sorry night, but we shall soon see the ‘beacon light’ on the bluff, and that will tell us where to land.”

“I am not so sure of that, friend Spotford,” said De Morest, letting fall the oars to wipe off the perspiration the vigorous exercise was sending out in large dewy drops over face and neck. “My ‘pinion is, that we missed our fig’er mightily in not landing lower down the stream, when we had daylight to do it in.”

“I tell you, De Morest, I must see Mackenzie’s cabin *to-night*,” said Spotford with emphasis, plying more vigorously the oars.

“Better say the damsel in it,” replied De Morest, with a sly laugh.

as he again took up the oars: "If you are bound to proceed, I'm bound to do my part of the rowing, though I'm nigh about 'tuckered out,' and I've an inkling that we shan't see the glimmer of that torch light to-night; that and the maiden may have 'winked out' long ago; and the old man you tell me"——

"Hark! methinks I hear the plash of oars above us," said Stopford, interrupting De Morest, "Good heavens! that was a woman's scream, and it sounded fearfully in my ears like the voice of Elinore."

"Pooh! nonsense!" ejaculated De Morest, after listening for a time: "I hear nothing save the moaning of the wind in the lofty branches of the trees, and the screams of the night bird. Besides, what could Elinore be doing here, on the bosom of this mighty river, in a night like this?"

"Some envious fellow, struck with her charms, may have kidnaped and carried her off, for she is very, very beautiful," replied Stopford.

"But if the old chap, her father, keeps such constant 'watch and ward' over her as you say, I don't see how one is to get an opportunity to kidnap her."

"A sweet, inoffensive, dove-like creature like her, is just the one to come to harm, and I've often thought of it, living among such a nest of Indians as Mackenzie does. Once I spoke to him about it, asking him if he wasn't afraid some one would rob him of his daughter some day; but, smiling, he pointed to his rifle saying, 'never so long as my rifle bears me company. I expect to give her away some day to some trusty fellow who will make her a good, kind husband.' His words made my heart leap, De Morest, for I had long been on the most intimate terms with him, and from that day forth I have looked upon Elinore as my future wife: and if I was to ask of her her hand, (which I expect to do before I return to the forest,) I fancy she would not 'say me nay;' but that scream! it is ringing yet in my ears! Let us take the current for a time and see if we can discover anything."

"Once in the bed of the river, and you may bid farewell to the bluff to-night," said De Morest, "for not you, nor I, nor two more strong fellows, could breast that mighty current. Besides it is so dark we can see nothing, and though there were a dozen maidens in peril could do nothing to assist them. Our best way is to keep steadily on our course in the direction of the bluff, and if, on our arrival, we find that any mishap has befallen the damsel, then will be the time to act."

"So be it," said Stopford, falling to the oars with right good will.

Not long after, the clouds changed their leaden hue to a thin vapory texture which the moon beams struggled through, gleaming here



and there on the jagged front of the bluff which had just hove in sight, and lighting up the waves which were dancing in a thousand curling eddies around their frail bark.

"There is the torch glimmering as usual in Mackenzie's window," said Stopford, pointing to a small, bright light which shone out among the dark trees of the bluff. "Now let's turn the canoe into this little cove, where it will be safe from the Indians, and then go up and reconnoitre."

"Here, Stopford, let me fasten that ! I'll declare you're grown as nervous as a love-sick maiden, and are not to be trusted with the tying of a canoe even."

Stopford made no reply, but after having secured the boat firmly to the mooring, they made haste to ascend the hill, and in the course of half an hour stood, out of breath, before the cabin door of Alan Mackenzie.

On hearing footsteps approach, the old man sprang to the doorway, uttering one word, "Elinore !" but with a disappointed air, he gazed upon the new comers, forgetting for the moment those words of welcome with which it was his wont to greet all who sought the hospitality of his humble dwelling. And the light faded from his eyes and the color from his cheeks as he said, "Oh ! it is *you*, Stopford ! I thought it might be Elinore."

"And where, pray tell, has Elinore gone, at this time of night ?" asked Stopford, placing his hand upon the shoulder of Mackenzie and looking wildly into his face.

"Alas ! I know not," replied Mackenzie, "I left her for a few hours to-day to hunt a silver fox that has been seen prowling around in our vicinity. Wam-pe-no-ka gave me the trail this morning, saying he must give up the chase and return to his tribe, who were about to go to war with the Winebagoes at the upper falls ; so, putting my hounds on the scent, I followed the track till late in the day ; then, to my surprise, I came upon the carcass of a silver fox, but it had been captured and skinned, judging from appearances, some two or three days before. I felt I had been duped, and with a terrible fear for the safety of my daughter at my heart, I hastened back to my cabin, but with all my speed it was nightfall ere I arrived : the embers were yet smoking on the hearth, but Elinore was gone."

"And is now in the power of the treacherous Wam-pe-no-ka !" said Stopford ; "we must fly to the rescue."

"But though we make all possible haste we cannot reach the 'falls' till Wam-pe-no-ka and his tribe are hundreds of miles away," said Mackenzie in a tone widely different from his usually animated voice.



"They are not at the 'upper falls,' that I am sure of," said Stopford ; "it is a cunning invention of Wam-pe-no-ka's to lead you on the wrong trail that he may the more readily make his escape. I believe he passed us in the stream to-night just before the storm cleared away, for I heard the sound of oars and something resembling a woman's voice ; would to God I had then followed the sound, I might have rescued her."

"But it is not yet too late," said Alan Mackenzie, leaping to his rifle like a tiger to his prey ; "it is not yet too late. Wam-pe-no-ka's heart's blood shall pay the forfeit if my daughter is not restored in safety to my arms. Follow me at once—there is not a moment to lose."

De Morest followed the two excited men from the cabin, though not without first appropriating to his mammoth pockets two or three good sized corn dodgers, and a bag of jerked venison that hung in the chimney corner ; for, as he afterwards said, he felt that the 'creature' comforts needed attention just at that particular time, and he had no intention of starting on an Indian trail on an empty stomach, no matter what the crazy father and hair-brained lover might see fit to do.

So he followed not far in their wake to the river, where they found the canoe as they had left it.

Mackenzie now brought to view a favorite little bark which he kept hid in the bushes near the landing, and in which, with Elinore by his side, he had often coasted up and down the river—saying, "*they* might take the lead in their larger craft, he would follow in the 'light canoe' to bring back his daughter if they were so fortunate as to find her." A favorite hunting dog followed him into the canoe, and, getting soon under way, they kept near the western shore, watching eagerly for the light, and the circling smoke of the camp-fire which the Indians never fail to build when they encamp, to protect them from the stealthy wolf, the huge catamount and panther that yet prowl in the dense forests to the west of the mighty river.

And they occasionally made landings, searching on the bank for the track of the Indian, or some trace that might lead to the discovery of Elinore. But we will leave them and return to the fair girl, who sat, busy with her bark embroidery, weaving the stained hemp into many a tastefully shaded flower, copied from nature, and executed with a skill seldom equalled, even among the more studied artists of our eastern cities. She had derived many useful hints in embroidery and bead work from the squaws who often visited the cabin ; these she improved upon, and with her own exquisite taste designed rich

and graceful patterns for the short skirt and leggins of the female, and the blanket of the male, lending them to the squaws to copy, who in return, brought stained hemp of every shade and the finely dressed skins used for skirts and leggins, together with beads and shells and variegated stones found on the borders of the great lakes, and laid them at her feet in return for her beautiful designs.

She had just finished a finely wrought skirt of the most exquisite pattern, which with "pardonable" vanity she fastened about her graceful form : then throwing a beautifully embroidered blanket over her shoulders, she tript away to the river to behold in its glassy surface her own fair form in the drapery that "queens might covet."

While with light foot and lighter heart she sped along the winding pathway, she was suddenly startled by the appearance of Wam-pe-no-ka, his swarthy form towering before her and his snake-like eyes glaring down upon her with a meaning glance ; she hesitated but a moment, then turned to fly, but the brawny arms of the redskin closed with a vice-like grasp about her form ; one long piercing shriek rent the air, then his hand closed over her mouth, and, carrying her like an infant, he made rapid strides for the river ; she struggled in his arms, putting forth all her strength to obtain her release, but what was the strength of that fragile, delicate form, compared to that of the giant chief Wam-pe-no-ka ?

On arriving at a landing some four miles down the stream, Wam-pe-no-ka placed his captive in a canoe there awaiting him, though first taking the precaution to bind her hands and feet with a strong hempen cord he had concealed in his bosom ; then loosing the boat from its moorings, he stepped in and pushed out into the stream.

Giving Elinore an exultant glance as she sat, pale as a statue, in the bow of the boat, he said in those thick guttural accents peculiar to the Indian, "Now, Ni-no-na (the Indian name given by the tribe to Elinore) no more white man's daughter, but Wam-pe-no-ka's squaw. The 'snow-bird' of the mighty chieftain and all his squaws shall work moccasins and blankets for the 'snow-bird,' and bring her gold dust and precious stones. And when Wam-pe-no-ka the brave, goes to the hunt, only the snow-bird of all his squaws shall follow to carry the game and build his watch fires. 'Snow-bird' will be very happy," and Wam-pe-no-ka finished his gallant speech with a hideous grin that made the very blood run cold in the veins of his captive.

Bursting into tears she said, while she looked up pleadingly into his face, "Take me back to my father, O take me back, and the heart of Ni-no-na will ever bless you ; think how lone and desolate will be his heart, and how cheerless his wigwam without his child."

The chief shook his head, saying—"Wam-pe-no-ka's heart long been lone, long been desolate. Wam-pe-no-ka offer gold and silver and furs for the 'snow-bird,' but white man no trade ; so Wam-pe-no-ka steal softly into the bushes and take the snow-bird to himself. When white man finds the *silver fox skin*, then may he find his daughter," and with a chuckle of pride the chief drew from beneath his blanket the costly and beautiful fur he had himself taken from the fox that Mackenzie had gone in quest of, and threw it at the feet of Elinore, who sighed and turned away her head.

They had proceeded but a few miles down the stream, when some boats becoming visible to the Indian, he drew up to the bank, and, having taken Elinore from the canoe, hoisted it upon his shoulders, and carried it to a little distance where, in a clump of bushes, he thought it might remain undiscovered should the boatmen land, which was not probable ; then returning, he took Elinore in his arms, and, after carrying her a mile or more from the bank of the river, left her in the deep covert of a glen without a word. Eagerly she listened till his retreating footsteps died in the distance, wondering why he had left her there, yet not sorry to be rid of his company, and earnestly praying that he might never return, for she preferred death by the wild beasts or starvation to the fate that awaited her as Wam-pe-no-ka's squaw.

By working her head back and forth against the rough bark of a tree near, she soon released her jaws from the strong hempen cloth with which the Indian had bound them prior to his departure. Her first impulse was to scream, but, remembering that it were far more likely to draw enemies than friends around her, she forbore, and set to work with her pearly teeth to sever the cord that bound her hands.

Tiresome as was the task of thus sundering the cords, she, nevertheless, continued it without cessation, for she felt it the only chance left her of escape, and, once free, she felt sure she could easily find her way back to the bluff.

It was quite dark, for thick clouds had rolled up from the south, and the rain had been pouring in torrents for some hours, when the last fibre of hemp was severed that held her hands prisoners, and Wam-pe-no-ka had not returned ! Eagerly she released her feet, and then as hurriedly as the darkness would permit, made her way towards the river. Could she but reach the boat and launch herself into the stream, she cared not whither it drifted her, so she escaped the dread chief.

Fortune seemed for a time to favor her, for after feeling her way carefully along, she at length struck the well beaten trail that led to

the landing, which she kept until on emerging from the forest the dim outline of the river was visible even in the darkness that prevailed.

Seeking the bushes where the chief had secreted his canoe, she dragged it to the brink of the river, then calling on heaven for strength, and, at the same time, exerting herself to the utmost, she succeeded in launching it, though so overcome was she with the effort that she sank exhausted to the ground ; rallying her strength a moment after, she stepped in and pushed off from the shore, but scarcely had her slender hands grasped the oars when a sound more like the bound of a Bengal tiger than human footsteps fell on her ears, and struck terror to her heart, for she knew it was the tramp of her pursuer ; and never, in the hands of skillful oarsmen moved oars more rapidly than those plied by the delicate maiden, yet all of no avail. A splash into the stream, and then the dark body gained rapidly on the retreating canoe. A feeling of desperation took possession of her as a hand fastened on the rim of the boat, and she struck fiercely at the dark figure of the Indian with her oar, but alas, he avoided the blow, and with a fiendish chuckle grasped her skirt. Freeing herself with a mighty effort, she gave one shriek of despair, then cast herself into the turbid waters of the Mississippi ; and it was that shriek, that, borne on the winds, like the wail of the dying, reached Stopford's ears and made his heart heavy.

Wam-pe-no-ka left the canoe to rescue Elinore from the water, and it had drifted so far away when he at last secured the apparently lifeless body of the maiden, that he was obliged to give it up to the mercy of the current which was bearing it rapidly down the stream, and return to the shore with his precious burden.

Fearful from her relaxed form, that she might have died in the water, (for no sound of breathing fell on his ear) he eagerly lighted a torch to ascertain if any signs of life were visible. Her lips moved and she opened her eyes as the flames of the torch lighted up her pale face, but when she beheld the dread features of the savage bending over her, she gave a groan of agony, and sank again into unconsciousness.

[To be continued.]

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Let us pity the wicked man ; for it is very sad to seek happiness where it does not exist. Let our compassion express itself in efforts to bring him gently back to sacred principle, and if he persist, let us pity him the more for a blindness so fatal to himself.

## TRUST.

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 BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.
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Habakkuk 3: 17.

Fig tree—thou art barren yet—  
 Leaf nor bloom thy branches bear,  
 And the wet wind sullen, sobs  
 'Gainst my lattice once so fair—  
 Still I joy in God,  
 God, my salvation.

Vine—thy glossy rings unsolled,  
 Drag along the weeping ground;  
 Damp decay is gathered, where  
 Once thy wing pulp was found,  
 Still I joy in God,  
 God, my salvation.

Olive tree—thy crimped leaves  
 Curl and blacken day by day;  
 Crispy heaps, like mimic graves,  
 Dot and dusk my homeward way,  
 Still I joy in God,  
 God, my salvation.

Field:—in vain I toil and dig,  
 Withered all my labor lies,  
 As the grain unfolds its buds  
 Earth turns tyrant, and it dies—  
 Still I joy in God,  
 God, my salvation.

Flocks—the plaintive air no more  
 Echoes from yon barren hill;  
 See, alas! the empty fold,  
 Dark, and desolate, and chill;  
 Still I joy in God,  
 God, my salvation.

Lowing herd, I near the stall—  
 Dry and blackened all the hay—  
 Silence reigns—save faltering steps  
 Passing out—I cannot stay;  
 Still I joy in God,  
 God, my salvation.

Yea, though fig and vine and field,  
 Flocks and herds and olive-tree—  
 Wife and babes and life should fail,  
 Still my broken heart on thee  
 Will I lean, my God,  
 God, my salvation.

## THE BLACKGAMMON

~~~~~  
BY WINNIE WIEMAN.
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WHAT, with an L!—thereby hangs a tale. There is an old fashioned wooden screen somewhere in existence now, I do not exactly know where, but I imagine it is under the dark eaves of the garret where I spent many a childish hour. At any rate, the last time I saw it was in that region, and upon it was marked in chalk, the number 36.—Did so simple a vision ever recall to your mind a long train of circumstances that had been forgotten for years? I was immediately carried back to a cozy room, where the fire sparkled and blazed upon the hearth, shedding out a genial warmth upon myself and a venerable old lady who occupied the chintz covered easy-chair that has such power over my imagination. A backgammon board is before us, a cup and ball hangs upon a knob beside the fire-place, battle-dores and shuttlecock lie idle upon the shelf, and a box of dominoes is visible upon the table.

There is a cumbrous side-board by the wall, and a wide sofa opposite. Books gleam out from the shelves near, and work peeps coyly from the knitting basket, but the daily task is done, and the numerous provisions for recreation show that the old figure in the easy chair has a young heart capable of appreciating and entering into the wants of a child's nature. The tall clock in the corner ticks loudly, but we take no note of time, for we are quite absorbed in our game,—36 is dashed down upon the back of the screen, all in my favor, and the resolution comes from my opponent to keep up the play until the luck turns, when, suddenly, the door opens and Mrs. Konklin is announced.

Quick as a flash goes the board, with men arranged in antagonistic position, under the frill of the old easy-chair, and the guest finds her hostess quite composed, and ready to meet her with work in hand. My thoughts are with our broken game, as I take the old lady's bonnet and wrappings, and with a sigh, deposit them in another room.

But I am somewhat consoled by the anticipation of an agreeable time, for I really like the new-comer when she does not stand in the way of my amusement, and 'tis such delight to me to hear the conversation. Her hostess and she are staunch friends, and agree in most matters, but there is one point of dispute between them, Mrs. Konklin's religion is totally opposed to all the world's pleasures,



never distinguishing between an innocent relaxation, and a sinful indulgence. She cannot see how such a pious woman as she believes her friend to be, can for a moment countenance the follies and snares that are besetting the youth of this generation. Mrs. Delmaine respects her sentiments, and pays them due deference, by refraining from the exercise of all obnoxious pursuits in her presence. She knows what horror the dominoes and the battledore occasioned her conscientious friend, when first perceived, and she rather dreads the first impression of the cup and ball that dangles, so unoffendingly, from its nail. It has been hinted to her also that Mrs. Konklin has heard of the introduction of a new game into her house, and that she will take the first opportunity to expostulate with her, upon her growing fondness for the allurements of Satan! She rather wishes she would free her mind of its burden, that her own may be rid of its suspenses and anxiety, for even such slight disagreements are unpleasant to a sensitive and peace-loving nature. The afternoon is wearing on, and the needles lag wearily, and it is nearly time for the visitor to depart, when her eye catches a glimpse of the plaything by the fire-place, and with one finger designating the object of her antipathy, and a look of the deepest commiseration upon her friend, she says, "Pray, is that what you call the *Blackgammon*?"

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SECRET OF HAPPINESS.—An Italian bishop, who had struggled through many difficulties without repining, and being much opposed without manifesting impatience, being asked by a friend to communicate the secret of his being always so happy, replied: "It consists in a single thing, and that is, making a right use of my eyes."—His friend, in surprise, begged him to explain his meaning. "Most willingly," replied the bishop. "In whatsoever state I am I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my great business is to get there. I then look down upon earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall soon fill in it. I then look abroad in the world, and see what multitudes are, in all respects, less happy than myself.—And thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all my cares must end, and how little reason I ever had to murmur, or to be otherwise than thankful. And to live in this spirit is to be always happy."—*Water Cure Journal*.



## THE LUNAR RAINBOW.

BY E. WYMAN.

"COME, sister Libbie, come out and enjoy this quiet evening shower. Pray do! surely it cannot hurt you; so cool, balmy, and refreshing after the sultry day. Never saw I any thing like it! how pearly the drops look in their slow, calm descent, and how soft, sweet, and soothing the musical lullaby!"

There stood Clara in the yard, bathed in moonbeams, and the falling rain,—her heart running over with joy. Somehow Clara always did love to live,—aye, and live to *love* and *bless* too!

Libbie took a seat upon the step. "What! the moon shining in all its brightness! and raining!"

"Look, Libbie; observe the soft silvery shade, like a veil of spiritual beauty, pervading all nature. Those locust trees; see them through the rain—every leaf an emerald, every drop a pearl. But oh, how beautiful!" and she waved her hand towards the north. "A phenomenon! A miracle! A lunar rainbow! What glory!"

"Yes," said Libbie in subdued tones, "how like a cherub it spreads its wings over us! just as much a miracle now, as on that eventful morn when the righteous Noah and his family stood upon the regenerated earth, listening to the voice of God—'Behold I set my bow in the clouds, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth.'"

"A rainbow always transports me to that scene, when one lone family stretched out their hands from the mount, towards heaven, and praised the Great Jehovah for this everlasting token. But how different this from the solar demonstration! as different as is the soft, subdued, quiet beauty of the moon, from the brilliant splendor of the sun, or the cool soft loveliness of the pearl, from the flashing diamond. Not oftener than once in a lifetime does one witness a scene like this."

"This is the first time I have been blest with the sight—is it not transcendently lovely? It seems to me the angels must be looking down, and rejoicing at these manifestations of our Father's glory, and wondering how so many here below can view these marvels unmoved. Ah, talk of angels and you hear their wings."

"Hush!" said Libbie, "it seems as though I do; but look, it brightens! it nears! this radiant thing! It is bearing to us the 'pot of gold'—at one end the softest, faintest colors are visible. Now

another bow makes its appearance above the first,—not in the usual position, but one end resting on the top of the arch of the old bow, the other thrown off towards the east. It seems like the angel of mercy pleading with heaven. There is a cause for the altered position of the upper bow, and what is it? Oh! that I were scientific just now! But maybe only God knows!—Clara dear, do you think Horatio sees it from the store?"

"I hope he will. He says that he saw one once; he was with a number of gentlemen, and amongst the group was a pious German. The moment the German saw it he fell upon his knees, and with streaming eyes, and hands raised towards the heavens, began to pray. One of his companions thinking him frightened, said—'It is but a rainbow.' 'I know that,' he replied, '*but my God placed it there!*'"

"How impressive! I wonder we are not all impelled to such acts! I am often inclined thus, but conventional restraints keep me back.—But for these my soul would have its outward expression at every manifestation of God's power and glory. Ah! sis, the pot of gold is coming nearer,—I saw one once at home,—not a pot of gold, but a lunar rainbow! You remember James Clark, what an original he was! so eccentric!"

"Yes."

"Well, we were all at brother Harry's, he, and Legget, and Lucilla, and I, and there was a shower in the afternoon, and just before sunset a rainbow! We were out of doors admiring it, and talking of the philosophy of the thing, when I said that I had never seen a rainbow at night, but that I knew there could be one by moonlight. Legget agreed with me, but James ridiculed the idea and said, 'If you ever see a rainbow in the night, I'll give you my head.'"

"How like him!"

"Well, that very night, after I went home, about nine o'clock, sister Mary and I were out, and behold! there came a lunar rainbow. We were talking and laughing, and the moment I saw it, my soul rushed to my lips, it was so divinely beautiful, and God seemed so near."

"Did you not think of your afternoon's conversation?"

"Oh no, I was so filled with wonder and admiration at the sublimity. The whole valley of 'Schroon' seemed glorified by the influence. Early next morning James rode up as usual with his broad-brimmed hat placed jauntily upon his thick hair, and his cravat tied à la sailor, and a Methodist hymn pouring like a torrent from his throat—he was a splendid singer—and throwing himself from his horse, looked

up at me with a comical expression as I stood at the window. This brought my *win* to mind, and I met him at the door with 'Well, I saw a rainbow last night about nine o'clock.' 'Ah! Did? and so did I, and here I am,' and with mock gravity he placed his hand on his heart, bowed to the floor, and said, 'Not my *head* only, but my heart also.'"

But what a sad digression from the holiness of the scene!

Libbie sat still upon the door step, and Carra Bo,—darling! and little Detta joined the sisters in their admiration. It was indeed a blessed seal, a charmed draught, a wide sacrament, to be drank simply and earnestly, with all the heart, and eyes, and soul, and laid up in the memory, to be recalled in moments of sorrow and trial, to strengthen our hope and trust in Him who is the fountain of all goodness, and beauty, and truth, and to be remembered also when we stand before the great white throne and look upon the glorious bow "in sight like unto an emerald"—for all things of beauty and mystery, have their correspondence in heaven.

Soon the lovely image of God's mercy softly folded its dewy wings, and tint by tint—ray by ray—passed from sight, and was hidden in the mysterious mansions above,—hidden but not lost, for "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."



MADE FOR IMMORTALITY.—It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding-place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast off by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves, and then sink into darkness and nothingness. Else why is it, that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are ever wandering abroad unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off, and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that stars, which hold their festivals around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties—forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why is it, that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand currents of our affection to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a far higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us, like islands that slumber on the ocean—and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever.—*Whittier.*

## DARLING CATY.

~~~~~  
 BY MYRA MEADOWS.
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"O, MOTHER dear!" said Annie Lee,  
 "Why don't our Caty speak to me?  
 I whispered first, then called to her!  
 And yet she does not speak nor stir.

A wish she would from sleep awake,  
 And now these pretty flowers take.  
 I picked the sweetest I could find,  
 And evergreens have with them twined.

Because when we together roved,  
 And picked the blossoms that she loved,  
 She used to say, 'Dear sister mine,  
 Some *pretty greens* please with them twine.'

Why does she lie so still and straight?  
 Why does she sleep so very late?  
 O, mother, mother, tell me quick!  
 Is our dear Caty *very sick*?"

"Your sister cannot speak, my child;  
 She *cannot* see the flowers wild,  
 But lay them gently on her breast:  
 Our darling Caty 's gone to rest.

We shall not hear her voice again  
 In moaning cries of bitter pain.  
 She 's with the blessed angels now,  
 And peace is on her lovely brow.

She was a precious child! so dear;  
 Our joy was full when she was here;  
 And yet as now she lies so still—  
 So free from every pain or ill.

I thank our Father for His love,  
 In taking our sweet one above,  
 Where, leaning on the Saviour's breast,  
 Earth's weary ones may gently rest.

We should not mourn, my Annie, dear,  
 That we no more shall see or hear  
 The form, the voice, we loved so well,  
 For *she* will now with *Jesus* dwell."

## Editor's Miscellany.

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### LIFE.

"Life means, be sure, both heart and head—  
Both active, both complete,  
And both in earnest. Men and women make  
The world, as head and heart make human life.  
Work man, work woman, since there's work to do  
In this beleaguered earth, for head and heart."—*Mrs. Browning.*

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AN example of Japanese ingenuity is a clock on the island of Dezima. It is contained in a frame three feet high by five feet long, and presents a fair landscape at noontide. Plum and cherry trees in full blossom adorn the foreground. The background consists of a hill, from which falls a cascade—skillfully imitated in glass—that forms a softly flowing river, first winding around rocks placed here and there, then running across the middle of the landscape till lost in a wood of fir trees. A golden sun hangs aloft in the sky, and, turning upon a point, indicates the striking of the hours. On the frame below, the twelve hours of day and night are marked, where a slowly creeping tortoise serves as a hand. A bird perched upon the branch of a plum tree, by its song and the clapping of its wings, announces the moment when the hour expires, and as the song ceases, a bell is heard to strike the hour, during which operation a mouse comes out of a grotto, and runs over the hill.

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### CLERICAL BLUNDERS.

THE minister arose to announce the hymn, but through some inadvertence, forgot to give the number until he had spoken the first word, which made it sound to the congregation thus, "*Sinners—we will sing the 128th hymn.*"

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"THE congregation are requested to remain *after the blessing is dismissed*," said an absent-minded rector, proceeding at once to pronounce the benediction.

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THE same clergyman gave a notice to this effect. "The Methodist Episcopal church *will be dedicated in this edifice on Sunday next.*"

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"NAME this child," said the priest. "Lucian," whispered the woman, timidly. "*Lucy Ann*," said the minister, with a confident air—"I baptize thee," &c.

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"THE Gospel have the poor preached to them. My brethren, mark well these words," repeated the minister, with renewed emphasis, "*The Gospel have the poor preached to them.*"

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### A PRETTY POEM FROM MIRTHFUL MYRA FOR THE MISCELLANY.

#### *The Farmer's Daughter.*

I SAW her bringing a pail of water,  
And sweetly pretty then I thought her,  
As she swung the white pail to and fro,  
And tripped along on light tiptoe.

I wished I was that water pail handle,  
That I might upon her fingers dandle,  
They had such a soft and rosy glow,  
As she tripped along on light tiptoe.

I wished myself that pure spring-water,  
As it looked on the face of the farmer's daughter,  
And I wondered where the girl would go  
As she tripped along on light tiptoe.

Then I made up my mind that I would follow,  
And through marsh, bog, and swamp, did wallow,  
While she o'er the damp moss, blithe did go,  
Still tripping along on light tiptoe:

Through toil and hardship thus I sought her,  
That pretty girl, the farmer's daughter,  
Vainly thinking a *city beau*  
Could easily win the light tiptoe.

She sat down the pail by a little wicket,  
And there stood leaning over the picket  
A rustic youth with face aglow,  
And *he kissed* the girl of the light tiptoe.

Methought, this is surely her country lover,  
And I felt like kicking the water-pail over,  
And I wished for a gun his brains to blow,  
As he looked on the girl of the light tiptoe.

She spoke, and too plainly each word could I hear,  
"I'm glad you've come home so early, *my dear!*"  
Then he *kissed again* the forehead of snow,  
As she tripped by his side on light tiptoe.

And I saw his arm her waist entwine,  
As they entered the cot 'neath the clustering vine,  
The *husband* with firmer step, manly and slow,  
The *wife* gaily tripping on light tiptoe.

"THERE are two things which we should carefully avoid—To convict a man of position, of his ignorance, and to question his right to superiority."—SOUVESTRE.

"*The Goose Market*" in Nuremburg, takes its name from the metal figure of a man holding in his arms two geese, from whose mouths the water of the fountain is pouring.

THE German carts are made open-work at the sides. This of course renders them lighter, and should be imitated by all merciful men for their beasts' sake.

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## Juvenile Department.

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AUNT Hattie tried in vain to strap her trunk preparatory to a journey. Giving up at last, she shook the dust from her skirts, and said despairingly, as she walked into the room where the family were assembled—"I *can't* do it." Trudging into the bedroom, Little Barker—nineteen months old—essayed the task, and reappearing after a moment, held his short dress about him in exact imitation of aunt Hattie, and cried out with emphasis—"I *can* do it! I *can* do it!"

EMMA had just learned at school what the initials A.D. meant. On the way home with one of her young companions, she noticed these letters prefixed to a surname on the sign

board of a merchant's store, and placing her hand under the chin of the little thing by her side, in order to raise her eyes to the wonderful sign, she said, with an important air, "Do you know what that means, Nellie?" "No," returned the puzzled child, who could scarcely make out the naked characters. "Well," said Emma, "it means *in the year of our Lord Mathews*. Isn't that a funny name?"

"Om, Thammy, you ought to come to my thecool!" said a lisping little fellow to one of his playmates whom he met returning from another academy of learning. "I geth you'd think we have fun! Thumtimth the old man goeth to thleep and we eat up all the thweet cakethe out of hith dethk."

"You don't eat any of them, do you, Fred?" said the conscientious Sammy, with a look of surprise.

"Why, yeth, to be thure," replied Fred. "They're real nithe too."

"Well, but don't you know its stealing, and that's wicked?"

"No 'taint either," responded Fred, indignantly, "for I heard my mother thay the other day tshe loved to thee the shades of evening sthealing in at the windows, and if 'twath wicked I know tshe wouldn't have thed it."

Sammy was puzzled, and silenced, but not convinced.

"MAMMA, isn't the *star spangled banner* beautiful?" said Carrie, one evening, looking upon the brilliant heavens. "Wasn't God good to give us the prettiest flag of all?"

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## Literary Notices.

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**THE THRONE OF DAVID.**—Another of the Rev. J. H. Ingraham's interesting works, issued by G. G. Evans, No. 439 Chestnut-St., Philadelphia. This volume is an illustration of the splendor, power and dominion of the reign of the shepherd, poet, warrior, king and prophet, ancestor and type of Jesus. The volume is in the form of letters, addressed by the Assyrian Ambassador in Israel to his master Belus, King of Assyria, and embraces an account of the people and customs of the Assyrians, Israelites, Egyptians, &c. It has also descriptions of the religious ceremonies of the Hebrews, of the Tabernacle, of the duties of the Priests and Levites, and many other valuable and profitable delineations. The book cannot fail to incite to greater earnestness in the perusal of the Book of books. With all the fascination of a work of fiction, it yet follows the inspired narrative in every essential point. The book is illustrated with superb wood engravings, well bound in one large 12mo. vol. Price \$1.25.

**THE BIBLICAL REASON WHY.**—Dick & Fitzgerald, N. Y. The author of this volume has done valuable service to intelligent inquirers after truth. While it is not possible to go through the numerous commentaries on the Book of books, the student has here the most worthy and judicious selections ready to his hand. We especially commend it to the older classes in Sunday Schools, as a book to be thoroughly committed to memory.

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## Fashions.

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PEOPLE do not seem to know that nearly all our fashions are made by tradesmen for the simple purpose of improving their coffers by the changes in costume. For instance, when the milliner sees all heads fitted with diminutive hats, straightway she sets her wits



to work, and getting an opposite extreme, exhibits to the public "*the latest Paris styles*." Of course the ladies fall into the snare; but, simple creatures, instead of contenting themselves with moderation, they push on to ultraisms, and ugh! the ugly "*pokes*" that meet us everywhere! The medium hats are very pretty; but defend us from a regular "*poke*."

Tight sleeves and scant skirts were no sooner in full sway than the venders of goods felt the disadvantage of small patterns to the trade, and immediately followed the extravagance of *breadth*.

The "Lords of Creation" have nothing to boast over us. They also catch at the tailor's bait, and go a step beyond any proposed modification of garb.

If one would only see these variations in their true light, and adopt such as agree with a good judgment and taste, it were well enough; but to make one's self hideous simply because it is to the profit of one's tailor, mantua-maker, or milliner, is wholly ridiculous.

The Summer Mantillas are pretty enough. We prefer them plain, with a seam in the back, and a trimming of Guipure a quarter of a yard deep, forming the vandyke. The deep silk basque is quite generally worn.

### A Word about Wilcox & Gibb's Sewing Machine.

Not because this magazine advertises the thing—that *blarney* would be too obvious—but because I have within the last two months gained an experimental sense of its superior merits, and my idea of justice compels this tribute. The simplicity of its mechanism is its chief attraction. It can be understood in a half hour by the most obtuse. With no knowledge of the machine excepting that gained in a few moments at the emporium—Broadway—I came home, and, delightful thought! sewed up for the summer, and shall have all the rest of the time to snap my fingers at the heat. I cannot take this blessing to myself, and let the rest of the world go lagging on in sorrow for want of a spoken word.

F. I. BURGE SMITH.

### The Court of Death.

We have examined a very highly wrought and instructive picture, whose solemn lesson should be pictured on every mind. The subject is "*The Court of Death*," and is illustrated in all the force of Chromo-Lithographic Engraving. The aged and venerable painter of the great original after which this is copied, has given the high warrant of his approval of this work. We have read and digested the serious moral which this picture, with all the force of art, places before the eye of mortal, fallible man. There is a sermon which all should drink in. There is a lecture in it, such as the lips of the most eloquent can scarcely *equal*. It is a picture full of most solemn delineation, and we recommend it to the patronage of, and distribution by, all men who would *do good* by enforcing a wholesome lesson on the thoughtless and dissipated. We commend the picture to the attention of all whose desire for the good of men, would prompt them to circulate its high moral and religious teachings. This fine engraving can be seen at our office. See notice on advertising sheet.

### Nothing Better.

We would call the attention of every lady to the advertisement on our advertising sheet, of "Winship's Patent Self-Ventilating Refrigerator." Being the fortunate possessor of one of these household treasures, we speak from actual knowledge when we assure our friends that it is *unequalled*, and no family can *afford* to do without it. Do not fail to read the advertisement carefully, and then go without delay and secure the real article. Manufactured and sold Wholesale and Retail by BRAMHALL, HEDGE & Co., No. 442 Broadway, between Howard & Grand Streets, New York.

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*Summer Retreat*

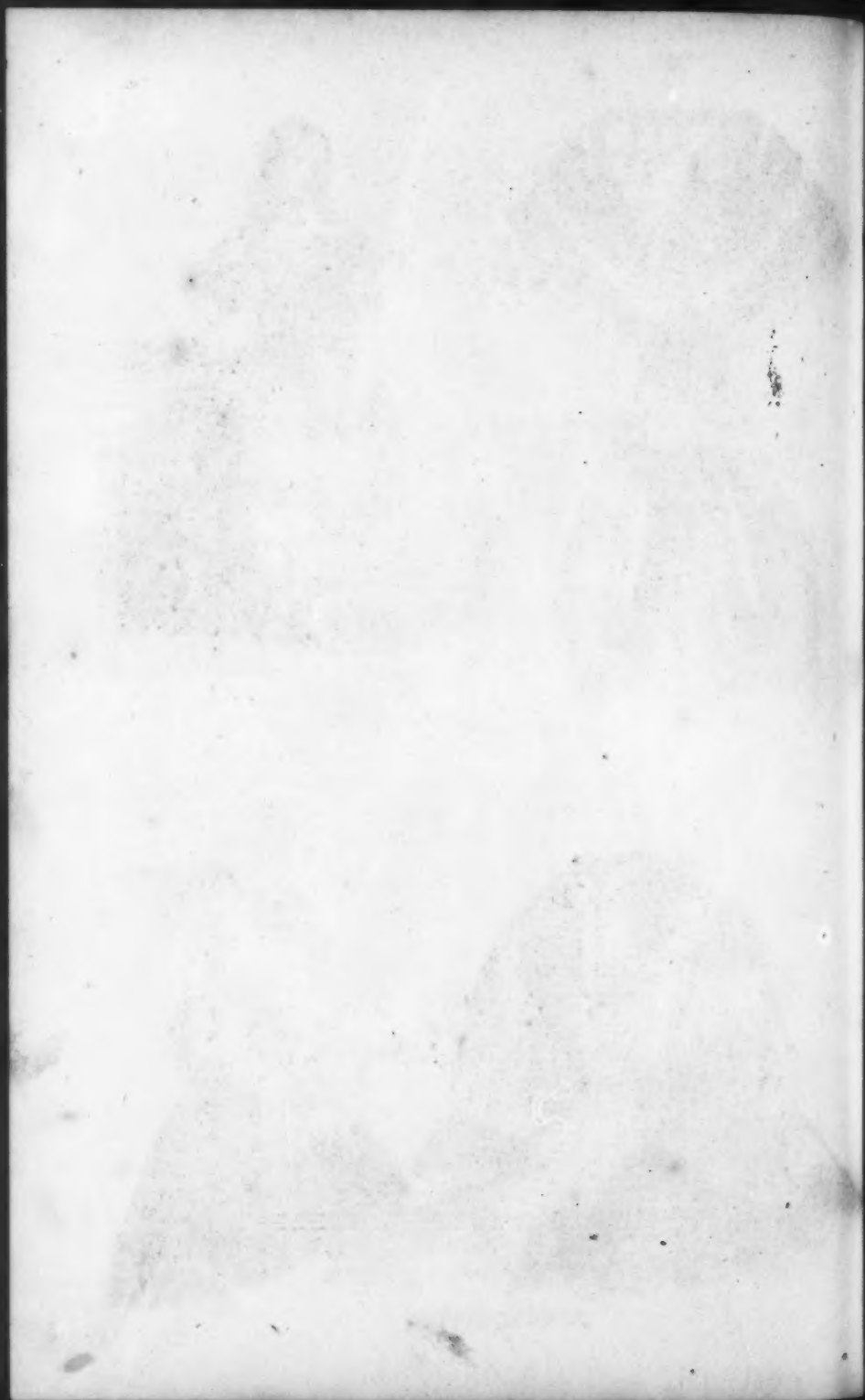
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*Samuel Johnson*

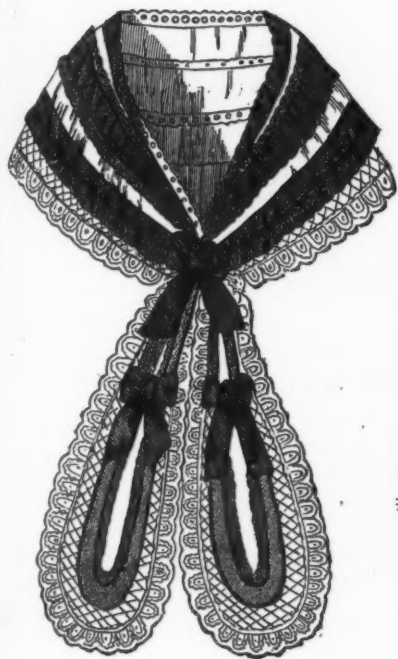




*Trumpet Flower*







SUMMER STYLES.

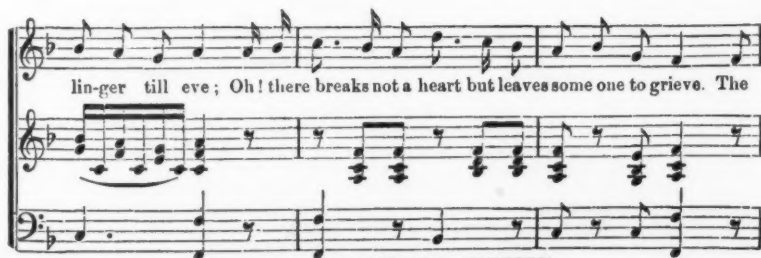
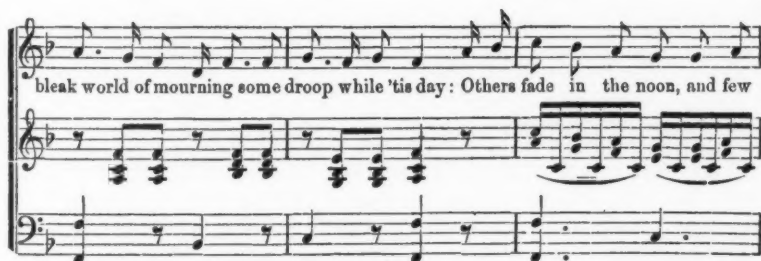
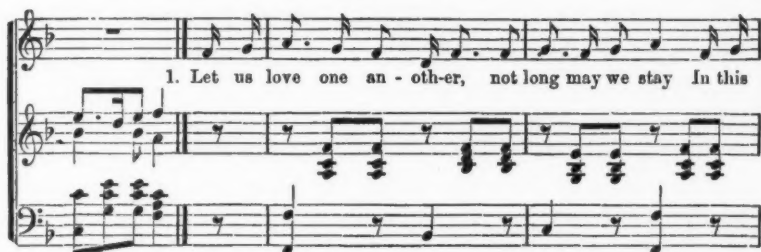
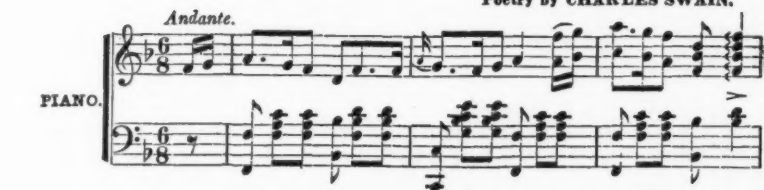


# Let us Love One Another.

Poetry by CHARLES SWAIN.

*Andante.*

PIANO.



By permission of FREDERICK D. BENTEEN.

fond-est, the pur-est, the tru-est that met, Have still found the need to for-

*Ritard. .... tempo.*

- give and for-get ; Then, oh, tho' the hopes that we nourish'd de-cay, Let us

*Ritard. .... tempo.*

love one an-oth-er as long as we stay.

2 Then let's love one another, 'midst sorrows the worst,  
 Unalter'd and fond as we lov'd at the first ;  
 Though the false wing of pleasure may change and forsake,  
 And the bright urn of wealth into particles break,  
 There are some sweet affections that wealth cannot buy,  
 That cling but still closer when sorrows draw nigh,  
 And remain with us yet though all else pass away :  
 Then let's love one another as long as we stay.

THE SILVER FOX:  
OR, THE HUNTERS OF ST. PAUL.

~~~~~  
BY MRS. L. D. SHEARS.
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[Concluded.]

WAM-PE-NO-KA at first thought his captive dead, for he had never before seen a woman faint, and was preparing to leave the body on the ground where he had deposited it, when a tremulous sigh and a slight movement of the head told him that life was not quite extinct, and wrapping her closely in his blanket, he took her in his arms as though she were but an infant, and commenced his march down the river, anxiously looking as he moved along for a boat or canoe. Now that he had lost his own, he had a long journey to make on foot through the deep tangled underbrush that lined the banks for many miles down the stream, to the Indian encampment, unless he was fortunate enough to find a boat on his way.

He had not proceeded far, when he discovered a small canoe a few yards below them, fastened to a stake, which seemed to have been placed there for that purpose. He paused awhile with his burden to watch for its owner, but seeing no one near, ventured cautiously down to the water's edge, and with his burden was soon speeding at a rapid rate down the river, nor was he long in reaching the landing where several of his tribe were waiting him to conduct him to the encampment; for his mission to Alan Mackenzie's wigwam had been made known to them, and preparations had been made to celebrate the coming of their chief's new "bride" with a splendor heretofore unwitnessed in their rude camp.

The tribe had located themselves some four miles inland, and it was found necessary to construct a litter for Elinore, for when Wampe-no-ka landed she was unable to bear her weight, and when on a frame-work of the boughs and saplings she was borne by four stalwart Indians to the home they had prepared for her, with cheeks burning with fever, she lay in a deep stupor, the effects of fear, excitement and exposure to the rude storm and unwholesome night air. A thousand wondering and admiring eyes were bent upon the prostrate form of Elinore, who looked, if possible, more beautiful in her illness than in health, when the hue of the cheek is less brilliant and the forehead

less clear and transparent than now. Many who gathered around the litter beheld a white woman for the first time, and many were the ejaculations of pleased surprise that fell from the lips of the Indian maidens as they surveyed the fairy-like proportions, and the minute hands of the "white bride." But there was one that came not with the rest to welcome the white bride to the wigwam of her chief. This was O-ma-ha, a beautiful Indian girl whom he had taken captive from a neighboring tribe but a few months previous, and who was sentenced by the "council" to be burned at the stake; but her singular beauty attracted the attention of Wam-pe-no-ka, and so softened his savage heart when he beheld her led out to execution, that he took her to be his wife, placed her first in his wigwam as in his affections, and gave a less fair captive to the stake.

So she came not with the rest to do homage to one who was to usurp her place in the heart of a brave chieftain and her rights in the wigwam, but stood apart, with her tall, graceful form drawn to its utmost height, her hands folded across her swelling bosom, and her large, brilliant eyes fairly blazing in their jealous fires as she watched the group, and beheld, with a muttered vow of vengeance, the form of the white bride borne tenderly in the arms of the chieftain to his wigwam.

The skin of the buffalo served as a carpet to the interior apartment destined for the bride, which was separated from the rest by deer-skins nicely tanned and fastened together by ornaments in hemp work. The couch on which they laid her was formed of the finest and most costly furs, and around the apartment hung richly embroidered skirts, and leggins, and blankets, gorgeous in their bead-work, and brilliant colorings, together with richly dyed plumes of the forest birds, all brought by the different women of the tribe as presents to the new bride whom Wam-pe-no-ka "delighted to honor."

Day had waned for the third time since Elinore had become an inmate of Wam-pe-no-ka's wigwam, and yet she lay fearfully ill, though the fever had left her. Her cheeks were pale and sunken, and her eyes languid, and she seemed not to comprehend her situation or take any notice of the strange forms that were busy about her.

There had been great rejoicings that day over the capture of a cask of whisky, and Wam-pe-no-ka's dignity as a chief, vanishing before the fragrant beverage in which his "learned" council and the "braves" of the tribe were indulging, he too condescended to partake, and at nightfall there was scarce one of the tribe who was able to walk steadily himself or assist the chief to his wigwam.

The moon had risen, shedding its pale, silvery light over the camp

ground, for the watch-fire burned and flickered but feebly, now and then lighting up the prostrated forms of the drunken Indians, and then going out in a cloud of curling smoke, when a light foot crossed the ground and stealthily entered the apartment of Elinore. It was O-ma-ha, and as she looked upon the emaciated form of the beautiful girl as she lay sleeping upon her couch of sable and silver fox skins, the hand that held the glittering tomahawk fell powerless by her side, and kneeling she pressed her lips to that pale, blue veined brow.

Elinore opened her eyes and looked for a moment wildly into the face of O-ma-ha, then asked, "Where am I, and who art thou, O beautiful maiden?"

"You are in the wigwam of our mighty chief, Wam-pe-no-ka, and I came to destroy you, for you have usurped my place in his home and heart," said O-ma-ha, raising the tomahawk to the view of Elinore, and showing her dark-stained teeth as she spoke.

"Do so at once and put an end to my miserable existence," said Elinore, and as she spoke with her thin hand she bared her slender throat for the fatal blow.

"But are you not happy here in the wigwam of our chief? Does not the 'snow-bird's' heart warm to the love of Wam-pe-no-ka?" asked O-ma-ha.

"Happy, O, no! I am a miserable captive, torn from a poor old father, who will die of grief at my absence. Take pity on me, O, maiden, and assist me to escape!" and as Elinore spoke she partially rose from the couch and bowed before the majestic form of O-ma-ha.

"If you have not loved Wam-pe-no-ka you have done me no harm," said O-ma-ha, "so I will spare your life if you will fly with me; but come at once or we may be discovered, and my fate would be terrible."

Elinore needed not a second bidding; rising from the couch which she had not left since first placed upon it, she found it difficult to walk, so weak and trembling were her limbs. Perceiving the difficulty, O-ma-ha hastened to bring her a beverage, which she had no sooner drank than she felt strengthened, but refused to partake of the dried fish and parched corn which she generously offered, saying "it would only detain her and not add to her strength."

Winding her arm about the emaciated form of Elinore, O-ma-ha supported, half carried her, as with flying feet she left the camp ground far behind, and took a trail that led deep into the forest.

The night birds flapped their wings, and screeching, flew farther



away into the dark recesses, while coneys and other harmless ground animals sped across their path, sometimes pausing beneath the low shrubbery and looking back at the forms of the flying females.

Several miles they had thus traversed, when the failing strength of Elinore rendered it impossible for them to proceed, and, nearly exhausted herself, O-ma-ha sank with her burden upon a mound by the pathway. The moon shone full upon the two beings, so widely different in aspect, and yet both beautiful.

With the air and bearing of a queen sat the dignified O-ma-ha, pillowing the head of the fair girl upon her bosom, and winding her golden curls about her dark fingers, caressed her as though she were but an infant, and there Elinore fell into a refreshing slumber which lasted for several hours. When she awoke, the beautiful dark eyes of O-ma-ha were bent inquiringly upon her, and for a moment she knew not where she was. When recollection returned she sprang hurriedly up, saying—

“How long have I slept? Let us be going at once, for, who knows but we may be pursued, and what would be our fate should we be retaken?”

“You would only be watched the more closely, while I should be ‘burnt at the stake,’” said O-ma-ha, smiling at the fears expressed in the countenance of Elinore, and together they again sat out on their fatiguing journey.

The moon was approaching the western horizon, and a faint glimmer of coming day was to be seen in the east, when Elinore again sank down, overpowered with fatigue, in the dark forest, and feeling that they were now so far from the encampment as to be out of immediate danger, O-ma-ha prepared also to take a little rest; unwinding the blanket from her shoulders, she spread it over the form of Elinore, and then laid down beside her; but scarcely had their eyelids closed when a sound, which causes even the hardened hunter to start and look to his rifle, greeted their ears, and both knew—for none that have once heard can ever forget the fearful cry of the American panther. Near and nearer came the terrible cries, and soon his footsteps could be heard distinctly as he came bounding directly towards them.

“O, God!” cried Elinore, as a moment after she saw the distended eyes of the beast, like two balls of fire, glaring upon them. “Have we escaped from the Indians but to be torn to pieces by the wild beasts?”

“Hist!” said O-ma-ha, drawing Elinore closely to her side; “there are footsteps approaching in another direction, but stir not nor move.”

The terror-stricken Elinore hid her head in the bosom of O-ma-ha, while the apparently fearless Indian woman returned the gaze of the panther without stirring a muscle. Lower and lower crouched the beast as if preparing for a spring. Elinore felt the arm that encircled her tremble, and she could forbear no longer. Raising her head she gave a scream that was echoed back and forth through the forest with frightful distinctness, and the report of a rifle, immediately followed by the loud barking of a dog, told the two terrified women that assistance was at hand. With a mad leap the panther fastened his claws into the clothing of O-ma-ha, and then dropped dead at her feet, for the rifle-ball of the hunter had pierced his heart.

With one glad cry Elinore looked in the direction from whence the sounds proceeded, and beheld the form of Stopford advancing.

"My deliverer!" she said, throwing herself into the arms open to receive her.

"But who have you here, my Elinore?" asked Stopford, gazing with surprise and admiration upon the queenly figure of O-ma-ha, who sat, unable to move from the weight of the panther, which still lay upon her clothing; and while he was releasing her Elinore repeated to him the tale of her sufferings since she had left home, also the conspicuous part O-ma-ha had played in obtaining her freedom.

Stopford took her hand and raised it to his lips in token of his appreciation of her services to his beloved; then taking Elinore in his arms O-ma-ha walked by his side to the landing, some miles distant, where, on the night previous he had parted company with Mackenzie and DeMorest, each taking a different route in quest of the lost Elinore, though with scarcely a hope of finding her after her three days' absence.

When they came in sight of the river, which seemed aglow with the brilliant rays of the sun upon its smooth surface, they found DeMorest and Mackenzie already there awaiting them. And when the old trapper beheld his daughter safe and in the arms of Stopford, he was so overcome with emotion that for a time he remained speechless, while tears trickled down the furrows which time had worn in his bronzed cheeks. Nor was Elinore less affected; she threw herself upon her father's bosom and wept and smiled by turns; and then as soon as she could command her voice, gave her father a history of all that had transpired since she was stolen by the treacherous chief. When she had concluded, her father held up a silver fox skin, and with a fire seldom seen in his aged eyes, exclaimed—

"Wam-pe-no-ka's words are prophetic; I have found the silver fox skin, and I, too, have found my daughter."

"Have you seen Wam-pe-no-ka?" asked Elinore, with alarm in her countenance.

"I have," replied Alan Mackenzie, with emphasis. "This is the skin of the fox with which he deceived me, and in my absence on the trail whither he had sent me, he obtained possession of my precious child, but I have had my revenge. The form of Wam-pe-no-ka lies stark and stiff in his wigwam, and 'twas Alan Mackenzie's hatchet that slew him."

The form of O-ma-ha at this intelligence became, as it were, paralyzed with grief, for with all her heart did she still love the treacherous and fickle-minded chief, Wam-pe-no-ka.

"Wam-pe-no-ka *dead!*" said she, with a melancholy cadence of voice. "Then O-ma-ha will join him in the land of spirits," and before they could prevent her—for she stood on a projecting point many feet above the water—she threw herself over.

Stopford rushed with all speed to the canoe, followed closely by DeMorest, but it was some minutes before they could reach the mooring and unfasten it, for it lay quite a little distance below them, and ere they had reached that part of the stream where O-ma-ha's body was last seen, it had gone down for the third time in the bosom of the mighty river.

Elinore wept and wrung her hands in grief, calling on them to save her dear friend, for in their short intercourse she had become much attached to O-ma-ha, but search was vain, though they continued it for some hours.

Noticing the weak and exhausted condition of Elinore, her father placed her in his canoe and plied the oars eagerly for home, and Stopford and DeMorest were not long in following. Once within the old familiar cabin, her health and spirits returned to her, and in the following year Alan Mackenzie left his cabin to make a home with Elinore—who had now become the wife of Stopford—in an eastern city. The large fortune that the "fur-hunter" had amassed enabled them to live in princely style; and while the "snow-bird" made one of the gay circle at many a brilliant entertainment, she made daily visits to the tenements of the poor, not forgetting to scatter the wealth God had given her, freely among his needy, suffering children.

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If gratitude is due from children to their earthly parents, how much more is the gratitude of the great family of man due to our Father in heaven!

## NELLIE'S FIRST OPERA.

~~~~~  
 BY F. I. BURGE SMITH.
 ~~~~~

THE stage one living green, with beauteous flowers  
 Of every hue commingled:—overhead, the blue  
 And cloudless heavens, the small lights twinkling out  
 With gentle lustre, while the full round moon  
 Shed down its glorious rays upon the scene.  
 And such a cast! Signor Albertine—  
 A swarthy rough Italian, with his cap  
 Of tarnished brown, awry upon a mass  
 Of shaggy hair—a jacket that had seen  
 Life's hardest warfare, and his suit throughout  
 Threadbare and soiled—was grinding out the sound  
 From a cracked organ, while the mimicry  
 Of song and dance came from a puppet throng  
 Within;—the young Signora—decked in print,  
 Faded in color, scant of crinoline,  
 With slouching sunbonnet upon her head,  
 Shook with a skillful hand her tambourine,  
 Making the vellum tremble 'neath her thumb,  
 As she kept time to her brave Signor's tune.  
 A tender monkey, his poor legs incased  
 With russet small-clothes, frilled below the knees,  
 And scarlet coat, with fringe of gold thread,  
 Buttoned up to his throat—went tiptoeing  
 The length of his small chain, to gather up  
 The coin to garner in his tasseled cap.  
 And such an audience! so rapt and pleased.  
 Grandfather stood within the covered porch,  
 Leaning upon his cane, his dim grey eyes  
 Glistening and humid as some welcome strain  
 Of earlier days, recalled the vanished years.  
 Grandma was listening with ear entranced,  
 To better music in a higher sphere—  
 Mother and father loitered on the lawn,  
 And their two little boys sat on the steps,  
 Watching the puppets with a wondering gaze,  
 While the sweet pet of all was leaping up  
 In old black Milly's arms, her baby face  
 Aglow with strange delight at the new joy.  
 Her dimpled hands outstretched as if to catch  
 The melody that floated on the air,  
 While the soft treble of her little voice  
 Echoed the organ's "*fille du regiment*."

## MISS TABITHA.

~~~~~  
BY E. ELERY.
~~~~~

TABITHA CUMMINGS was the most unhappy of women : at least, I was about to say so, but I'm glad I did not, for I always had a great aversion to falsehood, and there are really plenty of women in the world who are more miserable than Tabitha.

The fact is, Tabitha wanted to get married ; and unlike most of her sex she had never had an opportunity, either good, bad, or indifferent. Nothing that wore coat and pants had ever approached Tabitha with any degree of satisfaction, unless we except the little monkey that jumped from a hand-organ and took a penny from her hand : and even he darted back in a twinkling, and seemed to congratulate himself upon getting away.

You wouldn't wonder at it my friends, if you should see Tabitha, for she certainly was not the most agreeable being in existence, but she thought she was ; and the self-satisfied air with which she walked and talked, and minced and prinked, was rather more disagreeable than the portion which nature had allotted to her. She looked bad enough, in all conscience, but if she had been natural, easy, and sensible, no doubt she would have had another plate on her table, and a whiskered face for her *vis-a-vis* long before this time.

Now, young ladies, take warning, and be not like unto Tabitha. If you have an ugly face, you can't help it, but you can help making fools of yourselves by affectation and pretence. I never go into the streets but what I see some man with a hideous looking Tabitha fastened to his arm, and I always wonder how the all-important question could have been put to her, but I am firm in the belief that she has some good quality or other and sense enough to show it.

But you must see Tabitha, if you wish to have mercy upon the other sex ; and here she comes, quiddling up the street with flounces and furbelows dancing upon the walks, and tassels and streamers flying in the breeze until you almost imagine you see a fancy store approaching. The girlish step and gaudy dress are very inviting to clerks, apprentices, and students, and they rush by to catch a look at the face of the young damsel. A hasty glance is quite sufficient, and a rapid step is sure to follow.

A face that has seen fifty summers has very few charms unless it is

lighted by intelligence, and warmed with benevolence and good nature, and for some reason or other these never appeared in the physiognomy of our heroine.

There was always a smile, but it was what is usually denominated a smirk ; and that you know is not very agreeable, especially if it discloses a set of long, uneven teeth. Whether Tabitha was sensible that her teeth were crooked, I know not, but they were so firmly fixed in her jaw, that it would require greater vanity than Tabitha's to pluck them out ; and whether she was aware that her eyes crossed, and her lips protruded, I cannot say ; but certain I am that a four-foot mirror adorned the walls of her dressing-room, and reflected the image of its owner as often as was either prudent or profitable.

It isn't strange that Tabitha wished to be married, for she had a very social nature, and as the only companions she had were a cat and a bird, she had rather more of the conversation to herself than any reasonable woman would desire. She kept a servant, it is true ; but each one complained that she had bad dreams, and made her escape at the expiration of a week or fortnight, leaving her unfortunate mistress to go in quest of another, and to have the same sad story.

Besides, Tabitha's income was limited, and it sometimes was quite a puzzle to her poor brain to make the list of silks and laces agree with the sum of dollars and cents ; and then Tabitha was a traveler. Never was there a watering place that she did not visit, nor a fair nor grand exhibition that she did not attend, and she thought it would be very pleasant to have some one wait upon her about, and call her "dear," as she imagined some lord of creation might do. But Tabitha might as well hang her harp upon the willows ; and the wonder is that she doesn't see it, and is just as complacent as she was thirty years ago ; expecting every moment of Tabitha Cummings' life will be Tabitha Cummings' last.

At length a card was sent up, and Tabitha thought the fatal hour had fairly arrived. After a busy season of adornings and perfumings, our lady entered the parlor, with as many courtesies and flourishes as she could support, and greeted the stranger with great freedom and cordiality. After a few words upon general topics, Mr. Saunders felt quite at home in his corner of the sofa, and Miss Tabitha was snugly ensconced in her's, feeling as great a degree of comfort and hope as she had felt for years.

"I have come upon a singular errand," said the gentleman, "and I hope you will excuse me for thus intruding upon you."

"Ah, indeed !" simpered Miss Tabitha, with a little confusion.



"Yes, madam, I have a great favor to ask, and I am fully sensible that no gentleman should ask such a favor of a lady until he is better known to her than I am to you."

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Tabitha, with an extra twinkle of the eye. "Be not afraid, my dear sir, I trust implicitly to my first impressions, and am sure I shall be most happy to oblige you."

"But, madam, I am a stranger in this place, and have nothing but my own appearance to recommend me to your confidence, and that will not, I fear, entitle me to the consideration which I need."

"It is quite sufficient," answered the dame, "and I hope you will not pain me by any further expression of your fears. Speak on, my dear sir, and be assured that I will readily grant your request."

"Do you feel, my dear madam, that you can excuse me for this freedom?"

"Certainly, sir, and I beg you will proceed."

"I will," said the gentleman, and I trust you will answer me frankly. Do you prefer solitude, or will you consent to renounce its pleasures, and to share your home with another? It is much to ask, but you have encouraged me to ask it, and if your answer is such as I desire, then shall I be at rest."

Miss Tabitha had worked herself up into a perfect fever of excitement; castles were built in rapid succession, and the name of Mrs. Saunders flitted before her eyes until she felt as if she were indeed a new creature, and the actual possessor of that bewitching name. Long and loud were her denunciations against solitude, and great was her delight at the prospect of having a companion.

"Could you believe," said Miss Cummings, "that I would forego all the pleasures of wedded life, and pine in misery alone? No, happy is the day that brought you to my side."

"I beg your pardon," ejaculated the stranger, "I fear you do not understand me."

"Oh! certainly," stammered Miss Tabitha.

"But, madam, I live in the city of I.; have the misfortune to be the parent of a wild and dissolute son. I was drawn to this place by business, and charmed with its quiet, and beauty of locality, I am seeking a home for my child, where he will be removed from the temptations of fashionable life, and where his mother can be near to watch over and befriend him. Having heard of your lonely position, it occurred to me that you might not be unwilling to receive him into your family, and to make him useful as a companion in your walks, rides and sails, and I came hither to ask as a great favor that you would take him to board."



Miss Tabitha breathed out a solemn "It is impossible," and said she had an engagement for the evening.

She is still Miss Tabitha, and never hears the word board, or sees a board of any description, without fainting.

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THE SMILE OF LOVE.

~~~~~  
BY ANDREW DOWNING.
~~~~~

Thy smile is lovelier than the tints  
Which golden Morn doth weave—  
Than the sweet kiss Day imprints  
Upon the brow of Eve.

Thy smile is warmer than bright beams,  
That down their shining track,  
Fall softly on the silver streams,  
That soon reflect them back.

Thy smile is gentler than the breeze,  
That woos the summer flowers;  
More pleasing than the melodies  
That float from songbird's bowers.

Thy smile is fairer than the skies—  
The summer skies of blue;  
'Tis brighter than the rainbow's dyes,  
And purer than the dew.

It cometh from that fount which fills  
The inmost heart and soul,  
Which ever warms, and ever thrills  
By its supreme control.

Oh! be it mine to know this thrill,  
And holy smile of Love;  
Till I shall reach—more holy still—  
The quenchless fount above.

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THERE is something in the temper of men so adverse to boisterous and severe treatment, that he who endeavors to carry his point that way, instead of prevailing, generally leaves the mind of him whom he has thus attempted in a more confirmed and obstinate situation than he found it at first. Bitter words and hard usage freeze the heart into a kind of obduracy, which mild persuasion and gentle language only can dissolve and soften.

## I AM NOT READY.

~~~~~  
BY MRS. S. D. SHEARS.
~~~~~

Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer :  
Next day the fatal precedent will plead :  
Thus on till wisdom is pushed out of life.  
Procrastination is the thief of time,  
Year after year it steals till all is fled ;  
And to the mercies of a moment leaves  
The vast concerns of an immortal scene.--YOUNG.

It was a pretty picture that Charles Edgerton held up to my view : a lady with finely wrought features, dark hair and eyes, and a high, thoughtful brow.

"A likeness of your wife?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, sadly, "and a very correct one. It was sent to some friends abroad soon after it was taken : as I reserved no copy for myself they kindly returned it to me on hearing of Ellen's death. I have but just received it ; a glance at those features has exhumed feelings buried I had hoped forever."

I gazed long at the fair face mirrored there, and Edgerton sat with his head bowed upon the table. He had never spoken of his wife's beauty, and I was surprised into an exclamation, and he replied—"She was so amiable that I seldom thought of her good looks."

"Was she a member of the church?" I asked as I placed the miniature in his hand.

I was startled at the emotion the question produced, and I cried—"Pardon me, my friend, nor trouble yourself to answer a query which has so disturbed you. She has such a thoughtful, devoted countenance that I felt sure she was a Christian."

"And so she was, if ever there was one ; I am glad you question me, for I long to speak of her—of myself," replied Edgerton.

"You will find me an attentive listener," I said, drawing my chair closer to his side, and gazing upon the miniature he held open before him ; "so draw aside the veil of the past : I would know if your life has, heretofore, been what it is now ? Have you always been a friend to the friendless, a comforter to the afflicted, a helper to the needy ?"

"Ah, no," said he, with a long-drawn sigh. "I was worldly-minded, and vain to an unlimited degree in my youth, and I lived as

tens of thousands of others do still, only for the present. Nearly two years after my marriage, through the instrumentality of the good Dr. S., whose church we were then attending, both Ellen and myself were awakened to our lost condition as sinners ; we remained in darkness and doubt for a season : but after many prayers in our behalf by friends, and our own supplications to the throne of grace, though for a time alternately perplexed by fears and animated by hopes, we were at last made happy in the assurance of a Saviour's love ; God graciously smiled upon us, and as his children we seemed to have stepped into a new life, another existence.

"My wife expressed a desire to unite with the church immediately, and my kind pastor and other friends often spoke to me on the subject ; but I told them I saw no necessity for hurrying the matter ; not that I doubted my conversion, or feared to acknowledge my belief in the Saviour. I daily spoke in his name to my unconverted friends, urging them to give up the world and turn to Him who alone has power to save the lost ; I felt a desire to glorify his name publicly, but I was not quite ready to unite with the church.

"One morning as I was about leaving home for my place of business, my wife said to me—' Charles, deacon Edwards called here yesterday.'

"Well, Nellie, and what of it ?" I asked.

"He said something to me which I cannot forget. They have wrung like a knell in my ears ever since his departure.'

"And what did he say that has so disturbed you ?"

"He spoke of our uniting with the church ; said there was danger undreamed of in long delays, and if we waited for a more convenient season he feared we would never find ourselves within the pale of the church. My own feeble heart re-echoes his words ; dear Charles, let us hesitate no longer.'

"I shall never forget her look, sir, *never*, as she ceased speaking and raised her tearful eyes to my face.

"I replied, 'Well, Nellie, as you seem so anxious about it, I will try and see the pastor this week ; there are some articles of the creed that I am not prepared to respond to without farther information on the subject. I have repeatedly told deacon Edwards that as we had fully made up our minds to unite with the church, I did not see the necessity of hurrying.' I was turning away, but she detained me.

"Dear Charles,' she said, 'six months have already passed since we received the blessed assurance that our sins were forgiven ; how different the world looked to us when we first experienced a change

of heart ; yet it was not the world but ourselves—our inner man that God through Christ Jesus had changed, and purified, and blessed. With what unspeakable joy did we welcome the dawning of religion in our souls ; how did the light of a Saviour's forgiving love illumine our heretofore darkened life ? Oh ! that, dear Charles, is a never-to-be-forgotten era in our lives.

“ ‘Then we missed not an opportunity, but daily, nightly, at churches and in private dwellings, did we gather with like-minded brethren, to pour out the fullness of our hearts to God, to glorify his holy name for the great things he had done for us, and to plead for his pardoning mercies to our brethren yet in sin.

“ ‘O, Charles, do we enjoy religion now as we did then ? Do our thoughts tend heavenward, and do you feel in your heart that the Holy Spirit is as often with you as formerly ?’

“ ‘Alas ! I fear.

“ ‘We need something to keep us from wavering, from wandering from the fold, and what is that something ? Ah, Charles, it is the strong arm of the church. We need the watchful care of the brethren ; we need all their prayers to keep us in the narrow path “ that leads to life eternal.” Good-by till evening, but let me again echo deacon Edward's words in your ear, ere you go. “ There is danger undreamed of in delays.” ’

“ ‘I went to my office as usual, yet ever and anon through that busy day did her parting words recur to me. I resolved to call and talk with Dr. S. that evening, but ere the store was cleared of customers, I found it too late, so I closed my office and walked home.

“ ‘Though the subject of the morning was often on my mind, I was glad my wife did not revert to it again ; I had the whole week before me, and the matter should be attended to ; but the next day Nellie went on a visit to her father's family in the country, and did not return until late Saturday night, so I had not her sweet face to remind me of my promise, and an increase of business and cares attendant—in short, for worldly matters I put aside this great and solemn duty for the present.

“ ‘I met my wife at the landing of the boat, and after the first salutation, she whispered, ‘To-morrow is communion, dear Charles, and I am so glad that we are to be lookers on no longer, but participants in that sacred service.’

“ ‘Ashamed of myself, I replied, ‘I have not really had a moment to spare, Nellie. I meant to have gone around to the parsonage this evening, but it is too late now.’

“ ‘O, Charles, Charles,’ she replied, ‘six months ago worldly affairs would not have kept you from serving God.’

"Ah, my friend, I see her again as she stood then like an angel in the moonlight before me, warning me of my danger ; and the sweet, sad tones of her voice have not ceased to vibrate on my ear.

"My procrastination shall not cause you to be again a spectator at the communion table ; believe me, dear Nellie, I am ashamed of my negligence.

"But might we not call at the parsonage on our way home ?" she asked ; "it may not be yet too late to see the pastor."

"I looked at my watch, and by the moonlight I saw it was past ten, and I said, not to-night, Nellie, it is too late.

"*'Too late,'* she murmured, with a sigh, and said no more till we arrived home. On the next day we listened to a sermon which seemed written expressly for my benefit, so applicable was it to my case. The text was found in James, fourth chapter, 13th and 14th verses. 'Go to now ye that say, to-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city and continue there a year, and buy and sell and get gain : Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow.' I felt myself humbled and abased as I listened with bowed head to the discourse.

"When the sermon was ended, I arose with an agony of feeling I cannot bear to recall, and as I walked home I felt as though my own negligence was about to bring some great and terrible affliction upon me. Nellie was cheerful as usual that evening, and I tried, but in vain, to shake off the depression that weighed down my spirits. Noticing the effort I made to sustain my part in the conversation, she paused for a time, then selecting a book, she sat down by my side and read to me until bed-time.

"After a sleepless night I arose and directed my steps to the parsonage ; had a long but satisfactory conference with the pastor, and entered my own and Ellen's name as candidates for church membership, only regretting that I had not done so before. I then sought my office with a light heart ; and despite business closed it an hour earlier than usual, and hurried home to communicate to my wife the happy result of my conference with Dr. S. But I found her ill ; though she tried to assure me it was nothing, I was alarmed at her flushed cheeks and quickening pulse, and summoned a physician, who assured me there was no cause for alarm. I did not leave her for three days ; on the fourth she seemed much improved, and playfully told me she would hold me prisoner no longer : I might go to my business. I went, yet became so dissatisfied with myself for leaving her that I was on the point of returning when a servant came with the word that they thought her dying.

"I hastened home, and when I arrived she was not dying but *dead*. Through my procrastination she never sat at Christ's table on earth, but I trust she enjoys holy, happy communion with Christ in heaven. May neither you, sir, nor any other human being, feel the agony, the remorse I experienced as I looked upon the face of the dead, and heard again her soft, sweet voice, as it echoed these words again and again in my ear, 'There is danger undreamed of in delays.'"

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SAILOR'S SONG.

BY MYRA MEADOWS.

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As I traverse the deck of the "Heart's Delight,"  
 When the moon is pale and the stars are bright,  
 There comes up a picture before my sight,  
     Of my far-distant home—  
         Sweet, sweet Eva!  
         I had to leave her,  
     O'er seas to roam.

In that picture my own fair wife I see,  
 As she sits all alone and thinks of me—  
 And yet not alone—her babe 's on her knee;  
     Oh, my far-distant home!  
         Sweet, sweet Eva!  
         I had to leave her,  
     O'er seas to roam.

As she quietly sits, with no one nigh,  
 To see the sad tears that bedim her eye,  
 For me she weeps, while she sings "lullaby."  
     Oh, my far-distant home!  
         Sweet, sweet Eva!  
         I had to leave her  
     O'er seas to roam.

As the "Heart's Delight" rides gallantly on,  
 By prosperous winds to her haven borne,  
 I waft full many a sigh long-drawn,  
     To my far distant home.  
         Sweet, sweet Eva!  
         I had to leave her,  
     O'er seas to roam.

When a mariner leaves his native shore,  
 Tho' his heart grows calm 'mid old ocean's roar,  
 Yet his love daily strengthens more and more  
     For his far-distant home.  
         Sweet, sweet Eva!  
         I had to leave her,  
     O'er seas to roam.

## ANNIE WISEMAN'S ANCESTORS.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

"MOTHER, who were our ancestors?"

"My dear, I don't know."

"Don't know!"

"Certainly not; I have no means of knowing who our ancestors were. Your father was an orphan, whom wealthy relatives cast off because they did not want the trouble of rearing him; and I only know that my grandfather was a worthy ship-carpenter, and that he came from Wales. What more do we need?"

"Only a ship-carpenter, though," said Annie. "I hoped—I thought that in some way or another, we were related to very noble people."

Mrs. Wiseman laughed, looked grave again, and then asked—"Why so, Annie?"

"O! because—be-cause, you and father are so—so—in fact there is something so superior in you both; you don't seem like a host of parents I have seen."

"Thank you," said her mother, smiling again—"and I will inform you if it will give you any pleasure that both your grandfather and great-grandfather were noblemen."

"O! mother,"—Annie's eyes sparkled.

"Yes, in heaven's sense of the word, my child, noblemen. My grandfather was one of the purest men that ever lived, in mind, manners and conversation. I do not think he was ever known to do an ungentlemanly thing, while at the same time he was fearless and outspoken. Everybody loved him, from poor to rich. I remember his tall, portly form—his clear, gray eye, and frank, handsome countenance. Even in extreme old age he had not lost the ruddy red of his cheeks, and the beautiful fairness of his forehead, which was enhanced by the clustering locks of silky white falling over his temples and over his shoulders. My father was like him; they were indeed both noblemen."

"Yes, but grandfather was a machinist," said Annie, a little disappointment in her tones—"after all they were both mechanics."

"Both mechanics, and that is why I am proud of their memory. They were types of what every laboring man *might* be, did he in



early youth resolve to profit by every process of education—by every refinement consistent with a gentleman, by the aids that are so freely offered on every hand by those who have the welfare of men at heart. You remember your grandfather—certainly you could not call him a common man—common in your sense of the word.”

“That tall, elegant old man! no indeed. How handsome and dignified he was, yet always gentle and sportive. It has pained me to hear some people speak of him as that aristocratic old gentleman—but then, they always added, ‘he was only a mechanic.’”

“That was because they did not know him, my dear, and partly, perhaps, because he acquired a fortune and lived at his ease. Some people cannot separate refinement from excessive self-esteem, and because a man keeps his nails clean, and his coat free from dust, bows with politeness, and dislikes coarseness, not to say vulgarity, they set him down at once for an aristocrat, especially if he is rich. How often must I tell you, Annie, it is not the business or the birth that makes the man.”

“But I should so like to know who my remote ancestors were,” said Annie.

“Possibly the knowledge might make you unhappy,” was the reply.

“Perhaps—but I would willingly run the risk.”

Annie’s mother was called out.

It was a luxurious little sitting room in which Annie Wiseman reclined. She had been ill of a fever, and now with pale cheeks and large, meek eyes, looked more touchingly beautiful than ever. An only child, she had been most tenderly cared for by judicious parents, and had well repaid all their trust and devotion. She was now nineteen, and betrothed to a young man who claimed to have descended from one of the best families, and could count back scores of ministers, lawyers, members of parliament, bishops, and I know not what. A conversation upon this subject had set Annie to wishing as she did.

It was very quiet there. The speck of gold within gilding, hanging high up in the window, had ceased to sing, and now sat quietly enervated by the heat of the day. The sun came in softened by blinds and curtains, still from here and there a chink streamed in one golden thread, and the red glow made the roses in the carpet seem real, as they lay in rich groups clustering round medallions and hanging over tiny vases.

Languidly the gentle eyes roved among the choice ornaments of this little room, resting at last upon the face of her father looking

from out a frame of ebony and gold. Suddenly the frame seemed to vanish, and there remained a low arched way glittering with precious stones, beyond which seemed a wonderful light. Slowly the arch widened—its portals seemed gradually to lengthen, and finding herself with some surprise close beside it, she was beckoned on by a serene looking old personage, with a staff in his hand—hair and beard white as snow, luminous eyes, deep set under regular brows—and a singularly innocent, infantile expression of countenance.

Gathering a new and sudden strength, she stepped beyond, and felt on the instant a peculiarly exhilarating sensation, as if the air she breathed was rarer and finer than the usual atmosphere, while at the same time she was conscious that her body was etherialized, and she in a happier condition of mind than she had ever before experienced. The room, vast and beautiful, attracted her attention next. How soft and glittering hung the folds of richest fabric from ceiling to floor, all seeming inwrought with that peculiar shining substance like sun-rays caught and prisoned by some cunning magic. A throne-like chair of velvet, also canopied, was placed on one side, for her. She was conducted towards it, seated, and saw that opposite her hung a curtain more wondrously embroidered than all the rest, and on which the sun seemed moving over golden arabesqueing from top to bottom.

"How beautiful!" she exclaimed, wondering, and turning to the old man—"what does it mean?"

"Look steadily," was the reply, in a low, musical voice, "and you shall see what you have been wishing; your ancestors, since they first took the names of the children of earth."

All fluttering with a curious surprise, Annie held her hands against her heart, to still its beating, for a little fear was mixed with her wonder.

Slowly and with a light quivering motion the grand curtain parted. What a picture it was! An open space in summer-wood starred with flowers. Servants bringing quaintly carved chairs, gorgeous in color and gilding, if not tasteful. Two grand personages whom Annie knew to be king and queen, by their royal appearance, seemed to beam with gracious condescension upon her.

"O! this is glorious!" thought Annie; "so my ancestors were really crowned heads."

Presently there was a great flutter; many servants appeared—some brought tables, others stools, others great fans, others dishes, and a repast was soon spread. But it seemed all was not completed—their gracious majesties looked for some dainty which had not

made its appearance ; and soon to the sound of slow music there came a man, swarthy, but powerful, who bore a huge platter, and was followed by his wife holding another.

"The king, queen, and their courtiers," said the old man with the staff, pointing to the figures he designated. "These are their servants," he added, "and here are the cooks of the royal household bearing the chief delicacy of the feast, dishes of pheasants stewed in wine."

"And were they—the king and queen, my ancestors?" asked Annie timidly.

"O ! no—but the *cooks were*," replied the old man with unpleasant emphasis. Annie's heart beat chokingly ; tears of disappointment rushed to her eyes ; she felt like falling, but when she looked up again the scene had all faded away, and a cloudy, mist-like blank met her vision.

Then there seemed to be a combat in the distance—clashing of arms and bugle-cries. Anon the sounds died away—the smoke of battle cleared, and there issued forth a man clad in a brilliant uniform, an order on his breast. A servant walked closely behind.

"And the lackey there, I suppose, is another of my ancestors," said Annie bitterly.

"O ! no ; look closely and you will recognize the features of the former cook. He became a soldier, fought well, saved the life of his king, and showed so much bravery and military genius, that he is soon to be promoted to the rank of a general. His wife is dead, and he will shortly marry a very rich widow and a lady of noble family. He will found a house."

Annie listened with glowing cheeks. "Who would know him?" she thought. "After all merit lies in action, a man is the better for having raised himself. Now I am going to have some noble ancestors after all—a general ! that sounds well !"

This picture faded like the other, and there came distinctly in the place where the soldier had stood, two handsome, straight young men. One of them was intellectual in appearance, the other somewhat besotted. For a long time they talked together, their gestures becoming more and more violent and threatening, until they simultaneously drew pistols and fired.

Annie gave a loud shriek—he of the manly presence lay dead, bathed in his own blood ; the other, with an expression of agony, fled.

"You see there, the sons of the general ;" said the old man—"those who were also your remote ancestors. The one degraded, who has taken his brother's life, will become an outcast—enlist, get

wounded severely—travel to another country, marry and rear a family in wretchedness. See !”

Alas ! those bleak walls ! The young girl shuddered. Squalid poverty—tattered children fighting for a crust, a coarse, repulsive looking woman who had once, perhaps, been rudely handsome. A heap of rags in one corner, lying thereon a drunken wretch dying of disease.

A vague and sick terror crept over the senses of the young girl, but almost before she had time to think the scene vanished, and was replaced by one much more cheerful. A homely room in a homely cot, but a certain picturesqueness on every hand. The wainscoting painted in red and yellow—the floor shining, of a bright orange ;—a neat, bright little woman clattering round in wooden shoes and a high-crowned cap. A rustic cradle—perch high in the door, and magpie chattering, and a handsome, healthy young man in one corner, plying awl and thread to some advantage, while a heap of leather stood in close proximity. In the cradle was a baby—chubby and asleep—on the table was a meal, hot and smoking. The honest couple chatted in French, the magpie screamed in French, and presently the baby waked up and crowed—in French to be sure.

The gloom left Annie's heart. This of course was one of the children of that miserable couple, long ago dead—but where were the others ?

“One a student,” said the old man—“one the adopted child of a rich count, (he goes to court and is in a fair way of becoming a grandee)—one, the great grandfather of your great grandfather a ship-carpenter, which trade will never want for representatives in your family.”

“So these are my ancestors on my mother's side !” said Annie—“I wish I might see those on that of my father.”

“You shall,” said the old man, and forthwith he struck the curtain.

There stood forth a pale youth with dream-like eyes and inspired vision ; in his hand an Irish harp. Like one entranced he walked to and fro—musing on some wondrous theme. Suddenly his blue eyes lighted—the splendor of inspiration streamed over his face, and striking the harp he began to sing.

Annie wondered not that rich and poor came in to hear and glided ghostlike, holding their breath, for the tears came to her eyes as she listened.

“One of the Irish harpers, famous in history,” said the old man, smiling as he spoke. “His beauty will gain him the love of a royal lady, he will elope with the daughter of a king.”

"So then there was a real princess in our ancestry"—cried Annie, exultingly.

"Yes, poor creature!" sighed the old man. "Forced to fly from the fierce wrath of her father, she lived but a year in poverty and sorrow, and died in giving birth to a son. This loss broke the father's heart—the child was left among peasants. Look on this. Even royal blood, if born and bred among the lowly, flows to the wild measure of the vulgar revel."

Now came the cot of a bog-trotter, one of the lowest order of Irish peasants. The floor was of clay, and comfortably in one corner on a bundle of straw lay a hog with a litter of pigs cuddled around her.—Annie burst into a laugh at sight of the uncouth children staring with great blue eyes at the efforts of a muscular young fellow who danced an Irish jig with great vigor, while a youth plied a rude instrument in shape like a viol.

"There is the grandson of a king," said the old man. "He does not wholly belie his origin however. Being of quick parts and lively temper, he becomes a favorite with some rich man, and is thoroughly educated. From him spring men of science. Follow on in the line of your immediate ancestry."

Forth bounded an Indian, red and wild, with poised bow and savagely painted and crowned. Annie with a cry shrank back, fear in her face.

"It cannot be!" she murmured.

"A chief in his own nation," said the old man. "The great grandmother of your great grandmother on your father's side was taken prisoner by this man, who married her. The sons for two generations led a wild life, until one of them, being converted, was educated and eventually became a preacher of the gospel. Of his children, two became lawyers and one of them an outcast. A passage from his life—another from that of his daughter may be of some interest to you."

Slowly darkening the cloud-like canvas, the interior of a rocky cavern lifted itself up. Three or four men in rich but wild costume stood round, in the centre was the master and leading spirit of them all. He was dressed in red, and his very handsome face lighted up by the bright fire-flame was most captivating in its beauty. A woman sat not far off with a lovely child on her lap, while another, a girl of three summers, played upon the rocky floor. On rocky shelves were casks and kegs, and bales of rich goods. It needed but a glance to see that this was the dwelling place of a contrabandist—and there was a fierce gleam in the faces of the men that would have inspired a *Salvater Rosa*.

"O! but the beautiful woman, and the lovely children!" murmured Annie, half sadly.

"Yes, lovely indeed," sighed the old man. "That child on the floor became a wonderful singer—her daughter a great prima donna, and her daughter's daughter—there she is."

A gorgeous stage—gold and silver flashing every where—plumes waving, bright eyes dancing, but foremost of all a young, slight creature with dewy eyes singing with a passionate outburst of feeling. There were burning jems upon arms and forehead—there were rich lustres of velvet and silk pendent from her graceful person—but over and above all, was that look of angelic innocence that made her seem heavenly. Still as she sang, low sobs burst unconsciously from Annie's bosom, and when she ceased, the young girl held her arms forth yearningly, forgetful that it was an illusion.

"Pure, beautiful creature"—whispered Annie with unwonted vehemence—"I love you."

"So did all who saw her," said the old man. "She might have mated with the best blood, but she loved your grandfather—then a man of fine attainments, and married him. The relinquishment of the stage, however, wore upon her, and the conviction that her husband was less respected by his haughty relatives, troubled her sensitive nature. She drooped like a transplanted flower, and died at the time of your father's birth. He lived but a few years after that."

"How could they be cruel to one so"—with a start her eyes opened upon the shaded sunshine. Her mother smiled at her bewildered look as she sat sewing beside her.

"Whatever have you been dreaming, child?" asked the latter, bending towards her. "You talked of kings and princes, and sometimes you smiled, and sometimes wept. I would have wakened you, but hardly know why I forbore."

"O! mother, she was so beautiful!" exclaimed Annie, rising languidly.

"Who, my dear?"

"Grandmother—my father's mother when she was young."

"Why, child, she died years ago, when your father was born;" and the mother, somewhat alarmed, scanned closely the brightening eyes before her.

"Yes, but, mother—I dreamed of her," said Annie. "Mother, was she an actress?"

"I have heard it hinted that she was," said Mrs. Wiseman softly.

"O! and did they grieve her to death because my grandfather married her? cruel, cruel!"



"Annie, child—what *have* you been dreaming!" exclaimed her mother, surprised and a little alarmed, fearing from the flush on the cheeks of her darling a relapse of the fever.

"I have been dreaming about our ancestors, mother. What a queer set! cooks and generals, minstrels and princesses, duelists and bandits—shoemakers and jig-dancers—Irish, English, French, Welsh, authors, courtiers—prima-donnas, actresses—oh! dear, such a jumble! I wonder if there is anything in it?"

"As much as you will ever know, no doubt;" replied Mrs. Wiseman.

"Well, at all events, I am contented with my father and mother," said Annie gently. "I only hope I may be worthy of their great love."

Perhaps a tear fell with the kiss that was pressed on Annie's forehead—if there was, it was not wiped away.

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BENEVOLENCE AND HAPPINESS.—A life of passionate gratification is not to be compared with a life of active benevolence. God has so constituted our nature, that a man cannot be happy unless he is, or thinks he is, a means of good. Judging from our own experience, we cannot conceive of a picture of more unutterable wretchedness than is furnished by one who knows that he is wholly useless in the world.—Give a man what you please, surround him with all the means of gratification, and yet let the conviction come home to him, clear and irresistible, that there is not a being in God's universe a whit the better or happier for his existence; let him feel that he is thus a blot upon, because a blank in, the universe, and the universe will not furnish a more unhappy being. Herein lies the solution of that, to many, inexplicable fact, that the schemes of mere selfishness, however wisely laid, however energetically and successfully prosecuted, never add to the joys, but always to the pains of those who originate and are engaged in them. It is not so with a man of opposite characteristics. Take from him what you please, and you do not take from him the elements of his joy, if you leave him to the conviction that in any way he is useful. If you contract the circle, and diminish the sphere of his influence, you detract from his means of doing good. And, as we cannot conceive of a more wretched being than one who feels himself to be a slave of an uncontrolled selfishness, so we cannot conceive of a happier being than a man of truly benevolent heart, whose wishes describe the circle and bound the sphere of his influence, and whose means are ample to give those wishes full expression.—*Rev. Erskine Mason.*



## Editor's Miscellany.

"THINK'ST thou there are no *serpents* in the world  
But those which slide along the grassy sod,  
And sting the luckless *foot* that *presses* them?  
There *are* who in the path of *social* life,  
Do bask their spotted *skins* in fortune's sun,  
And sting the *soul*,—ay, till its *healthful frame*  
Is changed to *secret, festering, sore disease*—  
So *deadly* is the wound."

"WORDS are *things*: a small drop of ink—falling like dew—upon thought, produces that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

"WHEN a lady receives the addresses of a gentleman who is in the habit of tippling, how is she to determine to what extent his protestations should be set down to himself, and how much passed to the credit of ardent spirits? In other words, how much is of love, and how much of alcohol? Suppose she test it by the pledge of total abstinence."

WHY is a very nice potato like a practiced coquette? Because it has no heart.

### MIRTHFUL MYRA AGAIN.

"WHY lors a me, ef that aint Miss Bunce a settin on that old stump alone in that se-clustered medder. You had ought tu a ben tu meetin hearin that illigunt an distructive dishcourse, 'twould a dun you good."

"How do you know 'twould, Miss Quirk? I *her* ben tu meetin off an on a tryin tu get religion, an 'twarnt no use, so naow I'm tryin what stayin away will dew, an 'cownmewnin with natur,' as that are speretuous Miss Hatch says she does. So I've been a settin in this ere pasture all the livelong arternoon '*seein*,'"

I up an asked her one day what she meant by that are, an she said, "'Twas to see the ravin o the trees, and hear the sythin o the wind."

"The lins o these ere trees her been a whackin one another like the ravinist critter you ever see, an as for the wind, 'twant no kind of a sythe, its ben more like a growl, for my part I don't see no religion into it, an I had druther take my *cow mow-nin* long o my Mooly Dorothy an my Cat Tabithy. But what was the sarmint about, Miss Quirk?"

"Oh, I couldn't begin ten tell ye, Miss Bunce, but I gess you husband can; I see him a listenin perfoundedly till he got to noddin. There warnt do doctorin nor nothin injectionable about it, an 'twas full of illigant words sech as your don't hear amongst common folks. I haint no doubts but what he made some of em himself; people says he's very larned an intulectural. He's a stranger here, an I shouldn't wonder ef he's a real kademey."

"Why how you talk! Miss Quirk, I wish I could a heerd him. 'Can't you think o nothin?' he said. Wal, he began by tellin the congregation that his subjie was charity, and he said it was a very '*reprehensiv*' subjie. I couldn't help but remember that word, cause twas one of the hansomest he spoke. Then he went on to say that folks as had charity was malevolent an kind, an never respected folks ov rong ideas in doin things, but lors o me, Miss Bunce, I can't give you no notion ov it, that warnt only the beginnin, 'twas a most defective dishcourse, folks says. I haven't no doubts in my mind 'twould a done you good to hear it; but sense you didn't, I spose the toptic aint so agreeable to ye as it mought be. Come, l-ts stop to the house an git your old man an both on ye go along o me an git a dish o tea."

Mrs. Bunce accepts and recovers from the bad effects of her communion with nature.

## Juvenile Department.

"Mr. Hanna has such a splendid *robust*," said little Nannie to Uncle Allan, inclining herself backward so as to expand her slender chest in illustration of her meaning. "What is a *robust*, as you call it, Nannie?" asked uncle, with a smile. "Oh, it means *abdomen*," replied the child, placing her hand over the lungs to prove that she fully understood Mr. Hanna's fine points. People may have very correct ideas, and yet so clothe them in words as to convey a most erroneous impression to others.

"Don't, Harry, that's a vulgar trick," said Mrs. —, to her little son, as he wiped the mouth of the molasses cup with his finger and sucked the offending digit with a relish. "I can't tell where the child gets such habits," she continued, looking deprecatingly at her visitor. "Who did you ever see doing such a thing, you naughty boy?" "Nobody but *you*, mother," said the truthful son in answer to his parent's direct appeal. Example before precept, ye parents and guardians.

WILLIE had a very meddlesome habit. One day when his aunts were discussing it at table before him, his uncle observed—thinking to appal the little fellow—"We must tie his hands behind him." For a moment his face wore a thoughtful expression, and just as we flattered ourselves the threat was working a salutary reflection, he burst forth—"And then if my poor nose should itch, what would the poor nose do?"

## Family Receipts.

**A DELICATE DESSERT.**—The whites of six eggs well beaten. Add currant jelly, and beat it until well colored. To be eaten with sweetened cream.

### JAPANESE Customs and Entertainments.

"In their private houses the Japanese have no tables, but use instead small lacquered stands, of about a foot in height. These are in use because of the universal practice of the people to crouch down in a sitting posture, therefore they have but little occasion for chairs or seats: One of these stands is placed before each person at meals, and he takes his tea, sips his sakee, or eats his soup from it as he crouches on the floor. The household utensils consist of a supply of wooden chopsticks, an occasional earthen spoon, a few china bowls, some lacquered cups and the tea-kettle. This kettle is of earthenware, or bronze, but rarely of silver, and is kept boiling over the charcoal fire, which burns in the centre of the room, where square holes lined with tiles and filled with mud, are made for the purpose. The tea is in universal use, and as in China, is infused in each cup as it is wanted, and drank without sugar. The chief meal consists mainly of three dishes: hot stewed fish, like thick soup, cold fish garnished with grated radish, and an odd compound of fish, shrimps, dried sea-weed, and hard boiled eggs. These are served in covered bowls, and always accompanied by two cups, one containing soy to season each dish, the other, the never to be forgotten sakee. On one occasion Commodore Perry partook of refreshment at the house of the mayor of one of the towns. He was hospitably enter-

tained with tea, cakes, confectionery, sakee, and a kind of hot waffle made of rice flour. The mayor himself waited upon him, assisted by his wife and sister, who remained on their knees, as is customary when among strangers, yet moved about actively with the silver sakee kettle to replenish the cups.

At a morning call in Japan, pipes and tea are brought in; then confectionery or dainties served on a piece of white paper, and what the visitor cannot eat he is expected to carry home. This practice of carrying away what is not eaten, is so invariable a rule of good breeding in Japan, that at grand dinners the guests carry servants with baskets to receive the remnants of the feast.

At a banquet the dishes are tricked out with gold-leaf, and on very grand occasions the bills, legs and claws of the birds are also gilt. The viands consist of every kind of vegetable, sea-weed not excepted, of game, poultry and fish, usually seven or eight courses."

**LEMON CAKE.**—One cup of butter, three cups of powdered sugar, four cups of flour, five eggs, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoon soda, and one grated lemon.

"TELL me what thou eatest, and I will tell thee what thou art."—SAVARIN.

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## 'Literary Notices.

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**"RUTLEGE,"** by Miss Evans. Derby & Jackson. Whoever has read *Beulah* will feel some interest in the announcement of a new work from the pen of the gifted author. Miss Evans is decidedly in advance of the female writers of the day. She speaks to the heart.

**POPULAR ASTRONOMY.**—Phinney, Blakeman & Mason, N. Y. Whoever has heard of Prof. Mitchell and has any love for the starry heavens, or any desire for the knowledge that brings one especially near to his Divine Creator, will hail with delight this emanation from the Cincinnati and Dudley Observatories. The author's "Planetary and Stellar Worlds" have met with such marked favor both at home abroad, that the simple announcement of a new work from his pen will be sufficient to place the book in almost every hand. The volume is interspersed with fine illustrations.

**MISS SEWELL'S JOURNAL OF A SUMMER TOUR,** issued by D. Appleton & Co., is a delightful book for the young. It was written for the pupils of a village school, and contains a great deal of simple minutiae which is very pleasant to girls of fourteen or fifteen.

**"MARTHA'S HOOKS AND EYES."**—D. Appleton & Co. A pleasing production. Its very title will bespeak for it a ready sale.

**THE THRONE OF DAVID.**—Another of the Rev. J. H. Ingraham's interesting works, issued by G. G. Evans, No. 439 Chestnut-St., Philadelphia. This volume is an illustration of the splendor, power and dominion of the reign of the shepherd, poet, warrior, king and prophet, ancestor and type of Jesus. The volume is in the form of letters, addressed by the Assyrian Ambassador in Israel to his master Belus, King of Assyria, and embraces an account of the people and customs of the Assyrians, Israelites, Egyptians, &c. It has also descriptions of the religious ceremonies of the Hebrews, of the Tabernacle, of the duties of the Priests and Levites, and many other valuable and profitable delineations. The book cannot fail to incite to greater earnestness in the perusal of the Book of books. With all the fascination of a work of fiction, it yet follows the inspired narrative in every essential point. The book is illustrated with superb wood engravings, well bound in one large 12mo. vol. Price \$1.25.

## Fashions.

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WE know of but one prevalent fashion for August, and that is to seek the cool places of the earth, and rest therein. Lying in the shade, with a broad palm-leaf stirring the sluggish air, and just drapery enough upon us to answer the original design of clothing, we can dream dreams and see visions of gossamer fabrics and varied colors that will come upon us with all their vivid reality, when the hot sun shrinks out of sight, and the daughters have their hour for display.

Such delicate muslins, and bareges, ruffled up to the waist—with the low corsage, and the modest illusion covering the white neck, and fastened upon the breast by a bow of ribbon, or a sprig of natural flowers! Such pretty coiffures, of netted silk, and peach and gold, and lace, and ribbons, and flowers! and such refreshing faces coming out of the fervid day, to bless and cheer, as the evening brings its grateful benediction.

There is one lady with a lilac silk o'erspread with rich buds. This is a stylish fabric, the mode colors covered with gay flowers. Everything is bright this summer—even the hats have changed from the Quaker drab of the Spring to cherry as the desirable tint; gilt balls are intermingled with the inside trimmings, and an admixture of grain and flowers, is the principal external adornment.

Mantillas of lace, and of whatever forms the material of the dress, are worn. A pretty style is the thin summer poplins. In black dress goods, to take the place of bombazine, is the "Turin cloth," more delicate in texture and crepe-like in appearance.

Sun umbrellas in many cases are substituted for the parasol—else how could one shield the large bonnets?

Little girls wear slippers with heels, and dresses with perpendicular trimming reaching half way up the skirt, and finished with a rosette like the trimming.

Muslin coats, or basques, either of plain Swiss or dotted, for warm days, and silk or cloth for the cooler weather.

The best fashion recently announced is that the ladies dress very plainly when going to church, some of those in the first circles going up to worship in "plain calico." This is to encourage the attendance of the poor who have hitherto withheld their presence for lack of "Sunday clothes." It is always a mark of low breeding to sport one's jewels and gewgaws in any public assembly—especially in the house of prayer.

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## THE COURT OF DEATH.

Our readers are referred to an advertisement in this issue, of an elegant Chromo-Lithographic Engraving, printed in oil colors, of Peale's celebrated painting of the Court of Death. The N. Y. Observer says of the Engraving and Publisher—

"It is rarely that such an opportunity is offered for obtaining a work of art, intrinsically valuable, at a trifling cost; and none, we think, who order it, will ever regret the outlay. As a chaste and beautiful parlor ornament—as a present from one friend to another—as a possession to be preserved and admired, and furnish a constant delight, it is believed that nothing can surpass the engraving of the Court of Death. Mr. Colton is a responsible man, and our friends may feel safe in sending their money for his picture."

## THE BEST.

We would call the attention of every lady to the advertisement on our advertising sheet, of "Winship's Patent Self-Ventilating Refrigerator." Being the fortunate possessor of one of these household treasures, we speak from actual knowledge when we assure our friends that it is *unequaled*, and no family can *afford* to do without it. Do not fail to read the advertisement carefully, and then go without delay and secure the real article. Manufactured and sold Wholesale and Retail by BRANHALL, HEDGE & Co., No. 442 Broadway, between Howard & Grand Streets, New York.

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*The Queen of May*



## THE CHOICE.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"To marry, or not to marry," that was the question that was agitating the mind of Walter Crawford, as he strode, rather than walked, up and down the room, while at the same time he adjusted his toilet with a sort of savage desperation.

In love he had never been : a mere passing fancy he had frequently had for some fair vision, but the feeling had scarcely manifested itself ere it was gone. The dawn of the "great passion" was just breaking upon his soul.

"I'll see Hal about this," was his unspoken resolution, "misery loves company, and Hal is quite 'au fait' in love affairs : more so than I am, at any rate ;" and having arrived at this decision he put the finishing touches to an unexceptionable toilet.

Later in the evening the two friends met at a party, given by Mrs. Arnold, where Hal had early established his reputation as a "jolly good fellow," and Walter was equally celebrated as the beau—"par excellence."

Nettie Arnold was the sole idol of her mother's heart, and if Mrs. A. could have accomplished the desire of that heart, the idol would, long since, have been transferred to another shrine. Probably because sensible men prefer doing their own courting, Nettie remained single.

Nevertheless some of the sterner sex, in taking unto themselves a wife, not unfrequently find they have married their mother-in-law.

Walter knelt at the shrine of beauty ; and Nettie Arnold was the acknowledged queen of that realm. He had often admired her ; and to-night as he watched her graceful form flitting to and fro before his rapt vision, he thought he had found the flower of his seeking, and determined to look no further.

"How extremely pensive young Crawford is to-night," remarked Laura Brower to her friend Matilda Slocum. "He is usually so pleasant and agreeable," and the speaker turned an anxious look towards the universal favorite.

"Ah," said Matilda, with a sigh, and a feeling of regret, she would



not have acknowledged to her most intimate friend, as she saw Walter's eyes follow the movements of Nettie Arnold. "A change has evidently come o'er the spirit of his dream."

You may be sure that Mrs. Arnold had noticed Walter's abstraction, and was considerably elated in consequence. A professional man was the fish she had been trying to catch; and she fidgetted around the bewildered young man, until he was half beside himself with vexation, and longed to set the excited little woman out on the balcony to cool.

Despite his endeavors, he was unable to throw off the languor which oppressed him so heavily, and drew upon himself the attention and remarks of those of the company who were not altogether occupied with themselves.

Hal Freeman found him, a few moments afterward, sitting on the balcony in a negligent attitude.

"Shade of Diogenes!" said Hal, "whatever are you doing here? Rouse up, I say, or you'll have the inside of the house coming out here after you."

"I feel as dull as possible, Hal, and I've tried my best to overcome it. If it hadn't been for seeing you, I'd have gone home an hour ago."

"Any ticklish suit at issue?" asked Hal, assuming a mock serious tone; "no? buried any of your relatives lately?"

"No, indeed. I've none to spare. The fact of the business is, I'm love-sick, and I may as well own it."

"I think it's about time," laughed Hal; "but Mrs. Arnold has the start of you."

"How?" exclaimed Walter, thoroughly aroused.

"Why, I overheard her telling Mrs. Brown, as a great secret, who whispered it to Mrs. Cromwell, who——"

"Bah——"

"Well, it spread like wildfire, that you were levelng amorous glances toward Nettie, which of course portended a speedy declaration, and—hey! presto!—Mrs. Arnold has already, in imagination, issued the cards of invitation."

"I'm half provoked at you and everybody else, and I feel like a fool. Come to my office to-morrow; or—if you will—go home with me to-night."

"And leave Blanche?" said Hal, with a look of astonished inquiry.

"Oh! I forgot. Well, 'allons,' I'll make my adieu and depart;" and the two sworn friends entered the room, which had grown

chill during their absence, and Walter, amid the smiles and whispered remarks of many, turned his back upon the scene of gayety.

A few evenings after the party Hal called at Walter's boarding-house, to obtain the latter's consent to accompany him in a round of calls.

Walter was in better spirits and complied readily, and the two wended their way through the streets. Of necessity the first call was at Mrs. Arnold's, and little did either of the gentlemen think how anxiously one of the party had been looked for. Mrs. Arnold had so tutored her pliant daughter, that the weak thing was ready to accede to any proposition of her mother's, provided she herself had plenty of ease, and plenty of money.

Both mother and daughter, as the result of close consultation, had quite made up their minds to accept Walter Crawford—if he ever declared himself.

"They will certainly come this evening, Nettie; your breastpin is crooked. Fasten that rose in your hair a little lower; there, that will do." Ever studying the effect, she continued—"I think, Nettie, dear, you had better draw your chair nearer the light; and, here is just the thing," she added, reaching toward the centre-table.—"Tit-combes' Letters.' There, that'll do," and she rested on the sofa, perfectly satisfied.

Hardly were the arrangements completed, when the "long looked for" came at last. While Hal in his off-hand manner greeted Mrs. Arnold, Walter had an opportunity of observing Nettie; and a thrill ran through his heart, as he watched the blush mantling her cheek and brow. He thought it Love's silent testimony, but conscious power had called it forth.

An hour passed pleasantly and swiftly, and Walter and Hal were on their way to Matilda Slocum's before either had found voice to address the other.

"By-the-by, Hal," said Walter, as though he had but just remembered some important item, "why haven't you been to see me? You remember what I told you?—"

"Oh!—ah!—yes! Why I thought you had the blues, and concluded you had got over them by this time. Besides, I went home for a day or two; mother was quite ill and sent for me. Haven't I seen you since the night of the party?"

"No," was the emphatic reply.

"Well, how do you like Nettie?"

"To tell you the truth, I've hardly made up my mind. After having liked *all* so well, it is rather a difficult matter to select the one I would wish to appropriate to myself."

"So you are in love with nobody in particular?"

"You are determined to laugh at a fellow, Hal. Come home with me to-night, and let us talk it over."

"Agreed. Here we are at Slocum's, and Tilly's a first-rate girl."

## II.

"Take my advice, Walter, she's decidedly too ornamental. A promising young lawyer, like yourself, cannot afford to have an expensive wife; one whose chief desire is admiration, and the one thing requisite—dress."

"You are severe."

"Not a bit of it. Nettie is very attractive I acknowledge, but I am well enough acquainted with her to know she has none of those qualities of mind and heart which the wife of Walter Crawford should possess."

"I fear your friendship for me blinds you to Nettie's real merits."

"Perhaps; but if I succeed in opening your eyes, you won't have to say you were caught in a trap, blind-folded."

"Then you think there's danger," said Walter; and, after a silence, made doubly impressive by the ticking of the clock on the mantle, he resumed—"Alone as I am in the world, Hal, with no near relatives, and but few choice friends, my heart instinctively longs for the sweet companionship of one I may call 'my own.' Business interests me, society amuses me; but there are times when I come to my lonely room, and feel such a void in my heart;" and a deep drawn sigh added force to the words he had spoken.

"You must come and see me oftener. I understand your case. Walter, my boy, you've been applying yourself too closely to business of late. You are morbid and low-spirited; throw it aside, Walter, throw it aside. It does for women to be nervous, but when a man gets the blues, he might as well be dead. I'll call for you to-morrow, in my gig, and we'll drive to High Bridge—and if you're not improved, I think," added Hal, mischievously, "I'll drop you at a certain asylum on the road. Good night." The kind-hearted fellow shook Walter's hand with a grasp that said more than words, and went out into the moonlit street.

Ere Walter had time to make a practical use of Hal's prescription, exhausted nature took it into her head to treat herself to a holiday; and when Dr. Freeman's gig drove up to the door, instead of its receiving an extra occupant, it was detained some time beyond the limit allowed to a physician's call.

The patient was in a low nervous state, and needed kind care,

rest and nourishment, more than medicine. Nor could he, under the circumstances, have been in better hands than Mrs. Gray's. She was one of those even-tempered, motherly kind of women, whom we seldom see at the head of boarding-houses, and Walter Crawford had never known or appreciated his good fortune in securing a home under her roof.

Having been left a widow, with the care of a good-sized family, whose wants exceeded her limited means, she concluded to eke out the small income by letting rooms, with or without board, to single gentlemen. Walter, preferring the European style, consequently knew very little of the household, not half as much as Hal Freeman had elicited from the sympathizing and communicative widow.

Day after day passed, and while outside circles were wondering what had become of Crawford, or commenting on his illness, the watchers by the bedside were alternating between hope and fear.

### III.

On the tenth day of his illness, Walter lay calm and passive ; and a slender form by the window was busy plying a swift needle. Walter's eyes, filled with returning health, roamed listlessly around the room, until they rested on the bent head and the busy figure. Long and intense was the gaze ; why, it would have been difficult to tell, for Helen Gray was not calculated to impress the beholder with any sentiment of love or admiration.

Walter was studying her, as he had never taken time to study a woman before ; and how did the scrutiny satisfy him ? He saw patient endurance and self-reliance, good-humor and sweetness of disposition written upon her face in unmistakable lines, and through all the light of the soul shone with a lustre that made the demure little maiden sufficiently attractive. 'Tis sunshine in the heart that makes all faces beautiful.

Walter, though still weak, was convalescing rapidly, and next to Hal's visits he liked to have Helen in the room, in her usual seat by the window, where he could watch her as she employed herself with the needle.

"Are you always so busy?" he ventured to ask one day, when the exertion of speaking seemed less than usual.

There was a start, and a blush of embarrassment. "There is always plenty of this work to do in a large family," and she smiled archly, as she held up to Walter's view a diminutive stocking already pretty well darned.

"Are there such little feet in the house?" he asked, half ashamed

at the question, as it betrayed the small amount of interest he had taken in those whose home was where he made his own.

"About four pair."

"It must be a task to keep so many in subjection. I fancy you have rather a hard time of it."

"Oh! Mr. Crawford, there is no need of a ruler, when the law of love governs all."

"It must work to a charm here," thought Walter.

At that moment one of the little ones, prefacing her entrance with a timid knock, brought in a bouquet of exotics, to which was attached a card bearing "Miss Arnold's compliments."

Walter's lip curled involuntarily. The mist and uncertainty that beclouded his brain and heart, before his illness, seemed all to have passed away. The perfume of the exotics sickened him, and he threw them carelessly on the table that stood near his couch.

"Do you not love flowers?" asked Helen, who had risen to put them in water, noticing with surprise the look and the action accompanying the, to her, beautiful gift.

"I am very fond of them; but, for certain reasons, those do not please me. Will you put them away?"

Helen took the flowers, looking earnestly at them as she did so, as though she expected the dumb beauties would reveal to her the cause of their banishment.

A sudden thought, born of pity for the invalid, whose gloominess seemed rather on the increase, prompted her to clip the one rose that had bloomed on a tree it had been her pleasure to cherish during the winter months.

She dared not convey it to him herself, lest her motive might be misconstrued. She left her room intending to look for Carrie, her younger sister, who was generally in readiness to act in the capacity of messenger.

"I must glance at my patient," she thought, as she drew near Walter's room; "he may be in want of something."

The door was ajar; Helen drew nigh on tip-toe, somewhat alarmed at the death-like stillness which pervaded the room.

Stretched on the couch lay Walter, sleeping as calmly as an infant. The thought—furrows in his brow, which made him appear older than he really was, had been smoothed by the touch of the Angel of Sleep.

Helen stood for a moment, irresolute; then gliding forward into the room, she laid the tiny offering by the hand that was thrown carelessly at the head of the lounge. There Walter found it when

he awoke ; and voiceless as it was, it whispered the name of the giver, and encouraged him to hope, that Helen might some day bestow on him something more valuable than a flower.

Oh ! susceptible heart, and oh ! tale-telling flower ! Helen went about her duties as usual, little thinking that the secret of her heart was being revealed. She never saw the rose afterwards ; and she grieved to think it might have shared a worse fate than those sent by Miss Arnold.

That left-hand vest pocket has hid many a secret from the world. Meek little Helen, it defies the penetration of your anxious eyes, and refuses to satisfy your conjectures.

Thanks to good nursing, aided by a contented spirit, Walter was able in the course of a few weeks to resume his usual duties, and Hal's visits were restricted to occasional and friendly, instead of professional.

Most hearty and gratifying was the greeting given to him on his return to the social ranks. But Walter grew most provokingly exclusive ; and actually enjoyed the evenings spent in Mrs. Gray's third parlor, with Helen and the younger ones, playing chequers, backgammon, or some other equally unlawyer-like amusement, quite as well, and, if the truth were told, infinitely better than he did the evenings at Mrs. Arnold's, and the like.

#### IV.

"And so the Grays have left the city," said Mrs. Arnold to Nettie, one evening when the latter was preparing for a ball.

"I have heard nothing of it," was the indifferent reply, for although Nettie had formerly been a school-mate of Helen's, and an intimate friend, pride had placed a gulf between the rich Miss Arnold and the poor Miss Gray.

"Yes, they left yesterday ; and that would be scarcely worth mentioning, if Walter Crawford had not accompanied them."

There was a quick movement of surprise, and a perceptible tremor in her hands that were essaying to fasten a wreath.

There was more of real feeling about the girl than the world gave her credit for ; and to Walter Crawford, unsought, she had yielded her heart's best affections.

With a better mother she might have had a happier lot. Encouraged by the oft-repeated, and to the anxious heart, really comforting assurance, that "there was as good fish in the sea as had ever been caught," Nettie rallied from her disappointment, and—trusted to her mother.



After a desperate manœuvre Mrs. Arnold succeeded in capturing a gilded fly, ycleped Joseph Preston, who transferred the resistless beauty, as he would a beautiful statue, to embellish his home.

"Both were well mated for life:" he had sacrificed his heart, long ago, at the shrine of Mammon; and Nettie's, that might by judicious culture have developed itself into something really worthy of the name, was strangled at its birth.

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Let me introduce you to a quartette, sitting in a pretty furnished apartment. The ladies seem perfectly happy in each other's society; and the gentlemen are evidently the best of friends. The former are busy with the needle, while a pleasant flow of conversation is kept up between them.

"Did you stop at Niagara?" asked Blanche; for of course you have guessed who compose the party.

"Yes; and how unfortunate that you left so soon. It would have been so pleasant having you with us."

"I am in hopes the doctor can persuade your husband to arrange matters, so that we can travel in company this summer. We are anxious to visit the White Mountains."

Helen's face brightened at the idea, while she hoped for the consummation.

This was Hal's first visit to Walter since their marriage, both events having taken place within a few weeks of each other. Although they had been married a year and a half, they were as much in love with their wives as ever. And nice wives they were, although Blanche was the livelier of the two, and could win two friends to Helen's one.

Walter had attained to some eminence in his profession, and by his perseverance and indomitable energy, he had succeeded where many another would have failed.

Papers were strewn about the table, and packages tied with red tape, loomed up here and there, amid the miscellaneous collection.

Hal was busy with the morning's paper, for the thriving town boasted such a luxury, while Walter was striving to bring order out of the literary chaos. In searching among the mass, a tiny envelope, yellow and worn, fluttered to the floor unnoticed by Walter. Helen stooped to pick it up, and there dropped from its fold a withered rose.

The look her husband gave her, as she handed him the package, brought a smile and a conscious blush to her cheek.

It could be no other than the rose she once gave him, but why had



he treasured it so long ! Oblivious to the presence of those around her, her thoughts wandered back to the past, and the tears sparkled through the drooping lashes, as she remembered all the peace and happiness that had been her portion.

Walter's thoughts were nearly the same, and, for the moment, the mind was where the body was not. Both were roused from their abstraction by Hal, to whom a long silence was anything but agreeable, and whose restless nature craved continual excitement.

Blanche, weary with the previous day's journey, excused herself and sought the room appropriated to her use ; while Helen busied herself about household matters, the routine of which is usually broken in upon by visitors.

Hal and Walter, left to amuse each other, concluded to call on Mrs. Gray, who resided with her family in an adjacent street.

On their return, Hal commenced joking Walter about his love-sickness, and the way he found his wife. "George," said he, "it isn't every man that gets such a loveable wife, and a nice mother-in-law in the bargain. It only proves that if a man really wants to get married, he's sure to find the woman just suited to him. Heaven, you know, has the arrangement of these matters.

"Yes ; and I have reason to be thankful for that illness, for it brought me a 'ministering angel.' What an escape I had, Hal, to be sure, and while I was looking around for a flower worth choosing, a sweet little bud was blooming unnoticed in my path."

"There she is," continued Walter, as they drew nigh the house, "busy as ever, and always for the good of others. I feel that I have a wife in every way suited to me ; and she is possessed of those qualities which adapt her for a companion at home, and in the social circles. I can speak from experience, a man wants a wife to be useful—as well as ornamental."

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THERE is something in the temper of men so adverse to boisterous and severe treatment, that he who endeavors to carry his point that way, instead of prevailing, generally leaves the mind of him whom he has thus attempted in a more confirmed and obstinate situation than he found it at first. Bitter words and hard usage freeze the heart into a kind of obduracy, which mild persuasion and gentle language only can dissolve and soften.

## A STRANGE NOTE FROM A STRANGE BIRD.

BY F. I. BURGE SMITH.

"I CAN tell you one worth all of those, girls."

"Oh, yes! let us hear grandma's, her's are always good!" chimed a half dozen voices.

We had gathered about our relative to tell stories, as was our wont for an hour every evening. Dear old figure! how distinctly does it arise before my memory, the placid face beaming 'neath the delicate muslin cap with its neatly crimped frill—the black silk gown, scant and close fitting—the long silk apron,—and the dove colored neckerchief pinned smoothly over her bosom, with the white lace rising above it in snowy folds.

Oh! the good old times of our grandmothers, when there was such a thing in the house as an antiquated lady; substantial, earnest, reliable, worthy for young heads to lean upon, and young hearts too. I'm getting tired of modern old folks who turn bead baskets upside down on their vacant heads, and let the gay flowers dangle here and there amongst the gray hairs, like bright fall blossoms amid the frost-blighted foliage. I don't want to meet so many worn out frames trying to hide the dilapidations of time 'neath the deceits of gaudy finery.

I yearn with all my spirit for a bona fide grandame, who stands amid late fanciful inventions like some old cathedral, a monument of other ages—a receptacle of hallowed thoughts and confidences,—a shrine to bow before, reverently, humbly, with the feeling that there is blessing and strength in the very shadow.

But I am forgetting grandma's story!—I return to it now.

"What's the name?"

"A Strange Note from a Strange Bird."

"How funny! What can it be! You are so fond of birds, grandma!"

"Yes, my darlings, their music is very sweet to me. When I was quite a young girl my father lived just out of Newport, 'on the island,' in the very midst of nature. The groves around the house resounded all day long with melody. It was like Paradise to me."

"Was this in the days of the Revolution, grandma?"

"Yes, my dear, and the town was filled with officers, and very gay and social; but my father was a staunch rebel, and hated the British with an intense enmity. He would have shot an English soldier as quick as he would a squirrel—so I have often heard him say; but I was greatly taken by the red coats, as were most of the young ladies, and felt my father's hostility as very unjust.

"There was Mary Cribbs, a sweet young friend of mine, living just in the heart of the town; her head was completely turned by the gallantry of the British officers, and one lieutenant so obstinately besieged her that her heart was in danger of yielding its affection, although her father was as bitter as mine in his hatred of the foe, and would have buried his daughter rather than marry her to a royalist.

"Mary met the officer at the house of an uncle who was a tory, and who kept open hospitality for the king's subjects; but when her father found it out, he quietly sent Mary to spend the summer with me—we were such cronies!

"I know she pined at first for the gaiety—'twas such a great change from the bustling, excited town to our country solitude—but at last she grew in love with the novelty. We roamed all day long amid beautiful haunts, or sat together in my pleasant 'eyrie' o'erlooking the surging ocean, so busy, at that time, with various craft. And we had wonderful confidences for each other which we would impart to 'nobody else in the wide world'—and great castles to build up for our future residence, so that the hours went quickly enough. The sweetest of all our simple pleasures was the enticing of birds into our window.

"A great elm, with branches to the very ground, and foliage clustering all up the trunk, brushed the house, and drooped its graceful boughs close before our faces as we sat dreaming or chatting in my cozy room. In this tree I had little wooden slabs nailed, whereon I scattered crumbs for my feathered friends, luring them frequently to the sill of my window, where they would fearlessly pick a generous meal, rewarding me with their sweetest warblings.

"Mary had a sort of superstition about birds, however, and if one came into the room and fluttered about until it fell wearily to the floor, she begged me so earnestly to put it out lest it die under the roof—which she believed 'a sure sign of evil'—that I invariably humored her whim, though with many a jest upon her folly. Still she insisted that birds were frequently the messengers of ill tidings, and brought forward so many incidents in support of her theory, that I made no attempt to refute it, but left her to her creed.

"A singular thing did happen in connection with Mary's notion about birds—during her visit to me too—and it almost made me a convert to her argument ; but I think I'd better not tell you, girls, it will foster a belief in the supernatural, and there is enough of that in everybody's nature to be striven against rather than nurtured."

"Oh, never mind, grandma, tell us, please,—we'll promise not to believe it."

"Well, perhaps it will do no harm. You're all old enough to be guided by reason and judgment rather than a foolish fancy."

"Mary and I had awaked with the sun, and, after a long chat, lay dozing lazily, not inclining to rise as early as usual, when 'tap, tap,' we heard a sound on the window-pane, at the foot of the bed. Mary was sitting up in a moment, her beautiful hair escaping from her night-cap, and a rosy flush upon her face, while her dark eyes flashed with excitement."

"'Do you see, Anna !' said she, pointing towards the window."

"I looked in the direction indicated, when a purple dove touched the glass once more, distinctly, with his beak, and flew away. We had scarcely time to remark upon the circumstance before a white dove came to the same point, and tapping like his mate, also flew away."

"'You may depend, Anna, there is sad news for *you* or *me*,' said Mary, confidently : 'I never knew it fail.'"

"I mocked at her fears, but was somewhat influenced by her persistent apprehension. The day lagged heavily to Mary, I could perceive, until the mail arrived, and then she came to me with her earnest face bedewed with tears, and her voice all broken with sobs."

"'I told you so, Anna ! Two little cousins died yesterday ; this was my warning ; these two messengers sent to tell me of a double grief. Poor auntie ! poor auntie !'"

"I reasoned with her as well as I could, that it was but natural my birds should come to my window for their daily food, when all my efforts were to domesticate them ; but to no purpose. She always associated the coming of the doves at that precise moment, and in that particular combination, with the decease of the two little relatives, and thenceforth nothing could shake her belief in omens. Poor child ! to see me take a young bird that had fallen from its nest to the ground, and put it in my bosom to warm it to life, came nigh setting her into fits."

"'If it should die there, Anna !'"

"Well, if it should ? and I nestled it closely until it gave a last

gasp, and then held out the limp thing before her eyes; but her fading color warned me never again to trifle even with a morbid feeling, and I thenceforth suffered her to keep her comforting notion without interference or remonstrance."

"You've forgotten the strange bird, grandma."

"No, I haven't, dearies, I'm coming to it in a minute."

"The summer was wearing away, and something or other made Mary uneasy to get home. But I was very lonely, for I had no sister, and my mother was sleeping her long sleep not far from the house, and I persuaded my friend, who, out of pity for my solitude, delayed her return to town from day to day. At last she determined to leave me on the morrow, and we were spending our last hours, for the season, together in my room. It was broad day, and the noon lay goldenly upon the old elm tree, and the bright flood poured through the leaves, and rolled in one rich stream through the window, bathing us in its warm glad tide."

"We had fed our birds, and strongly contested the rights of our separate favorites to the prize of beauty, when there was a sudden flutter amongst the branches, and there alighted in the greenness close to us, a brilliant scarlet thing. With an exclamation of delight, Mary thrust her head from the window and listened to the low, sweet twitter of the bird that gradually swelled into one earnest, voluptuous note; and, as my father's footsteps were heard pacing the gallery north of the house, died away, while the bird, with a flutter, parted the leaves and was gone."

"I had hung back, as was my wont at the approach of a strange songster, lest too abrupt a presence should affright him; then softly drawing near I would flatter the new guest, until he would come to make up his constant abode in the tree. This time I had scarcely a glimpse before the songster was gone. But Mary had caught the strange note, and in a sudden ecstasy was warbling it again and again with a perfect echo. She did not even heed me, as with a soft blush on her face she sat conning over the sweet strain, until I was sure she had it quite by heart. Then I ventured to ask—

"Pray, what do you call this strange bird, Mary?"

"There was an unwonted light in her eye as she answered."

"An *English robin*, dear Anna."

"Oh, now we know! now we know! 'twas one of the red-coats, grandma—but did he lure your friend Mary to his nest across the water?"

"Not so, my dears. There came an *American robin* shortly after, with his sweet, domestic song, and although the glitter upon his

breast was not quite so dazzling, his notes prevailed, and Mary flew away with him to a beautiful Massachusetts village, where as gentle a brood as ever beguiled the summer days soon sprang singing up around them."

"That's a good story, grandma."

"Yes, grandma always tells the best of all."

So chimed in, once more, the half dozen youthful voices, as the dear old lady of revolutionary times finished her evening's pleasant task.

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### LINES TO MY SISTER.

~~~~~  
BY MAGGIE.
~~~~~

Touch not for me one mournful note,  
It fills my heart too full of woe—  
But let the music softly float,  
And sing to me of long ago.

Of childhood's bright and halcyon days,  
With zephyrs soft, and cloudless sky,  
When nature's choir sung charming lays,  
And every sound was melody.

Ah, sister! thou may'st never know  
How those deep tones have touched my soul,  
Thou didst not mark the tear-drops flow,  
The tears my power could not control.

That music told of brighter hours,  
Of early years when I was blest,  
When all my paths were strewn with flowers,  
Which daily by my feet were pressed.

Long years rolled by—the scene was changed,  
And all that once was bright and fair,  
The meadow green, o'er which I ranged,  
Traces of sadness seemed to wear.

The hope that made the young heart brave,  
To bear the stormy blasts of life,  
That hope was gone, what hand could save  
My soul from sinking 'midst the strife?

What then was life? a dreary waste—  
No bright oasis met the eye,  
Earth had no charms—no sweets to taste,  
No blest retreat whither to fly.



But hopes of heaven were left behind,  
 And bright that star illumed my way :  
 A Saviour's voice was ever kind,  
 He whispered, " Come, I am the way."

Trembling I followed, and His hand  
 Thus far has led me gently on,  
 And now I fear not His command  
 Has bid each gloomy doubt begone.

But still the memory of those hours,  
 Will sometimes bring a bursting sigh ;  
 They passed away—life's morning flowers,  
 Whose perfume with them does not die ?

Then touch not more those pensive notes,  
 Which woke an echo in my heart,  
 But let the music softly float,  
 And bid each sadd'ning thought depart.

## A U T U M N .

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

THE Autumn is a picture,  
 With rarest fruit filled in ;  
 A hale and portly gentleman,  
 With brown and bristling chin.  
 A squire of jovial heartiness,  
 Above a smoking dinner,  
 Though all the poets christen him  
 A melancholy sinner.  
 O ! Autumn is a poem,  
 Thronged full of noble thought,  
 And autumn is a painter  
 By master Nature taught—  
 And autumn is a market-man  
 Who fills his empty basket,  
 And gives you fruit of every kind,  
 As often as you ask it:

I LONG not for the cherries on the tree,  
 So much as those which on a lip I see ;  
 And more affection bear I to the rose,  
 That on a cheek, than in a garden grows.



## LETTERS FROM A RECTORY AMONG THE HILLS.

~~~~~  
BY REV. E. B****.
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I was allowed but a short time for rambling about the streets of Paris, for my uncle had the old fashioned notion—"all play and no work, makes Jack a mere toy." A school was therefore soon selected to which I was sent as a day boarder. This was kept by an Englishman with a French wife, a Mr. B——; and was, I suppose, of some repute, as there were many English boys boarding there. There were, however, more French boys sent there to learn English, so that the latter language was mostly spoken; and it being found a poor place to learn French, I went there but one quarter.

The first day at recess for dinner, I was surrounded by a group of young Frenchmen, eager to see a live American. The first question was "Who bring you 'ere?" On inquiring their meaning, I discovered with much disdain, that to maintain a proper dignity, it was considered needful to have a liveried footman accompany a young gentleman through the streets. An Anglo-mania raging in that school, and fighting being thought an ingredient of the Saxon character, the next question referred to that. A big boy comes up—"I say, ef one hit you ear, what you do?" "I don't know," said I. "Il ne comprends pas," said some around. "Tenez," continues big boy, "I show," and slapping me in the face, "What you do then?" In answer he got a dig in the ribs which knocked the wind out of him, and sent him up against the wall. I expected now a regular fight, and was half frightened at my own temerity, for the boy was much larger than I; but it was all meant in perfect good humor, to know if I understood boxing, and the practical answer received seemed sufficient. "Bon, bon," was the universal cry, and I was teased no more. But the French of those days had very vague ideas of America; and there was a general dissatisfaction with my white skin, which they could not admit as national. My never having seen an alligator, though known to be constantly sunning themselves in the streets of New York; and a want of personal acquaintance with those great rivers so near New York, the "Meesisepe," and "O,e,o," also told strongly against my Americanism; and it having been found that my uncle was English, it was

finally settled that I must be of that nation, though they allowed I might have visited America.

I have but few recollections of the lessons in this school. I was put in a Latin and Greek class, but as I was required to translate into French, made little progress. In fact, the large English boys ruled the school; there was no order or discipline; they cared nothing for the French teachers, who wanted the physical and moral force to command respect. The principal could manage them, but his chief interest appeared to be in looking up new pupils, and getting pay for old ones, and he seldom made his appearance. As a sample of the order kept, one circumstance comes to mind. A certain teacher had a favorite way of punishing, by making a boy get down on his knees, and keeping him thus for a long time. The French boys submitted without a murmur; but the English declared they would not stand it: "they wasn't going to kneel for any ——— Frenchman." Soon after, one of the smallest boys in the class, but a regular John Bull, excited the ire of the master, who roared out, "a geuoux, monsieur, a geuoux!" Johnny shook his head and said nothing. "A geuoux," screamed he again, taking the boy by the shoulders and pushing. Down Johnny went, but not on his knees. Then began a regular tussle. The teacher lost all command of himself, and shoved, and pushed, and thrust, but all in vain. He got Johnny into every posture except the required one. On his knees no exertions of his could force the boy. Meanwhile, he received himself not a few bruises and scratches, for Johnny's heels flew about in a lively manner, nor were his hands quiet. At last two or three of the larger boys hearing the noise, came in, and one of them put an end to the scene by going up to the teacher and saying in very intelligible French, "I say, Monsieur, stop that, or I'll knock you down; you may flog him, if you want to, but you shan't make any English boy get on his knees to such a fellow as you are."

It was, as I said before, soon found that I learned little or nothing at this school, and I was removed to a quiet Pension, kept by a brother or cousin of a celebrated Protestant minister, with a German for a partner. This was a most excellent establishment. I boarded there, going home on Sunday, and passed a year very pleasantly, and I think profitably. My time was chiefly devoted to French and German, though Latin was not neglected. We used to take long walks in the suburbs of Paris; visited the picture galleries, and practiced gymnastics. The motto of the school was, "*mens sana, in corpore sano*"—a sound mind, in a sound body; a truth that deserves more attention in this country than it has received. Our

teachers made us love them ; and had the art of interesting us in our studies. I think I owe my first taste for literature to this school ; and that here I first began really to study. Few things would give me greater pleasure, than to meet again the kind German, who was my chief teacher. The boys were nearly all French, so that being obliged to speak it constantly, I acquired the language very rapidly : so much so, that I was often puzzled to know whether I was thinking in French or English ; and to this day, (as I dare say the printer has found out) my spelling is influenced thereby. We formed a very peaceful community ; there was little quarreling among us, and no fighting, and no incidents dwell in my mind worth recording. Perhaps an account of our fare may amuse some American boys, who go to boarding school and complain of plain living. For breakfast, we had each a large bowl of milk, either boiled or cold, at our choice, with as much good dry bread to break in it as we might wish, but no butter. Dinner was at twelve : first, soup made of vegetables, or else *maigrè* ; viz. : toast and water, with pepper and salt ; then one kind of meat, with potatoes and greens in their season ; occasionally pudding ; and what seemed to me strange, one tumbler full of claret and water. At four P. M., a great hunch of dry bread was served out to all who asked for it, to be eaten in the play ground ; and supper was breakfast over again, bread and milk, only this time the milk was invariably cold ; and in summer fruit, such as currants, cherries or grapes, were substituted, now and then, for the milk. How would you like that style of living, you American boys, who must have your coffee and meat, or eggs and fish, and butter and molasses, &c. &c., every morning, and ditto over again for supper ? But we were healthy and contented, had good appetites and enjoyed our meals. We very much over-feed our children in this country, not so much in the quantity, as in the variety of their food.

If you want to hear anything about an English school, you must have another letter ; and then I will finish these meagre reminiscences with a few remarks of a more serious nature, on the defects of our own system, and some general hints on the subject of education.

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Cultivate your heart aright as well as your farm ; and remember  
 “ whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap.”

## WHY I AM AN OLD MAID:

### OR, THE OLD MAID'S STORY.

BY MRS. MALINDA LEE.

"Yes, dear Ally, I'm an 'old maid.' Such the world calls me ; such I really am. Yet, the time was when I was a reckless young girl, with a score of admirers. Then I had not the *least* intention of being an old maid. Not I ! I fully intended to marry, but Fate determined it otherwise."

"Please, dear aunt, be so kind as to give me a brief history of your early life ; telling me how it happened that you *did* live to be an old maid after so resolutely determining *not* to. We are all alone by the cheerful fire ; and the rain, which is fastly falling, will prevent our being intruded upon. 'Tis just the time for a nice story."

The above conversation took place in the town of E——, in the neat little sitting-room of Miss Emma D., a maiden lady of fifty, between herself and Ally Ely, her niece, who was spending a few weeks with her aunt.

Ally was a pretty little beauty of sixteen, who was just acquiring a taste for love-stories, romance, and the sentimental. She being quite a favorite of her aunt's, felt sure of hearing the long coveted story she was teasing for. Now this story was sacred in the eyes of the ancient Miss, for to her 'twas the most sorrowful, and yet the happiest history of her existence. 'Twas a theme that would awaken emotions, both pleasant and sorrowful in her breast. Yet she was going to relate it for her niece's pleasure ! *perhaps* for her benefit.

"Well, my love, compose yourself ; and promise not to interrupt me by asking questions, and I will gratify you."

"I promise, dear aunt."

"At the time my story commences," the aunt began, "I was but ten years of age, and an only child. My parents were independent livers, but not rich. At this time the small-pox was raging in the small village of M——, where we resided. Among the many who were cut down by its ruthless hand were my father and mother. In one short week they sickened and died, and I was left an orphan. My remembrance of this sad calamity is very indistinct. I was young, and, as an uncle of mine took me away from my old home in

a few days to live with him, the loss I sustained by the death of my parents was soon almost forgotten in the novelty of my new abode. My uncle was rich, and I was surrounded by all the splendor and luxury that wealth could purchase. I had all that heart could wish at my command ; servants to do my bidding. But unaccustomed as I had been to high living, (my parents rather lived below than above their income,) all this did not cause me to feel proud or above those who were poor.

"At the age of thirteen I was sent to a first-class boarding-school ; there I was instructed in all the higher branches of knowledge and gentility, in accomplishments both useful and ornamental. I remained there until I was sixteen, at which time 'twas said my education was 'finished.' I was crowned with the laurels of a 'graduate.'

"Now, Ally, my dear, upon my arrival at my uncle's, that worthy gentleman did not find me to be one of your mimicking, smirking, sentimental young boarding-school misses of the present day. But he discovered in me what was not much better, (no worse,) a *finished coquette* ! From childhood I had ever maintained a love of flirting among my little male friends. Latterly this principle had become a leading one ; it had developed much faster than any other in my nature, and now predominated. I was called beautiful, but not proud nor haughty. No, rich and poor were alike my friends. Yet all admitted and said I was a flirt. This they said very complacently. Ah, I was a sad coquette of the first water. Nothing was so gratifying as to have a score of admirers following in my train. This was ever the case. And for each I had a pleasant smile and look of approbation. I was not partial ; I did not preserve my smiles for any one in particular. They were liberally diffused upon whosoever gave me the pleasure of suing for them ; willingly and promiscuously diffused. The reason of this is evident ; I *loved* no one. My heart was still my own. Indeed, I sometimes doubted the reality of 'love,' half believing it a fanatic delusion.

"The pure affections of my soul had never been called forth by a congenial spirit. I was unacquainted with the divine happiness that Love can yield, or of the hopeless sorrow it can inflict. But Destiny willed it not to be always thus. Alas ! no. I was soon to realize all the delightful bliss of the one, and the stinging remorse of the other.

"There was a stranger come into our immediate vicinity. He was a young man of twenty-five years, who, in consequence of too close application to study, was rather an invalid. He had sought

our rural village as a fit place to recruit his health, and, for a while, to divert his mental faculties from their wonted labor.

"Lawrence St. Clair was a young man whom to see, you would immediately like ; whom to become acquainted with, you would be sure to *honor* ; and to deal with, you would not hesitate to *trust*. He was a true gentleman, in every sense of the word ; one who would scorn to appear to be what *he was not*. Lawrence was just such a man as to call forth all the deep affections of a true woman's heart. He was tall, slenderly built, of a bold, upright form, fair complexion, with fine wavy hair, and eyes of mildest blue ; eyes that spake of a noble heart. Boarding, as he did, almost at our very door, he and I were not long to remain unacquainted.

"We met ; we loved ; and our hearts were soon plighted in trusting faith to each other. Oh, what sunshine, for awhile, followed our betrothal ! The pleasure I felt in being loved by my dear Lawrence was too deep for utterance. *He* loved me with all the warm overflowing of a true, honest, and noble heart. And *I*, in return, loved *him* with a vehemence utterly surprising to myself.

"Ah, Ally, how I adored that man ! Yet, by cruel words, in an unguarded moment, I lost his deep love forever,—That love which was more dear to me, than *LIFE* itself. Our engagement dated from the first of June, and the first of October following, our marriage was to take place.

"Although Lawrence possessed the whole of my heart's true affection, my passion for flirting with other men was as great as ever. This passion I gratified whenever opportunity afforded, little thinking of the poignant sorrow I was inflicting on the deeply sensitive heart of my forbearing affianced.

"Things went on in this way for awhile, when he took the liberty to gently chide me for my conduct ; telling me how it pained him. This was a surprise to me, I had never thought of its *annoying* him. *Still*, with this knowledge that it pained him so, I replied in a wilful, playful manner, and still kept up my flirtations. This grieved him exceedingly. I could read it in his loving eyes and wounded look. Heedless of this, I continued to laugh and chat, and flirt with each passing one, frequently taking the proffered arm of some eager gallant, and walking out alone to a favorite bower, where we would take a long *tete a tete*.

"Now, I did not do this because I had *any* regard for other than Lawrence, but because I was wild and gay, and delighted in the *fun* of flirting. I was soon to repent my folly. One evening—just succeeding a party, where I had played the coquette desperately—Law-



rence visited me. After a kind greeting, and a few pleasant remarks, he spoke of the party, and said he had a favor to ask of his 'dear Emma.' And he commenced in his mild way, and told how it grieved him to see '*his love*' so often in 'deep' conversation with other young men.

" 'I know,' said he, 'you will readily comply with, and forgive me for making this request, when I tell you, although I have striven hard to repress it, it greatly affects my present happiness—a happiness which would be complete, were it not you seem so fond of the company of other men. Oh, my beloved Emma! will you not gladden my heart by giving me the promise that you will flirt no more?—We are soon to be married you know.'

" 'No! Mr. St. Clare,' I replied, 'I promise no such thing. On the contrary, flirting is agreeable to me—highly so; and I *promise* you I intend flirting just when, where, and as *long* as I please, uncontrolled by any one.'

" These cruel words cut like a dagger. Never can I forget with what a disappointed, compassionate look, he gazed upon me.

" 'Emma,' he said, extending his hand, 'I cannot tell how unpleasant and unexpected to me, is the answer you have given. This evening I take the cars and start for the city where my parents live. In two weeks, Providence permitting, you will see me again. 'Till then I *must* bid you farewell. Think of me, dearest Emma, and may happiness be yours.'

" These words were uttered slowly, and in a trembling tone. They smote my heart with dumb remorse. Ere I could command words to reply, he had walked slowly away—had reached the gate. Oh, how I longed to run after him,—to bring him back and tell how sorrowful I felt, how gladly I would comply with his reasonable request. But, no; 'twas too late! he had gone—gone for two long weeks, and I was left in misery, until then unknown to my gay, reckless heart. What evil spirit had induced me to speak such unreasonable words, I could not tell. But they were *never* to be recalled.

" When I next saw Lawrence, he was a corpse. It was late when he reached the station; the train was just starting; he attempted to jump on board; but, owing to the excited state of his nerves, he failed—fell beneath the ponderous weight, and was crushed to pieces. I cannot relate the dead weight that fell upon my soul when the mournful tidings reached my ears. I thought I should go mad. He was dead, and I was his murderess. I had driven him to his death. But for my *unjust* reply to his *just* request, he would not have started for the city.

" A long sickness was the result of this unhappy event; for weeks



I seemed upon the very brink of eternity. But a change came ; I was convalescent ; I was well. I arose from my bed a changed person. I never cared to go into society again. What to me was the world, when the only one I ever did, or *could* love, was cold in death. Many sought my hand in marriage, but never obtained it : 'twas sacred to the departed.

"Years have passed since then, and the sweeping hand of Time has *partly* obliterated the great grief of my girlhood ; but much yet remains. My once blooming face is marred by many furrows. My dark hair is turning gray. I am an 'Old Maid.' Will remain one through life."

My gay young reader, learn a lesson from this narrative. Remember *all* old maids are not "cold-hearted creatures," and "objects of contempt." Many an one live and die single, as did Emma D—, because circumstances, beyond their control, prevent their union with the one they could esteem and love, and they, *true-hearted*, will wed none other.

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### THIS BODY.

BY F. I. BURGE SMITH.

Not like unto a whited sepulchre,  
All beautiful without, but foul within,  
Corrupt, and loathsome, full of dead men's bones!  
Not a fair marble structure, to be seen  
From the far distance with admiring eye,  
As the glad sunlight brings the diamond gleams,  
And the green ivy clasps it lovingly ;  
Yet when one draws anear to turn the lock,  
He shrinks from entering, through fear and dread  
Of ghastly visions of the shroud and worm!

Not like to these, oh God ! but make of me  
*A clean new tomb with Jesus laid therein*  
*Embalmed, and breathing ever sweetly out*  
*An odorous sanctity !* and seal the place  
With thine own seal, making it very sure,  
And set a watch about, lest any come  
By night, while I am sleeping, and so steal  
Away my Gracious Lord, leaving me sad  
And desolate in my great emptiness.  
Or, if men looking in, shall fail to find  
The Saviour's body, leave at least to me  
The blessed cerements, let his grave-clothes be  
Token that God has sometime been with me.  
Show them the angels sitting, and the cave  
Filled with a blissful, hallowed radiance,  
That they may say to others rapturously,  
"Come, see the sacred spot where Jesus lay !"

## A PICTURE OF RICHMOND, VA.

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BY AGUSTA.
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PLEASANT emotions crowd me,—as standing here upon the broad portico of our dear old Virginia's capitol, my delighted eye surveys the bright picture before me—and thought, assisted by the surroundings, reverts to the mighty fact. The declining sun sheds his golden effulgence over hill and dale, tree and shrub, as fashion's gay throng saunter with lingering step along the winding walks that thread the square, or lounge upon the shaded seats that here and there invite to rest. In the valley to the left, a merry fountain laughingly splashes beneath the caresses of a stray sunbeam ; and on the right, another softly echoes its gentle murmuring near the feet of "Great Harry of the West." On the broad avenue that leads to the Governor's mansion, the beautiful monument erected by Virginia's grateful sons to the Father of their country, crowns the brow of the hill. There is his noble form, mounted on a warlike charger, that with eager impatience seems dashing to the martial field, whilst with calm dignity and conscious power, his master curbs his impetuosity, and with serene authority issues orders to his officers. Here we behold him—our country's *Commander-in-Chief*!—just as he has often appeared to our childhood's fancy, when, in tracing his career on the page of history, our young hearts would fire up with enthusiasm at the account of his glorious achievements, and dignified goodness and wisdom. Beneath him, Jefferson stands in thoughtful attitude, pen in hand, as if meditating the verbage of the Declaration of Independence, or framing important items of the Constitution ; and on the next pedestal is a beautiful statue of George Mason, one of the ablest of the early statesmen of our commonwealth—whose free, independent attitude, and frank, expressive countenance, thrill our hearts with admiration. On his right, last, but not least, our eloquent Henry, with arm upraised, and features illumined with the fire of his national ardor, urges his countrymen to the assertion and defense of their rights ; and as we gaze upon his all but *living* face, we wait to catch from his parted lips the clarion call to the standard of Independence—"Give me liberty—or give me death !"—and turning to the east, we catch a glimpse of the white spire of St. John's

in the distance, whose venerated walls reverberated the sound of that talismanic voice.

Just below, in the foreground of this wide-spread picture, arise the pure white walls of our new Custom-House, a handsome and imposing edifice ; and to the right, on the descent of the hill, stands the fine new building of the Mechanics' Institute, containing the rooms of the Historical Library, in which are the portraits of many noble, many great, whose illustrious deeds have made their names familiar to us as household words. On the corner above, St. Paul's, admired for its elegant simplicity, sends its lofty spire heavenward,—and in an opposite direction, the richly-painted windows of the First Presbyterian Church, flash in the sunlight. To its right, the round old dome and massive pillars of the City Hall may be seen ; while away to the south, as far as the eye can reach, spreads out a lovely landscape, bound in by the rich old woods of Chesterfield, skirting the horizon. The manufacturing town of Manchester, presenting a very rural and picturesque appearance from this point of view, forms the principal feature in the picture,—while to the extreme left, the majestic James, bearing up upon its now placid bosom a little forest of mast heads, smoothly glides along, as if folding its arms in repose, after its vigorous conflicts in the rocky bed of the Rapids,—whose angry roaring, wafted to our charmed ear by the soft summer breeze, and mellowed and softened by the distance, has often been the musical lullaby to which we grown-up children have, in the still hour of night, delightedly closed our sleepy lids. There is a very lovely view of this river from the summit of Gamble's Hill—one of the seven eminences which give to our metropolis the name of "Modern Rome." The bridges that span the foaming waters—the emerald isles rejoicing in their spring verdure ; serenely smiling in the midst of the raging tumult that would seem to threaten destruction, thus reminding us of the Christian, who, planted on the Rock of Ages, stands unmoved, serene, amidst the swelling torrent of worldliness and wickedness, that rushes past and around him, but cannot bear him away upon its current ;—the surrounding scenery of woods, and rocks, and hills, and sky,—the Armory in the foreground—and the white buildings of the Penitentiary, within whose prison walls Aaron Burr held his court, whilst standing trial at his country's bar for high treason—standing out in bold relief against the western sky—comprises all, from that point, a picture which must be seen to be appreciated.

E'en as we gaze, the scene changes. The brilliant orb of light sinks gloriously to his couch of gold and purple. The twilight mist

steals with melting influence over hill and dale—and away up there in the blue expanse, the evening star awakes within our hearts a new strain of joy and thanksgiving. In the words of the poet—Wordsworth, I think—

“Night throws her sable mantle o’er the earth,  
And pins it with a star!”

Truly, if God’s footstool so awakes our admiration, how beautiful beyond conception must be his throne! And how should it increase our enjoyment of these beauties—the remaining traces of the heavenly that existed before “sin came into the world, and with sin, death,”—to remember amid it all, that these and all other blessings are secured to us by the mediation of Christ Jesus our Saviour! To whom be the glory, forever!

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BRIGHT MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

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BY ANDREW DOWNING.
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How grateful to the man of age  
Doth come—as o’er life’s smitten page  
His eye is backward cast  
On days of sunshine, and of blast—  
Of smiling peace, and tempest’s rage—  
Bright mem’ries of the Past.

He looks with steady, beaming gaze,  
Upon Youth’s long-departed days—  
Days far too bright to last—  
Days when fair Pleasure held him fast,  
Contented in her flow’ry ways,—  
Lov’d mem’ry of the Past!

Now as he views with kindling eye  
His early manhood passing by—  
Ah see! he smiles at last;  
A maiden’s glances bind him fast  
In love’s soft, silken tie,—  
Sweet mem’ry of the Past!

Bright years of peace and pleasure pass;  
Age meets his view; and soon—alas!  
His sky is all o’ercast;  
Then come—to cheer his soul, as fast  
Fall the last life sands thro’ the glass—  
Bright mem’ries of the Past.

## IN THE BYWAYS.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

PEOPLE, whose business or sympathies lead them along the crowded byways of a city, see many sights that sadden and sicken them. Not the least terrible among these is the oppression of the rich, and the sullen, hand to hand fight of the poor, for means to get their daily bread. They meet with children, beautiful, delicate children, often with faces in which the spiritual looks out as from an inward heaven of purity, carried about in the heat and dust of the crowded street where the vicious congregate—amidst the homes where is heard the ribald jest and the oaths of coarse profanity. They see boys, whose brows bear the impress of mind, degraded to almost brutal callings, and abandoned to all the worst impulses of their own and kindred natures. Here in this crowded room, while the whisky bottle passes freely from hand to hand, and voices jest and curse only in softer measure, lays a sweet babe almost in its death throes. It has known but rude nursing, as one might judge from the appearance of the mother who sits in stubborn silence by its side, and defiantly waits for death. Think of the last sobbing breath being drawn in such a place and among such a crew as that! And yet, such scenes occur daily, while a pitying God looks down.

See at the window of another room sits a bloated beldame. Fold after fold of a thick shawl envelopes her neck to keep the heat out. Her cheeks are purple and swelled almost out of semblance of humanity. Her eyes are bleared, her lips hanging and sensual, her whole appearance disgusting in the extreme. But if you will look closely you will observe through the thick window-pane, a light and even beautiful figure. It flits from point to point, now making display of snowy shoulders, now of a face exceeding sweet. The garments look rich as she seems to throw over her neck a gauzy mantle. Some one is assisting her—and now she is ready for the promenade. Down those black and creaking steps she comes; down the dark narrow alley in which the paving-stones seem playing hide and seek. How lightly she trips, her face beaming with smiles. Who will think when she walks, perhaps on the avenue where fashion flaunts, attracting many a gaze by the sweet beauty of her face, that the butterfly emerged from such a shell? Very few—for her garments are

costly. Alas ! by my side a voice utters the words—"Pity her, for she is lost !"

O ! sad to learn that a mother can sell her child unto dishonor—that a child is willing to be sold into such bonds as make the most abandoned tremble—sad that she is forced to wear the chains of those dark and fallen beings who know what it means when they hear that a soul is lost.

At the next window the blind is half shut, and a curtain waves fitfully. Behind that curtain sits a ghastly image, on which in unmistakable characters is stamped the seal of the destroyer. Poor, wan creature, with white face and glassy eyes, gasping in the hot, polluted air reeking with the breath of disease and the filth of the gutter, heaven have mercy upon you—upon the weary wife and mother who ever and anon flies from her steaming wash-tub to see if you are yet breathing—upon the sickly children who are so soon to gather round an unpainted coffin and see it borne to the city-lot, for the poor have no name.

Many and many a life-story could we tell, woven in those old rooms, of which few take thought. It may be, as many say, that they who are accustomed to squallor and suffering take less to heart the calamities that fall upon them—feel less acutely the thorns in the way of life ; but could you hear the history of these children of sorrow, you would listen with a feeling of deeper sympathy for these, the common brother and sisterhood, and wonder that one could be found to take up the defiant question of Cain—"Am I my brother's keeper ?"

Look not with loathing, then, upon these representatives of suffering. Do not pass them by with the haughty step or the cold sneer. Much anguish has invested them, common as they may be in all their tastes and desires, with a sacredness that claims our sympathy and even our love. If Christ were here, He would not pity them at a distance, but go among them doing good. He has said, "Go ye and do likewise."

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It is wise, I suppose, that we should attach ourselves to things which are transient ; else it seems to be a perilous trust when a man ties his hopes to so frail a thing as woman. They are so gentle, so affectionate, so true in sorrow, so untried and untiring ; but the leaf withers not sooner, the tropic light fades no more abruptly into darkness.—*Barry Cornwall.*



## Editor's Miscellany.

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SEPTEMBER.—The very word is suggestive of a good time coming, when our scattered ones shall be once more gathered 'neath the old family roof-tree, to tell the tale of their summer rambles. All through the hot months is there a yearning in our souls for the reunion that shall make of our sojourning place something like a *home*. We cannot bear this annual breaking up of the domestic circle, and going out to seek for separate joys, which should cluster in their fullness around the sacred home hearthstone. Such unrest, such disquiet as possesses some of the spirits of this our day and generation! One must believe that even in paradise these would scarcely be content without some fashionable resort beyond the hallowed limits.

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"Few bring back at eve  
Immaculate, the manners of the morn;  
Something we thought, is blotted,—we resolved,  
Is shaken,—we renounced, returns again."

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"MASSA, got any stamping billups?" asked an old darky, who was sent to the village Post Office for letter stamps.

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ANOTHER.—At a Norfolk stationer's. Enter old negress. "Massa G., how you do?" G.—"Pretty well, aunty, how you do?" "Well, massa, has you got any dem *wollusses* dat you puts inside letters?" "No, aunty, but we have some envelopes that we put letters inside of." "Dat's it, massa G., 'zactly. Missus send down ole darky nigger for 'em las week, but he didn't have sense nuf for to ask for 'em."

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### BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENTS.

"Fruits are God's bounty, flowers are His smiles."

"This life is only part of a sentence broken by death to be finished in eternity."

"The life of Nature begins in self and ends in self. The life of Faith begins in God and ends with God."

"God has not ensnared us in life and filmed the air with webs which catch our wings, and given us helplessly to be devoured by temptation. We have a reserved power, we have a personal will, we have a victorious ability which by the grace of God will give us victory over every temptation, so that the triple alliance, the world, the flesh, and the devil, shall not have dominion over us unless we choose to be in subjection to them."

H. W. BEECHER.

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### A SEA-SIDE VISION.

At Rockaway,  
The other day,  
There went into the seething spray  
A maiden fair.  
Her feet were bare;  
A kerchief bound her auburn hair,  
Above which sat  
An old straw hat.  
One leg was cased in blue,  
The other of the two  
In fabric of a greenish hue.



Upon her back  
 Rested an old gray sack,  
 Faded, it may be, from a former black,  
 Whatever impression she may have  
 Made upon the denizens of the *sea*,  
 This wondrous effort will show to my gentle readers the singular  
 effect the vision had on me.—POETREE.

**CURE FOR THE BITE OF A SNAKE.**—Take a bottle of turpentine, and hold the mouth of the bottle directly over the bitten place, until you obtain relief, which is sometimes in fifteen minutes.

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## Family Receipts.

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A VERY graceful practice at breakfast, and one especially agreeable in the heat of a summer morning, is thus described by Mrs. S. C. Hall, as characteristic of Miss Edgworth:—"I thought myself particularly good to be up and about at half past seven o'clock in the morning; but early as it was, Miss Edgworth had preceded me, and a table heaped with early roses, upon which the dew was still moist, and a pair of gloves too small for any hands but her's, told who was the early florist. There was a rose, or a little bouquet of her arranging, always by each plate on the breakfast table, and if she saw my bouquet faded, she was sure to tap at my door with a fresh one before dinner. And this from Maria Edgworth—then between seventy and eighty—to me! These small attentions enter the heart and remain there."

**CAFÉ AU LAIT** is made by nearly filling a cup with boiled milk, sweetening to the taste, and flavoring with coffee.

**CORN CAKES.**—Three teacups corn-meal, one teacup wheat flour, two teacups milk, one teacup of cream, or a little butter; one egg, one teaspoon salt. Bake in small pans with a brisk heat.

**WELSH MODE OF SERVING BEEFSTEAK.**—Broil it over a quick fire, take it up on a platter, and butter it well. Then slice onions over it; after which, cut them up fine on the meat. The onions impart their flavor to the beef, but are not eaten with it. It is important to cut them *on the steak*, otherwise this flavor is lost.

**SCOLLOPED OYSTERS**—Roll crackers very fine, and cover the bottom of a baking-dish, previously buttered, with them. Spread a layer of oysters over these crumbs; pepper and salt them, and drop on bits of butter; cover with a layer of crumbs, and thus alternate the layers until your dish is full, having the crumbs cover the top. Place it then in a hot oven, that the top may brown nicely; bake about twenty minutes. No liquid is put in this dish, not even the liquor of the oysters, as the butter moistens it sufficiently. A quart of oysters will make a nice dish.

**SIELETT CAKES** were cakes of dough sweetened and flavored with caraway seed, which were made in some parts of Great Britain and sent as presents after wheat sowing time, by farmer's wives, to their several friends and relatives.

**NELLY CAKE.**—Four cups of flour, two of sugar, one of butter, one of cream, three eggs, a nutmeg, and half a teaspoonful of salaratus.

## Juvenile Department.

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PAPA was making impromptu rhymes concerning debtors and creditors, in the presence of his little daughter, eight years old, whereupon the child instantly gave him the following:

"The men that owe me, I shall nevermore see;  
But the men that I owe will come soon I know."

"Be good boy, Carla, be good boy," said a little fellow, of twenty months old, to his refractory brother. "Oh, you dunce!" pettishly answered Charlie. With a straightening of his little frame and a flash from his bright eyes, baby immediately retorted, "I no dunce, Carla, oo dunce."

HATTIE was commenting upon a pale faced lady who occupied a seat near her in church. "I should be afraid to meet her in a grave-yard, aunty," said she, "she looks so corpeous." "What do you mean by corpeous?" asked her aunt. "Why, like a corpse," returned the child, who is seldom at fault in her ideas of things, however out of the way her expressions may be.

LITTLE readers, shall I tell you a story? This magazine must have something for you as well as for your mothers and sisters, and I promise you now and then a little bit of a story that you can call yours. And you may think of her who writes it as "Aunt Fanny," if you please. Will you?

### ANNIE BLAKE'S MISTAKE.

Annie Blake couldn't spell *Gingham*, although she had on a gingham frock, with pretty blue and white plaids, when she stood up for her lesson. Can you spell it? She said, "G i eng—Ging a m am—Gingham." Do you wonder that the boys and girls all laughed at her for saying eng? What sort of a letter is that? She was a very bright little girl, but she had not learned to pay attention to what she studied, and would look over her list of words once, and then say, "I know it." When the children laughed at her for her foolish error, she hid her face behind her white apron and began to cry. Then the teacher called her up to her desk, and taking from it a small slate bound with red, she said, "Annie, dear, if I give you this to write your words upon, I think you will be able to spell almost anything in a year, that is the best way to remember a lesson. Write it, dear." Since then Annie is very diligent with her slate, and can spell harder words than gingham.

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## Literary Notices.

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WE announced in a former number "Rutledge," as written by Miss Evans. In so doing we simply followed the lead of our cotemporaries. It is now said to be an error, and the work is attributed to a daughter of Mr. Robert B. Minturn, of New York.

D. Appleton & Co., advertise

"A RUN THROUGH EUROPE," as a pleasant and lively description of things seen and

heard in the Old World. To such as have no other means of gratifying a desire for the knowledge of other countries, this book will present a profitable substitute.

"WHAT MAY BE SECURED FROM A TREE," is another recent publication by this enterprising house. It is written by Harland Coultas. We have not read it, but the title is attractive.

Miss Young is before us again in

"HOPES AND FEARS." We welcome her.

"THE EBONY IDOL." A novel, by a New England lady. D. Appleton & Co.

WE commend to our young readers "Uncle Jack the Fault Killer." They will find in it a new method for curing their errors.

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## Pulpit Gleanings.

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"WHEN the time comes for the bird of passage to begin its journey, you cannot entice it to stay. It is uncomfortable—unhappy, however much you may caress and feed it, until you set it free to migrate to those sunny lands where no winter sheds her snows, or strips the trees, or binds the dancing streams."

REV. MR. THEALL.

"ONE of the delicacies in this world is that when two souls come together, and unite with each other, no one has a right to meddle with them, to know their most blessed intercourse, or to interrupt their thoughts to each other. They are to be let alone. And when a soul goes up in the enthusiasm of its affianced love to unite itself to Jesus Christ, shall not its trust be respected? Shall anything separate it from Him? No, nothing."

"NOBODY is without his equivalents. If a man is very impulsive, he says, 'Oh if I could be as cool as that man is!' The equator is always talking about icebergs, and icebergs are always talking about the equator. If a man is very phlegmatic, he says, 'It takes me longer to get agoing than it does my neighbor to get through. I wish that I were quick.' The other says, 'I am like powder and I go off like powder. I wish I was cold like this man.' Nobody, I say, is without his equivalents. If you are phlegmatic, you have disadvantages which an impulsive man has not; but you have advantages also which he has not. You have your platform and he has his; and you are not to stand looking, and coveting each other's peculiarities. You are to accept your nature such as it is, and study how you can carry it in such a way as to glorify God and serve your fellow men."

H. W. BEECHER.

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## TO CONTRIBUTORS.

ACCEPTED—"Lines to my Sister," "Meditation," "Life Pictures," "Friendship," & "A Lesson from Life."

DECLINED—"Bring Flowers," "Going to Church," "A Contrast," "Scribblers," "The Pic-nic," "About the Angels," "To an Early Friend," "Summer Days," "The Fairy Land."

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*Rose Bay.*



*The Marys at the tomb of Christ*

*engraved by J. West*







EARLY AUTUMN.



## THE LITTLE RED COTTAGE.

~~~~~  
BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.
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"So we're going into the little old red house agen," said Mrs. Simms, thoughtfully. "Well, I'm glad on't. When we lived there, Seth's face wasn't all wrinkled up as it is now, and he was a social, companionable man. He didn't use to get up in the middle of the night and walk the floor till morning. He didn't use to sit and stare at nothing, and jump almost out of his skin if a body spoke to him. He didn't use to talk of stocks and read of railroads, and dream of business, business, business. No indeed! Seth was a happy man there, and I a happy woman. I did my own work, and was more independent than a queen. I didn't have to whisper if the kitchen door was open, nor hint about things costing so much if I saw three pounds of butter in the frying-pan. I wasn't obliged to get up great dinners whether I wanted them or not, for fear of looking shabby if I didn't; I wasn't obliged to dawdle round, knitting needles in hand, when I longed to go right into a wash-tub. I wasn't obliged to put on a dinner dress and sit up prim for callers.

"Then Jenny Dawes, my next door neighbor, (she lives there still, God bless her,) would come in after a hard morning's work, with her white apron on, and her baby in her arms, and sit down and spend a good long afternoon—and we'd compare babies, and get into all the sunshine we could find, and praise our husbands, and plan little economies, and have such good times! Tim Dawes would come to tea, (poor Tim—Jenny's a widow now,) and both the men would talk and laugh as free from care as black birds, telling what they were going to do by-and-bye. They would be sure to be rich—that as a matter of course. Well—here's the end of it—my husband has made his money and lost it again—and Tim Dawes *has gained the kingdom of heaven.*

"That old red house—I can see it now—the two dear little garden plots in front, and the meadow at the side. I can see the wee barn that husband built with his years's savings—just large enough for the pet cow that was as red as the house, and where our wonderful hens and chickens were sheltered. And then—there's a story of struggle and triumph connected with that barn—I'll tell it here if you've a mind to listen.

"My Maggie was a darling girl. She really was handsome—not speaking as a mother, but as everybody spoke. The prettiest creature at six year old—you can't think what a fairy she looked! Her hair curled—her eyes were blue—that deep, hearty blue that wears a life time, and her cheeks were dimpled and always a beautiful red when she was well.

" 'You must look out for your darter,' said the old woman—'she's going to be powerful pretty, and if she's vain it'll spile her.'

"But it didn't spile her, for I don't think Maggie ever really cared that she was better looking than common. I'm sure it didn't lead her to fuss over herself and spend all her thoughts on dress as it does some girls. No indeed—that wa'n't my Maggie. The minnit she came from school, it was, 'Mother, ar'n't you tired? what shall I do?' And when she grew older she took the heft of the work right off my shoulders—such a cheerful, merry way she had of doing it, too. I never thanked God so heartily as when I'd hear her light step—she made uncommon little noise about the house—or her pretty lythesome laugh that somehow sunk sweet and warm clear to the depths of a body's heart. Well, it went on this way till Maggie was seventeen. She hadn't given none of the young farmers encouragement—it seemed rather odd, too, for there were several as likely fellows as one would wish to see in Blythesome hollow, as we called the little village.

"One day, however, Maggie was invited to Squire Western's house to a party. Squire Western was the heavy man of the village, as husband used to call him, though he was a spare man, full tall, and couldn't a hefted much. But anyway, the Squire was a nice man, not a bit proud, though he lived in considerable more style than his neighbors. His daughter Mary give the party. She was a girl I never could like, for she certainly did put on the greatest airs I ever saw, and I think she was both proud and vain. However, Mary Western said Maggie must go, and as the child seemed to have her heart set upon it, I got her father to give me some money, and made her look as pretty as a picture.

"I never shall forget how my heart swelled as I looked at her that night. I was the vain one then, and the Lord was about to punish me. Yes, I had been vain all along, of my good girl—and it pains me to think how I used to compare her with other girls, and my soul would be lifted up with pride.

"Well, Maggie went to the party, and father and I sat up for her till father got sleepy and went to bed. I knew that Squire Western would see that somebody came home with Maggie, and I thought to

myself that it would be young George himself, the Squire's son. Then I set myself to thinking, what if such or such a thing should be? Somehow I fancied then that George had a liking for Maggie, for he would take pains to come round our way from meeting, and there were a number of little things, manœuvring and meeting, that seemed to tell which way the wind blew. Just as I was walking through the handsome parlors of George and Maggie's house—for I had them nicely married, you see—I heard voices. It was a warm night, and my room door was open. Of course that's George, thought I, and his voice sounds wonderful affectionate. Well, I waited—they seemed to stand out there the longest time—and by 'm by Maggie come in. I stirred the fire, what little there was, and trimmed the lamp, while Maggie was taking off her hood.

"'What made you sit up, mother?' asked Maggie—'you could have left the door unlatched.'"

"'O! I thought I might as well,' I answered, turning round to look at her. There was a change in her face. How it was I never could account for, but I saw an alteration in Maggie that very moment, and somehow it didn't please me—I felt sort o' cold over it. However, I choked down the words that wanted to come, and says I, 'Did you have a good time, daughter?'

"'O! splendid!' she said, softly—and said again—'a splendid time,' in a sort of dreamy way—her eyes fixed upon the fire.

"'George come home with you, didn't he?' I asked.

"'George who?' she cried out, quickly, with a flush that I didn't altogether like.

"'Why, George Western, of course,' I gave reply.

"'George Western!' she said, in a harsh way, curling her lip—'no indeed.'

"'Who did then, daughter?' I asked.

"'Why,'—she sort o' flushed again and hesitated—'a young man from New York State,' she said—'a stranger here, only to the Westerns.'

"'I'd hardly thought you'd let a stranger come home with you,' I couldn't help saying. 'Tisn't like you, Maggie.'

"'O! mother—he was so—he was such a gentleman!' she cried, in an eager way, and the flush grew deeper and deeper. 'There isn't any like him here, I assure you, mother. You'd say so if you were to see him.'

"'Maybe if I did, it wouldn't be a compliment,' I made answer.

"'O! mother,'—and Maggie's eyes were full of tears. I didn't know why, but that made me have hard feelings towards the stranger.

and I said—'we don't know anything about persons that haven't lived here, and it's best to be always careful, Maggie. You'll find that out before you're as old as I am, child.'

"'O! I hope,' she said, quickly,—'I shan't find—that is—that he,'—and there she stopped short, confused enough.

"'I guess you'd better go right to bed,' I said, in a cold voice—for I felt cold, inwardly cold that is.

"I was still raking up the fire, and heard her making her little preparations to go up stairs. Presently she stood beside me—she was the meekest thing in the world, Maggie was, with me. As I lifted myself she said—'Good night, dear mother,' and bent for a kiss. To save my life I couldn't help catching her and holding her to my heart, while I said—'God bless you, mother's darling, and lead you in the right way.'

"The next day she was almost the same cheerful Maggie. She didn't say anything about the party till near afternoon. Then she began to laugh and talk about it, telling particularly how often George Western wanted to play forfeits with her, and how he manoeuvred to try and come home with her—but was outwitted so cleverly.

"'By the one who did come, I expect,' says I.

"'Yes,' and her cheeks grew red in a second. Presently she turned half away.

"'What was his name?' I asked.

"'O! George something Walsingham,' she believed—she had almost forgotten.

"At that moment her eye lighted up, and she went to the window. There was Mary Western coming toward the house, dressed in a silk that had all the colors of the rainbow. I felt a little provoked, for I knew that Maggie had never had a special liking for Mary, and now she seemed half crazy to see her. The girl came in and took a seat in her lofty way, jest bowed to me and began to talk with Maggie.

"'I've got lots of nice tells for you,' she said, after a while, 'and from somebody who is somebody too.' At that Maggie's eyes began to sparkle, and she pretended to be very busy.

"'Somebody said that in all New York State there wasn't your equal for a pretty face,' she continued, half laughing.

"'I should call that flattery,' said I, indignantly.

"'O! no, he was too much of a gentleman to flatter,' Mary said, in a supercilious way, looking over me, and as she rose to go, she whispered to Maggie—'Come, go to the door with me, I've got something to tell you.'



"Maggie let her work fall and hurried outside. I could hear low murmurs and little fluttering laughs. I had hoped Maggie would tell me what the conference was, for I thought it would look prying like to ask her, and I would not force her confidence—but when she came in she said nothing, only looked sort o' lifted up. Well, I hoped for the best, but there was a dead weight at my heart.

"I saw the stranger on the next Sabbath, and I could hardly wonder at the child, seeing she was so young, for being taken with him. He was very handsome—a startling, striking kind of beauty he had—his eyes were black as jet, large, wide-looking eyes—but, dear me, I'd as lief have looked at a snake. He was dark, but elegant every way—in form—in feature, and in dress. I knew it was no use to be harsh, or tell my suspicions to Maggie—that would only make things worse—but I did tell husband, and it sot him to thinking. He just said he'd make enquiries, and find out whether he was anybody and who he was. I felt safer then, for I knew jest what an energetic man my husband was, and that if there was anything wrong he'd ferret it out.

"Meantime the young man, George Walsingham, had got coming to the house, and the more I see him the less I liked him. It wasn't because he came after Maggie—I should have felt perfectly easy if it had been George Western, but there was something evil in that man's eye—I knew it—I felt it, but 'twas no use trying to tell Maggie, for she loved him. We did try to make of him for hersake till we heard a black rumor. Husband believed it, and began to grow cold toward the young man. I believed it, and told *her* so; she only said nothing, but her lips were set and her eye glittered. Once she exclaimed—

"'Mother, if the whole world was against George I'd be for him and love him—all the more.'

"'But, Maggie, suppose he should be a wicked, sinful young man, breaking the laws of his country,' I said.

"She only sobbed at that as though her life would go out with her grief.

"The rumor grew stronger, and father he forbid George the house. Maggie grew pale but kept very quiet. She looked heart-broken sometimes—and then I longed to find that the rumor wasn't true.

"One morning, shall I ever forget it? I unlocked the back door to go out and milk, (I was always the first one up,) when no sooner had I pulled the door open than Maggie fell into my arms, white as a ghost, and jest gasping like a dying person. I don't know what I did and said—I only knew I had seen her go to her bed the night



before—and here she was. Poor pale thing—as I laid her, wondering, on the lounge, she only clasped her hands and sobbed out—

“‘I have conquered! I have conquered, but oh! I cannot live!’

And she had been all night in that barn. Yes, she had swung herself out of the window to run off with him—to leave home and parents for him. But the Lord would not let her, blessed be His name! She was struck with remorse and hurried into the barn half crazed. But she prayed, thank God, and that saved her. It was a struggle—for she heard him come—heard all the signals—knew that he watched there—heard his retreating footsteps long after. ‘O! what kept me—mother?’ she has often cried since, and I can only say—‘The blessed God, my child.’”

“Ah! nobody but she and heaven knows what that struggle was—but she conquered, and the next day we had overwhelming proof that the man was a villain.

“Well—the long and short of the story is that years after, Maggie got over her disappointment, and married George Western, a fine fellow and so unlike his sister.

“But the dear little old red house! How fortunate that we never sold it! I shall be so glad to see it’s bit of a kitchen full of windows, and it’s narrow, home-like entry, that never could be called a hall. I’m tired of these great rooms. I’m tired of having all these carpets to clean every summer, curtains washed, ceilings painted. A great house is a great care—it don’t pay. A little house is but little care, and can be kept as neat as a bandbox. I’m so glad! As to Seth, I’ll talk to him till I bring tears in his eyes, see if I don’t. I’ll picture the first year we went there, when we were as light-hearted as two birds. I’ll tell of the pretty little chamber where Nellie was born and where she died, dear darling! I’ll go into raptures over that neat front parlor where Maggie was married, and I’ll think up all the good old times we’ve had. I’ll ask him, if we’ve ever been as happy since. I’m certain he’ll say no! And if there’s a tear in his eye, I’ll kiss it away and throw my arms about his neck, and tell him how I long for those sweet hours when we could sit and read together without dread that a mortgage would come due before he was ready for it. O! I am very sure that he will come to think of it as I do—for my part, as to fashionable living, I’m glad to leave the whole concern—and if my cap wasn’t a new one I’d toss it up with three cheers for the little red cottage.

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ENJOY your life without comparing it with that of another.

## "I WILL NOT LEAVE THEE COMFORTLESS."

BY IRENE.

Not comfortless, though bowed and broken down  
 By earthly conflicts; though bereft and lone  
 And smitten sore with many a mortal ill;  
 He "will not leave thee," He "will come again"  
 To lift thee up and make thee whole and strong  
 With His great power and healing. Stretch thine hand  
 To reach the hem of Jesus' garments, see!  
 What virtue issues at the very touch!  
 Sit not in solitude, with spirit shut  
 To all God's blest compassions: say not thou  
 "I have no joy, no glad companionship,  
 No peace, in this dull earthly pilgrimage."  
 Open thy soul—thy Saviour stands without  
 Knocking, and waiting,—He will enter in  
 To sup with thee as friend sits down with friend  
 In sweet communion,—He will give thee peace;—  
 Not as the world doth give, a fleeting thing  
 That cometh as the sunlight, and anon  
 Is shrouded by a dark and heavy cloud;  
 But peace that spreadeth over all thy heavens  
 In one unbroken, glad serenity—  
 Such peace as angels feel, who dwell with God,  
 And bask them in the glory of His love.

## THE LAST CENT.

[A Painting.]

BY WINNIE WIZMAN.

Heavy and sad, on a wayside stone,  
 A poor old man is sitting alone,  
 A copper coin in his shriveled hand  
 His only wealth in a weary land.  
 His fingers clutch at his thin gray hair,  
 And his soul looks out from his eyes in despair,  
 As he dreams of his last remaining cent,  
 And the lack of bread when this shall be spent.

\* \* \* \* \*

How long, oh ye poor senseless children of earth,  
 Will ye sit down to mourn in your sorrow and dearth,  
 Ere ye learn that a Being of power and love,  
 Regardeth your wants from His heaven above;  
 That He who the cry of the ravens doth heed,  
 In His bounty transcendeth your uttermost need?

## THE CHILD ANGEL.

~~~~~  
BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.
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"WINTERY winds are so dreary, so homeless—when will this storm cease? I wish winter over!" and the beautiful Ida Tracy stamped her foot impatiently: "Thus my plans are always frustrated, and my company kept away by storm or some disagreeable thing."

Then there came a light foot-fall over the carpet, and a dimpled hand was laid on Ida's jewelled fingers, and a voice sweet and low as the wind-harp's whisper, said—

"I will comfort you, auntie; you are not happy to-night."

"*Auntie!* do call me *Ida*. I told you yesterday—but you are so stupidly forgetful."

The little shadowy form sat down at her feet, and her blue eyes filled with tears, so silent, so sad, just as good spirits shrink back from their ministry when repulsed by sinful hearts. Oh, the touch of a child's velvety hand, will it not lead us through gardens of spring flowers, as we travel down life's dark everglade! To me there is something inexpressibly beautiful in the clasp of the soft hands of earth's little ones. But Ida was annoyed, and as another and a louder blast of the storm beat against the shutters, the little white arms went around her neck, and she heard the words spoken softly in her ear—

"Did you not tell a lady the other day, that it was a fearful night of storm, perhaps like this one, that my sweet mother died?"

Ah; she had whispered, "peace! be still!" to the passion-waves of the proud lady's heart, and they grew noiseless within, and her thoughts went back to the death scene of that really loved sister, who had flitted away to the spirit-land but two short years before; and she seemed to hear the words—"Love little Mary, as you have loved me, *Ida*, sweet sister mine; there has been no shadow on our love, let her's take my place in your heart, and she will not be left motherless—you *will* care for her, for my sake—why do I ask it!" So she made no reply to the little one beside her, and who again questioned—

"Is there any stormy nights like this in mamma's home, far away?"

But the lady was too much occupied with thoughts of her own child-mate, the olden love sleeping away down in the chambers of her soul, almost forgotten now—thoughts of her own unfaithfulness—and so the child-angel musingly answered her own question :

“No ; there will be no night there, nor sorrow, nor crying, and God will wipe all tears from their eyes.”

Again the storm raged and sobbed fitfully, bearing on each breath some memory to the heart now open for better emotions, and the child, tremblingly, asked again—

“Are you not happy, dear—*Ida ?*” and, as if the name had chilled her yearning heart, she hid her face in the curls of the lady, and said—“*Will you not love me ?*”

So she folded the little one closely to her heart, the little priestess heard her confession, and the ministering ones fluttered their white wings back to the “blue beyond,” where the sainted Mary waited for her child.

O, the love of a motherless heart ! running like a stream in the wild-wood, drifting all life’s beautiful flowers away, tearing their delicate petals, and scattering them, faded and wasted, into the ocean of darkness ! ’Tis a terrible thing to crush the germs of affection in the heart of a child ! ’tis as delicate as the thistle-down, which the cold breath of autumn scattereth, never to be gathered again. Each smile and love-word to the motherless, shall be a talisman of joy in after years, warming the heart with the effulgent sunlight of heaven. Of all the pearls that lie concealed among earth’s treasures, a child-heart is the most peerless and precious.

In that brief hour, *Ida Tracy* reviewed her past sinful life. She breathed a prayer with the little *Mary*, and watched her blue eyes till they closed in sleep, never to open again on earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

The storm had died away at the midnight hour, and the great moon hung her banner of peace over the sleeping world, and smiled on the cherub face of the child-angel, so cold and still ! Who shall tell if these things brought the gift of eternal life to the proud *Ida Tracy*, though they bore away the flower-bud to the gardens of Paradise !

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EMULATION looks out for merits that she may exalt herself by a victory ; envy spies out blemishes that she may lower another by a defeat.

## THE LESSON

FROM REAL LIFE.

BY R. C.

THREE young ladies were seated in a richly furnished apartment. They were the Misses Amanda and Emma Ellis, and their cousin Della Lyon; the latter was engaged in the womanly occupation of sewing, the two former in discussing critically a ball at which all three had been present the preceding evening.

"I don't like that Mr. Low at all," said Miss Amanda, continuing the conversation.

"Nor I either," responded Miss Emma, who was the eldest.

"And why not, cousins?" asked Della. "I am sure he is handsome enough, is he not?"

"Yes; but——"

"But what, coz?" said she to Emma, who had spoken last. "Surely his manners are pleasing, and his language polished without affectation."

"Yes, yes, but for all that he is *vulgar*," said Emma, pettishly, "*vulgar* in his ideas."

"*Vulgar*!" exclaimed Della; "you must again allow me to differ from you, coz," she continued, looking in her cousin's face with a winning smile. "I think he is quite refined, more so than Mr. Coats or Mr. Car, and many of the other gentlemen."

"Only think of comparing Mr. Low with Mr. Coats and Mr. Car, two gentlemen!" exclaimed Miss Amanda Ellis. "Why, Mr. Low is a *mechanic*."

"Well, suppose he is! dear," said her cousin, "does that make him *vulgar* or *less respectable*? For my part I think a mechanic can be as much of a gentleman (in the true sense of the word) as a millionaire."

"Well, I declare! cousin Dell, you do have some of the funniest notions," said Miss Amanda, "just for all the world like pa! He thinks one man just as good as another, even though he be a laborer."

"Yes," said Emma, "I do wish he would be a little more circumspect, and find better company for his daughters than mechanics. It is his fault that Mr. Low comes here; he gives him such pressing

invitations. I suppose he wants me or you, Amanda. Wouldn't it make a fine paragraph for the papers,—'Miss Amanda, or Emma, daughter of Henry Ellis, merchant, to Mr. James Low, mechanic!'

"Oh, dear!" and the spoiled beauties—for both sisters possessed great personal attractions—threw themselves back upon the sofa and laughed heartily.

"Well, well, girls," said Mr. Ellis, who, hidden by the half-open door of the apartment, had been an unobserved listener to the conversation, and who now entered the room, "You may laugh now, but you may live to regret that you did not try to obtain Mr. Low for a husband. Mark that!" and the old gentleman, taking up his hat, left the apartment.

"Who would have thought that he was listening?" said Miss Amanda: "but I don't care."

"I declare, if there is not Mr. Low on the steps," exclaimed Emma, who was looking through the blinds. "Come, come," she continued, addressing her sister, "let us go up stairs into the other parlor, and leave cousin Dell to entertain him; it will be a pleasure for her, for she is partial to *mechanics*," and the sisters left the room.

The object of the foregoing conversation was a young man whom Mr. Ellis had introduced to his daughters and niece some months before as a master mechanic. But, unlike their father, who valued a man for his *character*, and not for his *money*, the Misses Ellis were great sticklers for *respectability*—their standard being riches—and the consequence was, as we have seen, that Mr. Low did not stand any too high in their good graces. Mr. Ellis knew this false estimate of respectability was a predominant fault in his daughters' characters, and he determined to give them a practical and salutary lesson. How he succeeded the sequel of our story will show.

A few moments after the sisters had left the room, Mr. Low entered. He was about the middle height, with a fine figure, regular features, and an intelligent countenance. His eyes were of deep blue, his eye-brows finely arched, and his forehead high and white, from which the dark hair was pushed back, displaying its fine proportion. He was certainly a handsome man, which fact even the Misses Ellis did not attempt to deny, and the ease and politeness with which he greeted Miss Lyon bespoke his claim to that which that lady herself had awarded him—the title of *gentleman*. He was soon seated and in conversation with Della.

Della Lyon was a charming girl. It is true she did not possess the exquisite proportions and regular features of her two cousins, but then there was ever a sunny smile upon her face, and a cheerful



sparkle in her clear light-blue eye, and she had such light bounding spirits, that it made her appear, if not as beautiful as her cousins, at least more bewitching ; at least so thought Mr. Low as he gazed upon her laughing countenance.

"How much better," thought he, "would it be to possess her as a wife, dependent as she is upon her uncle, and dowerless as she would be, than either of the Misses Ellis, with their spoiled tempers, notwithstanding their fortunes."

Thinking thus, is it to be wondered at, that he left her with a half-formed determination to win her love if it lay within his power ?

When Della appeared at the dinner table that day, many were the meaning and inquisitive glances her cousins cast upon her. At last, unable to restrain their loved habit of joking their cousin, they spoke.

"I hope you spent a very pleasant morning, cousin," said Miss Amanda, with a mock arch look.

"A very interesting tete-a-tete, was it not ?" whispered Emma, across the table.

"I spent the morning very pleasantly," answered Della, blushing slightly.

"O ! I dare say," said Emma, sarcastically. "I suppose he gave you a dissertation on *mechanics*, did he not, coz ?"

"Well, and suppose he did ?" said Mr. Ellis, who had been listening patiently, but into whose honest face the color now rose. "Is it not better to listen to that than to the senseless conversation and sickly sentiment drawled out in affected tones by the foplings, half men, half monkeys, who disgrace humanity ?" and the old man cast such a look upon his daughters as made them quail beneath it. "But, never mind, Dell," he continued, in a softer voice, and patting his niece's rosy cheek, "never mind, Mr. Low is worth three or four such would-be gentlemen as Mr. *Coats* and Mr. *Car*, and in more ways than one."

The last sentence he addressed to his daughters. Days, weeks and months rolled by, and Mr. Low's visits became frequent at Mr. Ellis'. It was very evident he was paying particular attention to Della Lyon, and it was also plain to see that they were not unacceptable. This fact furnished an ample subject for the sisters' sarcastic remarks. As for their father, whenever they indulged in them in his presence, a knowing smile would play upon his face, and he would repeat to them his assertions, that they would some day wish they had obtained Mr. Low for a husband. Thus things went on for some time. At length, one morning, about three months subsequent to the period



when our story commences, Mr. Ellis entered the parlor where his daughters were sitting, with a light step and sparkling eye.

"Well, girls, what do you think of it?" said he, rubbing his hands in glee.

"What?" asked both the young ladies in a breath.

"The wedding we are going to have."

"The wedding! *what* wedding?"

"Your cousin's."

"Della's?"

"Yes. She is going to honor the mechanic with her hand. What do you think of it, eh?"

"I don't think much of it," said Miss Emma, with a toss of her head.

"Nor I," said Amanda.

"You don't, eh? Well, suppose I was to tell you she is going to marry a man worth two hundred thousand dollars! would that alter your opinions?"

"Why, what do you mean, pa?"

"Listen, and I will tell you, girls," said the old gentleman, casting upon his daughters a grave and somewhat stern look. "The father of Mr. Low, to whom your cousin is soon to be married, was an old friend of mine; we were playmates in boyhood. He was apprenticed to the carpenter's trade about the same time I entered the counting-house. Soon after he had finished learning his trade, he went to the city of Baltimore, and there started business for himself and married. Being possessed of genius, and having a good education, from a master mechanic and builder he soon became an architect, and subsequently amassed a large fortune. Knowing the reverses of fortune to which all are liable, he resolved to make his only son, James, a good architect, so that if ever the fickle goddess should desert him, he would have the wherewith to earn his daily bread. He succeeded. A year or two ago he died, leaving his son his whole fortune—his wife being already dead, and James being an only child. About six months ago James came to this city on a visit. He called upon me as his father's friend. In the course of conversation I asked him why he was not married. He said that—

"He had never yet met with a young lady that he thought worthy to call his wife, that he could find enough who would marry him for the sake of his money, but that such an one he would never marry."

"I told him that I would introduce him to some of our city ladies, and see if he could not find one among them to suit him. He

required then that I should conceal his wealth, and introduce him only as a master mechanic. I acquiesced, and knowing your false estimate of respectability, I embraced the opportunity of teaching you a lesson, which I sincerely hope will have a salutary influence. I knew when I brought him home with me, and introduced him, that neither of you would be his choice, because you were certain you could not stoop so low as to marry a master mechanic; but the event which will soon take place I early foresaw. Your cousin knew nothing whatever of his wealth until to-day. I see you look surprised, girls, but did I not tell you you would be sorry some day that you did not obtain him for a husband. And did I not tell you that he was worth two or three such ninny-hammers as Mr. Coats and Mr. Car, in more ways than one?" Remember, girls, that wealth is a false standard by which to judge of respectability and worth. Not that a rich man may not be *respectable*, but that very often he who *earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow*, is more of a gentleman than he who *counts his thousands*."

And they did remember it. For in after years they showed in their choice of husbands that they had not forgotten their honest old father's lesson.

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TRYING.

BY HELENA S. G. MAHAN.

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"AUNT Ellie is very tired—almost worn out with trouble, and her multitude of household cares. She's looking very much like I feel when I'm thinking that selfishness is the greatest aim with the world in general—every one feels so at times. I wonder if I cannot find the way to her heart, just in a few moments? I'll try!"

Paula sat in the great easy chair, regarding her aunt with an air of curious interest, while these thoughts were passing in her mind.

The elder lady sat upon the sofa in silence, engaged with a piece of elaborate sewing work, and wearing a look of patient endurance.

A sweet quiet reigned, broken only by the rattling of the leaves of a trailing vine upon the window.

Paula stole quietly to the open piano, and seating herself, commenced one of those dear, home tunes that steal into the soul and wake an echo there.

Aunt Ellie's eyes brightened as she listened to the full, clear tones of her niece's voice, which woke up the slumbering music of her heart, and drove unpleasant thoughts far away.

When the song was ended Paula turned, suddenly, to note the effect ; and happy smiles lit up her face when she saw her aunt leaning her head upon her hand, buried in thought, and the sewing lay forgotten on the floor.

Paula fell into a fit of reverie something like the following : " Well, she's forgotten her work a moment—that's a satisfaction. I wonder if she hears the katydids in that tree, and dreams of them, as I do sometimes. How they do quarrel !—wonder if they're in earnest ? There ! auntie hears that bird sing—I know she does, for how sweetly she smiles ! " O, if people just *didn't* have so much trouble—but we must have the shadow as well as the sunshine, all through life."

And Paula sighed.

Just then the sun burst from behind a great, purple-edged cloud, and poured his level rays in at the western window, showering Paula with the golden light.

" What a glorious sunset !" leaped from her lips ; and then came a snatch of happy song accompanied by the mellow-toned piano.

" Thank you, Paula," said a voice full of untold meaning ; and she had only time enough to catch a glimpse of a *very happy* face as Aunt Ellie left the room.

" *Then*, she has a beautiful spirit-harp hid away in her breast, and I have found how to play upon the finely-tuned strings and make no discord there !—yes, there certainly is a warm spot in every human breast ; and who knows what power one may have in merely finding it ? Hereafter, when I see the cheerless face which bespeaks the gloom within, why I will *try* my power to dispel it !"

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### PATTY'S GIFT.

BY WINNIE WIZMAN.

' ONLY a penny, please !' The beggar child  
Breathed her petition with her little palm  
Outstretched, and her blue eyes beseechingly  
Upraised while the deaf throng passed heedless by.  
Just as her heart was crushing with the weight  
Of an unpitied woe, a tiny hand  
Clasped her thin fingers, and a gentle voice  
Fell on her ear as heavenly melody,  
" I have no penny ; but I'll give you this,"  
And on the beggar's brow she pressed a kiss  
Ah ! human bond—better than moneyed worth  
Swelling the soul with hope's celestial birth !

## A NOOK ON THE HUDSON.

SUNDAY MORNING.

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BY FANFAN.
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So beautiful ! so delicious ! so Eden-like in its unsullied freshness and purity ! God forbid that I should sit here revelling in this feast of His bounteous love, with no heart to share it with my fellow-men, who have all the year long to feed upon the barrenness of the city streets !

It were almost as culpable as to gorge one's self with the fat of the land while the miserable, hungry beggar stands gnawing his meatless bone.

The house of my friend is situated upon an eminence, and around it, higher still, rise the verdant hills with their wealth of forest growth and beauty.

Just before me is a gentle undulation waving outward toward the traveled road, and here and there, amongst the greenness the mansions of our retired merchants look out invitingly.

Afar, through an opening of the distant woods, the Highlands greet me with an imposing front, and nearer, with one step up the ascent on my left, the Palisades present their singularly artistic, columnar view. These wondrous "freaks of nature," so like the work of an orderly, skillful hand, banish the word Chance from the Christian's vocabulary, and carry his thoughts up to the Almighty Architect who formed each leaf and flower that grows, and arranges from chaos such perfect system and beauty.

To dwell amid the grandeur of God's spotless creation, and make no effort for the attainment of an innocent heart and life ; to look abroad upon the wide-spread wonders of this world of marvellous beauty, and feel no yearning for God's transforming touch upon one's soul ; to touch, and taste, and feel the proofs of a boundless goodness and mercy, and love all around one, and yet shrink from the acknowledgment, "My Lord and my God,"—this strange disposition in man tells me to-day, "Thou art not yet in Paradise."

## CLARA MOORE.

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BY EDITH ELWOOD.
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A LITTLE back from the busy, bustling village of M——, in the Empire State, stood a handsome residence, surrounded with all the attractions that nature and art combined could give. The grounds were tastefully and elegantly laid out; and every thing around bore token of an exquisite and superior taste. Majestic old trees waved their green branches far up in the blue sky; the sunbeams fell brightly upon the crystal waters of a beautiful fountain; flowers and shrubbery were scattered around in rich profusion; while the musical flow of a meandering stream at a little distance, fell soothingly upon the ear.

This lovely place was the home of Mr. Moore, a middle aged gentleman of wealth and influence; one who possessed those noble qualities of mind which ever insure esteem and respect from all. He had married rather late in life,—not a mere butterfly of fashion, made up of silk, satin, lace, and jewelry, filled with vanity and affectation, fit only to grace his parlors, and show off her accomplishments to fashionable callers,—but, as might be expected from his appreciation of genuine worth and goodness, a woman of rare intellectual attainments, a true sense of woman's proper sphere and mission, and a heart overflowing with kindness and love. Need we say that their union was a happy one, and that uninterrupted confidence and harmony reigned in their cheerful household?

Of their children, Clara was the eldest: the pride and joy of her fond parents, and the embodiment of love and gentleness to her little brothers and sisters. At the time she is introduced to our readers, she is just budding into perfect womanhood. It is the morning of the anniversary of her birthday; and as we gaze upon her now, seated in a little arbor in a recess of the garden, contemplating the beauties that June traces upon nature's face, we surely cannot fail to call her very beautiful. Seventeen summer suns have shed their brightness amid her clustering ringlets, which fall in unconfined freedom over neck and shoulders of pearly whiteness; a sweet smile is playing around those rosebud lips; and as her eyes, blue as the soft summer sky, wander over the scene before her, she



seems to forget all else save the silent communings of nature. Her book, which she has been perusing, has slid from the grasp of those tiny little fingers, and is lying among the folds of her muslin morning dress. The cool zephyrs are fragrant with the perfume of a thousand flowers, which are just shaking the dew from their graceful heads, bathed in the warm beams of the morning sun ; the trees and shrubbery are alive with nature's feathered choristers, sending forth their notes of joy, till the air seems filled with their melody.

But her musings are suddenly interrupted by the rustling sound of a footstep, and a graceful, fine looking young man, exclaimed—"Oh ! Clara dear, I have been searching for you for the last half hour, and here you are in this sly little nook so early ;" and with these words the young man imprinted a kiss upon her lips, and clasped her trembling little hand within his own, for he was her cousin, and betrothed, and in one short year she would be his bride.

"You are saucy, cousin Harry—there, *do* let me go," she said, while the faint color deepened upon her cheek, till it assumed a rich carmine hue. Then, as she met the deep tenderness of his dark eyes, that never had such meaning for any other, she added in her quiet, pretty way—

"How I shall like to have just such a glance beam on me *all* my life."

"And so you shall, dearest," he answered, patting her curls ;—"there, now you may go ;" and the two, with hearts blending in "love's young dream," slowly wended their way towards the house. The present was bright and sunny—could aught mar their happy future ?

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Henry Lisle was an orphan ; left by a dear sister to the care of Mr. Moore, when but ten years of age. His father died some years previous to his mother, who, in her last illness, committed her only child to her brother's care. And well did that brother fulfill the promises made to a dying sister.

For a while, little Henry seemed sad and unhappy ; but he found warm hearts in his new home ; and as childhood's sorrows are ever brief and changing, he soon learned to love those who now cared for him, *almost* as he had the dear ones in his own happy home.

As soon as Mr. Moore thought it advisable, he placed him at an institution of high reputation, where he made such progress in his studies, that he won the respect and admiration of both teachers and students. After leaving this school, he entered college, always spending his vacations at home. It was at these vacations that he

had learned to look upon Clara in a new light—as something more than cousin ; and she, with her warm heart and gentle sympathies, had returned this affection with pure and undying love.

The parents of Clara had long been aware of their mutual attachment, and felt secure in trusting their child's happiness to his keeping ; but it was only at this, his last vacation, that Harry had told of his love for the gentle Clara, and received their approval. After finishing his collegiate course, he was to locate in a distant city to practise his chosen profession, which seemed to him far preferable to that of living in idleness upon the wealth left him by his parents. It was the last morning, previous to his departure for college, that he met Clara in the arbor, as before alluded to. In some years he was to return and claim his affianced bride:

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Time passed swiftly away to our young friends, and June, bright, sunny June came round again, and with it returned Harry Lisle. He had graduated at college with high honors, and was regarded by all his acquaintances as a noble specimen of intelligence and morality—the latter, by the way, rarely found in these days of “fast young men.” He found Clara, if changed at all, more lovely and beautiful than when he left her one year ago ; at least, so thought Harry, as, the morning after his arrival, he watched her fairy-like movements as she flitted around from one thing to another, busy in the preparations for the anticipated bridal. At last, every thing was arranged ; the trunks stood in the hall ready packed for the journey ; the boxes containing the books and harp were there also.

Sweet Clara Moore, how lovely she looked on her bridal morn !—how bright the sun shone, and how unclouded was the summer sky ; surely it was a token of many bright days to come, fraught with love, and joy, and happiness. Such were the thoughts that passed in her mind, as she was looking out of her window upon all the old familiar scenes that had thus far daily met her view. But soon she must leave all these fond associations. One would have supposed that she had affection enough in the fond father and mother, and little brothers and sisters, who almost idolized her ; but there was something more dear to her in *his* love which was all her own, and her place would soon be by *his* side through all the unknown future. But she must go and visit a few of her favorite haunts ere the hour came for her to meet Harry, and pronounce those vows which would make them as *one*, to tread life's flowery pathway.

She turned from her window and beheld her mother, who had noiselessly entered the room a few moments previous, and stood look-



ing at Clara with a dim moisture in her eyes. She was mentally repeating those beautiful lines, so appropriate now,

"Mother, on earth it must still be so,  
Thou rearest the lovely to see them go,"

and thinking how very soon she should be deprived of her dear child's society.

"Dear mother," said Clara, "how I wish there was no such thing as parting; how sad it will be to say adieu to home, and all the loved ones here. But we will not talk of it now. I was just thinking I would like to walk a few moments among the shrubbery, and in the garden—take a last peep at my pet flowers, and gather a few of those blue violets that nestle so sweetly among the cool mosses, near the willows by the brook. Please don't refuse me, mother, for I do not think I have another wish in the world."

Ms. Moore loved her child too dearly to say no to this simple request, and thus mar her anticipated pleasure; so, with a kiss upon her pure brow, away went Clara. As she passed down the garden walks, on this her last ramble, everything that her eyes rested upon seemed brighter and clearer to her than before; the flowers fairer and sweeter—the leaves and grass more green and fresh—while the little stream, to her listening ear, seemed to be singing a louder rippling strain than ever.

This little stream was one of her favorite haunts, and thither she now directed her steps. She soon came to a place where some trees threw their green boughs far out, and cast a deep shade around: under these trees had been formed a seat, where Harry and she had often sat reding together some favorite author, or talking of the past, present, or future, as chance directed. Here she seated herself for a few moments, trying, but almost vainly, to realize that it was her good-bye visit—then she thought of a place farther down, where the stream was deeper and swifter, some lilies grew, but were not quite in bloom the last time she was there; they were her favorite flowers, so white and pure. She reached the spot, but saw no flowers, and was turning away, rather reluctantly, when her glance fell upon one almost in full bloom, nearly concealed by leaves; she hurried to the place—reached—grasped the prize, but her foot slipping, she was thrown over into the stream. She tried to clasp hold of something for help, but in vain, the current bore her downward, and as it grew more and more rapid, she sank beneath those clear, sparkling waters, a thing of beauty, love, and joyousness, never again to open those bright eyes on the beautiful scenes around her.

Harry had seen Clara leave the house—he saw her pass down the garden walks, and would have joined her, as he had so often done before, but he thought this was her good-bye ramble, and she would rather be alone, so he sat down by his window, and as his eyes followed her movements, he felt as if he could divine her thoughts by her slow, but evidently embarrassed manner. At times the shrubbery concealed her from his view, but soon again he would see the flutter of her white dress among the green leaves. He noticed her passing down the stream, and remembered well the spot where the lilies grew; he saw her bend over—reach—and fall. Quick as thought he ran down stairs: meeting her mother in the hall, he merely said, Clara!—rushed out of the house, and down the paths leading to the stream. The mother followed, calling to know what had happened, which alarmed the rest of the family, and as they reached the fatal spot, they saw Harry far down where the waters looked dark and foamy, bringing in his arms a slight form, which they recognized as their beloved Clara. A few moments after, he reached them with the lifeless one, who was to him the dearest of earth's fair treasures.

They carried her to the room which had been tastefully prepared for her bridal; but, instead of merry voices, and bright smiles, there were wild sobs, and bitter tears. The friends came prepared to offer their congratulations to the fair, young bride, but only beheld a graceful figure, cold, and white as the marble table on which it rested. There was indeed no sad, farewell words for that sweet girl, to breathe in a loved parent's ear—no tear-stained cheek to tell of her sad parting with that dear home.

But of all that weeping assembly, one tall, manly form could plainly be distinguished from the rest, by the weight of woe which seemed stamped upon those pale, intellectual features. Poor Harry! to him the earth had suddenly become clouded—the bright star of his destiny was shrouded in darkness—the fair flowers of hope were withered, and life, to him, had lost its charm, since his gentle Clara had left him *alone*.

In after years, when other's griefs seemed softened by the lapse of time, Harry still kept the memory of his loved, but lost one, sacredly enshrined within his heart. He became an able and talented lawyer; filled some of the most important offices of his native State with honor and integrity. But his greatest pleasure, is to sit beside the mound that covers the one dear treasure, and live over, in imagination, the days of his youth, when sweet Clara Moore was his affianced bride.

## SOMEBODY'S DEAD.

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 BY MAE MONTGOMERY.
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SOMEBODY'S dead ! somebody's dead !  
 Yes, I know by the tolling bell.  
 Some spirit is freed from its house of clay,  
 And now on bright pinions is soaring away,  
 With God to dwell.

Warningly, warningly  
 Came the dreaded and final call,  
 While with marble brow and fevered brain,  
 One lay calmly thinking, but not with pain,  
 Of shroud and pall.

Stealthily, stealthily,  
 Crept the Angel of Death along ;  
 Who hovered a moment above the cold clay  
 To sever the spirit, then bore it away,  
 On pinions strong.

Weeping friends, weeping friends  
 Lingered beside the lifeless form.  
 God's promises seemed like healing balm  
 To the aching heart, to soothe and calm  
 After the storm.

Hopefully, hopefully !  
 Think we of loved ones gone before,  
 Who are watching and waiting till we shall gain  
 Through sorrow and suffering, toil and pain,  
 That brighter shore.

Beautiful, beautiful !  
 It is to feel while here we stay,  
 That the spirits of loved ones are hovering near  
 To watch and to guard us, and evermore cheer  
 Us on our way.

Life is blest ! life is blest !  
 Journeying onward toward the tomb,  
 Jesus our guide and our portion shall be  
 O'er the dark river, whose border we see  
 Shrouded with gloom.

Truly blest ! truly blest !  
 Sorrowing oft and filled with fears,  
 We seek for a country, now hidden from sight,  
 The " Kingdom Eternal," the " City of Light,"  
 Where fall no tears.

## THE MARTYRDOM OF LIFE.

BY F. L. BURGE SMITH.

IT were comparatively easy to go to the stake, with a heavenly peace pervading one's bosom, and a sweet consciousness of immediate bliss and rest, when the consuming element shall have done its work upon the perishable body ! It were not the saddest thing in the world to ascend the scaffold, with the gleaming edge of the guillotine in view, if so be, in the distant prospect, visions of fame and glory appear : glimpses of an immortal name, graven upon the hearts, and ringing out from the lips of a grateful people. It were not the keenest agony for the bereaved widow to mount the funereal pyre, and lie down beside her dead for the long, long sleep, albeit—for the moment—there curl about her quivering limbs the torturing flames, shrivelling muscle, and nerve, and sinew with their fierce fury. Men voluntarily give themselves over unto death with the impulse of some heroic purpose, or with the dastardly shrinking from a coming ill. Some have shut themselves in with a loathsome contagion, and made upon their own systems the most disgusting experiments, in order to test a principle in a glorious science : others, to save themselves from defeat and shame, have gloatingly watched a subtle poison as it mingled its sure destruction in their veins.

To die is not always the highest martyrdom ; but to live on with every finger of the race pointing at you in sharpest scorn ; with every eye burning its scathing contempt into your sensitive soul, and every tongue pouring forth its malice in lava tide upon your shrinking head. To live on with a nation's ban thundering in your ear ; to walk the earth with your dead hopes clinging upon your neck, and confronting you with a ghastly visage ; to be shut in with the repulsive malaria of the vicious and impure ; to have a thousand poisons working in your veins, and all powerless, save to make life one hideous reality—this were martyrdom in the extreme.

To struggle with poverty, and temptation, and bereavement, struggle manfully, bravely, *alone*, and wear before one's fellows the brow of calm and patient endurance ; this were martyrdom in its truest, widest sense.

There are strong men, brilliant in intellect, and worthy the high-

est places of trust and honor in their country, who yet pursue their lowly way, in the deep, dark valley of humiliation and obscurity. Think you, there is no cruciation in their daily life? Would they not rather get still deeper in the valley, even beneath the clods?

There are frail women, struggling with mighty cares and sorrows, whose weight is crushing out of them all but the life itself. Is there no martyrdom in this continual burden of suffering? Were it not easier to lay the cumbersome mass in the grave, and with folded hands, and closed eyes rest, rest forever!

There are little children—God pity them!—who are the greatest victims in this martyrdom of life. I see them now, patting along the city streets, their little naked feet taking the frost from the rude pavement, and their blue limbs pinching in the pitiless wind, while upon the warmly clad, happy crowd, their meek eyes look out sufferingly.

Oh, the children! Good Lord, from thy merciful heaven bend down to shield them from the agony! Catch them up from the bosom of this cold world to the arms of thine Infinite love, ere they shall be bowed and broken by the pressure of life's ponderous Cross!

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THE distinguishing peculiarity, and most valuable characteristic of the diamond, is the power it possesses of refracting and reflecting the prismatic colors; this property it is that gives fire, life, and brilliancy to the diamond. Other stones reflect the light as they receive it, bright in proportion to their own transparency, but always colorless; and the ray comes out as it went in. What the diamond effects as to the natural light, genius performs as to that which is intellectual; it can refract and reflect the surrounding rays elicited by the minds of others, and can divide and arrange them with such precision and elegance, that they are returned indeed, not as they were received, dull, spiritless, and monotonous, but full of fire, lustre, and life. We might also add, that the light of other minds is as necessary to the play and development of genius as the light of other bodies is to the play and radiation of the diamond. A diamond, incarcerated in its subterraneous prison, rough and unpolished, differs not from a common stone; and a Newton or a Shakspeare, deprived of kindred minds, and born amongst savages—savages had died.

## MEDITATION.

BY M. R.

"'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours, and ask them what report they bear to heaven."

'Tis wise to retire from the busy scenes of outer life, into the inner chambers of the heart, and there "talk with past hours," and hold sweet converse with the soul. There are, oh ! how many beautiful things, in the season of Autumn, that invite the contemplative mind to meditation. There is a pensive beauty in October days, ere nature puts on her frigid aspect, and the sighing breeze knells the requiem of departed glories, which throws o'er us a soft, yet pleasing melancholy ; and we think how soon, *oh, how soon*, all the beautiful things in nature will lose their beauty, and all bright things their brightness. We find abundant food for meditation, when we go into the thick wood, and listen to the hushed, deep murmurs of the evening breeze, as it gently waves the rich foliage ; or when we look away into yonder vault of heaven, at the sunset hour, and see how the resplendent hues of topaz, and amethyst, and gold, beautifully blend with each other, and stream in living light across the azure sky. It seems the very gate of heaven, and that lone star seems a beacon light, hung out from its portals to guide us wanderers home ; and we can almost hear the voices of the blest, as they mingle around the throne of the Most High.

Whose soul will not kindle within him, and whose spirit will not thrill with ecstasy, on contemplating scenes like these ? Who does not feel that he is holding converse with pure beings, that he is—

"Just on the boundary of the spirit land,  
Close to the realm where angels have their birth ?"

There is a place where I love to retire for meditation : 'tis the grave-yard where sweetly sleep depart friends. I love to go there Sabbath eve, just as the glorious sun is sinking within the golden gates of the west, while yet his rays linger lovingly, as if loth to leave the grassy mounds. 'Tis there I love to meditate upon the virtues, and noble characteristics, of those whose voices we never more can hear in praise or blame. I love to place them before me as beacons to guide me o'er the bounding billows of the dark ocean of time.



There is an hour for meditation : there's an hour when all is still, save the whisper of the evening zephyr, or the falling leaf, tinged with a silvery dew-drop, and the throbbing heart of mortals :—'tis when the drapery of night falls over the face of nature, and the king of day reveals his splendor in another hemisphere. 'Tis then the thoughtful mind unlocks the hidden chambers of thought, enkindling the fire of intellect to noble acts, and breathing angelic sentiments of virtue and truth. 'Tis there we spread the canvas of memory before our mental vision, and linger upon scenes of by-gone days, which are indelibly written upon the tablet.

Beneath the canopy of nightfall, when all nature is wrapt in profound silence, the star of hope points us upward, to endless years of perfect and undying bliss, in the celestial realms of that haven of happiness where pleasure never dies—of those elysian bowers where flowers ecstatic bloom. In night's still hour, we may behold the vault of heaven—

“ Bespangled with those isles of light,  
So wildly, spiritually bright.  
Whoever gazed upon them shining,  
And turned to earth without repining?  
Nor wished for wings to flee away,  
And mix with their eternal ray ?”

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ALL married people, and indeed all intimate friends, would do well to heed the lesson given by the father of Marcelle and Remi—in Souvestre's “Leaves from a Family Journal”—upon the danger of too great social familiarity :—

“The charm of any human individuality has its limits, and is diminished with too great acquaintance.” . . . “Repetitions are then remarked, and faults of detail are noticed. It is as necessary to curb the appetite of the heart and mind, as that of the stomach.—Better remain but partially satisfied, than experience the disagreeables of after taste and satiety.”

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**TO PRESERVE HEALTH.**—Avoid too plentiful meals. Go not abroad without breakfast. Shun the night air. Take a cold bath daily. Apply the flesh brush freely to any weak part of the body. Take proper exercise. Drink water instead of tea or coffee. Keep your conscience clear, and your bowels well regulated, and you will need little medicine.



## Editor's Miscellany.

Our friends are not quite so prompt to send in scraps for the Miscellany as we could desire, still we pick up here and there a stray bit that has never made its way before the public, and that way answer its purpose of amusement.

We have the promise of some pretty things from Virginia for the little folks, and to-day comes to us from a new source the following parody on Longfellow's *Excelsior*. Although these travesties of truly beautiful and worthy productions are not exactly in accordance with our taste, we cannot refrain from giving "One Peppergrass" a place in these pages, which we design to appropriate chiefly to the humorous. "It is better to laugh than be sighing," is a motto we should most assuredly take unscrupulously to ourselves, but for the Wise Man's sanction of an exactly opposite sentiment. Even now we are disposed to compromise the matter, and indeed we call Solomon himself as arbiter, agreeing to abide by his decision. "A time to weep and a time to laugh."

### PHIGHLOORY!

A Parody, by One Peppergrass, on Mr. Longfellow's "Excelsior"!!!

The sun was sinking in the west,  
As Thaddeus to his bosom pressed  
The sweetest girl in all creation,  
Who loved the unique appellation,  
Phighloory.

His face was full of grief; his eye  
Was very fur from being dry,  
And a slight shiver shook his frame,  
As he pronounced that sing'lar name,  
Phighloory!

In happier hours his chief delight  
Had been to meet this maiden bright;  
But now his breast heav'd forth a sigh;  
For he had come to say "Good bye,  
Phighloory!"

"Oh, leave not poor Phighloory wretched!"  
She wildly screamed, with arms outstretched—  
But the sad youth, though prone to stay,  
Could only answer, "Lack-a-day,  
Phighloory!"

"Beware how you forget me, Thad,  
Because 'twill make me feel so bad."  
This was the last Phighloory said—  
And Thad cried, "Bless your precious head,  
Phighloory!"

At breakfast time, next morning, while  
Her father said grace o'er the pile  
Of food that on the table lay,  
She thought she heard somebody say,  
"Phighloory!"

On stepping to the door, she found  
Thaddens defunct upon the ground,  
And clasping in his hand of snow,  
A hem-stitched handkerchief, marked so,

PHIGHLOORY.

She fell upon him there and then;  
She kissed him o'er and o'er again;  
And then with a spasmodic flirt,  
Lay dead there likewise, in the dirt,  
Phighloory.

"WHEN folks bes wicked, theym always dull," says Bridget to her mistress, as she moralizes over her ironing table, "but when folks bes good, then don't they feel happy! I tries that meself sometimes, ma'am."

IN Pepy's diary he speaks thus of wind instruments, then recently in use, "Went to see the '*Virgin and Martyr*.' It is mighty pleasant; not that the play is worth much, but it is finely acted by Beck Marshall. But that which did please me beyond anything in the whole world, was the wind musique where the angel comes down; which did wrap up my soul, so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife, that I could think of nothing else."

"A proneness to talk of *persons* instead of *things*, indicates a narrow and superficial mind."

SATAN was walking out one day  
And met a Christian by the way  
So startled was he at the sight,  
His evil plans were put to flight,  
And for a moment all the nations  
Had rest from his vile machinations.

IF you would have an erect figure, lie upon a straw bed or matrass without pillows. An infant should always lie thus when sleeping. I have heard one of our first elocutionists say that on attaining to manhood and finding himself with a round back and sunken chest, he threw away his pillows, and betook himself heartily to gymnastic exercises, and in a short time had an upright frame and expansive breast.

## Juvenile Department

LITTLE Annitta, two years old, addressed some remark to her brother, who is seven. As he made no reply, mamma asked, "Do you not hear your sister, my dear?" whereupon the young gentleman said to the child, with much assumption, "You're so little you must not expect me to notice you."

WILLIE, observing upon the wall of a strange room a portrait of Rembrandt, looked earnestly upon it for a moment, and then gave his criticism thus, "Its a ole ooman, no-thin' but a ugly ole ooman."

HARRY "would like very much to go to heaven, if God would let him carry with him his little old rocking-chair," for which he has the most devoted affection.

"MAMMA, please write on this," asked little Mary, holding out an envelope, into which

she had stuffed more than half the treasure of candies just bestowed upon her. "What are you going to do with it, darling?" "Send it up to Lulu, mamma. God'll give it to her if you write to Him."

*The idle, careless boy.*

HARRY Brag spends his day  
In an idle, shiftless way.  
Hangs upon his neighbor's gate,  
Never gets in school till late.  
Rends his clothing, tears his book,  
Throws the leaves into the brook,  
Fritters all God's precious light,  
And crawls home to sleep at night.

*The industrious, thoughtful boy.*

Rises with the morning sun,  
Plods till all his tasks are done,  
Lends a helping hand to mother  
In the care of little brother;  
Keeps his jacket whole and neat,  
Slides not on his *pantie's* seat,  
And in all his merry sport  
Has in memory the thought,  
That his childhood's happy day  
Was not given alone for play.

## Family Receipts.

**PATENT TEA-CAKES.**—Sift two teaspoonsful of cream of tartar and two tablespoonsful of white sugar into one quart of flour; beat two eggs, and add to them, after it is melted, a piece of butter the size of an egg; mix these ingredients together with one pint of milk, and just as you are ready to put the mixture into the pan, add one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a little milk; bake in muffin rings, or small tin pans. Eat while hot.

**ELIZA'S SPONGE CAKE.**—To three cups of flour, add three of sugar, eight eggs, half a teaspoonful of salaratus, and one tablespoonful of vinegar.

**CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.**—One tumbler of butter, three of sour milk, three of sugar, one of raisins, six of flour, and two teaspoonsful of soda. Stir the butter and sugar well together; then add two tumblers of the milk, and in the third dissolve the soda. Flavor to your taste.

"TOIL with pain, and you will eat with pleasure."

**DR. JOHNSON'S FAVORITE DISH.**—"A leg of pork boiled till it dropped from the bone; a veal pie with plums and sugar, or the outside cut of a salt buttock of beef, were his favorite dainties."

**CURE FOR WARTS.**—Shave them gradually down with a sharp knife, taking care not to bring the blood, lest you make them very sore. "This continually shaving them will surely worry them out after a while," so says our Dr., who esteems this method as preferable to caustic applications.

To renovate black garments, bombazine, crepe, and the like. Make a decoction of coffee, and after thoroughly sponging or soaking the articles, iron while wet. This will bring them out in their original beauty.

**EXERCISE AFTER MEALS.**—Exercise immediately after meals is hurtful, particularly to those of nervous and irritable constitutions, who are thence liable to heart-burn, eructations and vomiting. Indeed the instinct of the inferior animals confirms the propriety of this rule; for they are all inclined to indulge themselves in rest after food. Exercise should be delayed till digestion is performed, which generally requires three or four hours after eating a full meal.

## Literary Notices.

DERBY & JACKSON have recently issued another of Marion Harland's enticing works, entitled "Nemesis." Those who have read "Alone," and the "Hidden Path," will hail this new effort of the talented author.

"THE HOUSEHOLD OF BOUVIERIE OR THE ELIXIR OF GOLD, by a Southern lady," will be published early this month. Said to be "a work of striking originality and power."

Books—novels especially—follow each other in such quick succession that it is scarcely possible to get a knowledge even of their titles, much less of their body and merits.

Looking back upon the issues of the past year and the acquaintance we have had with recent productions, we can select very few from the mass of lighter works, which have left their impress upon our souls.

"ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN," from the French of "Octave Feuillet," comes first in our esteem. We saw in Willis' *Home Journal* another of this author's works—"Marriage by Will," which has either met, or will meet the public in book form. To this we look with eager anticipation. Miss Mulock's "Life for a Life," is to us full of profitable instruction. Titcomb's "Gold Foil," a book to be treasured, Ingraham's "Throne of David," not to be regretted. Of the generality of novels we have nothing to say. They make no mark.

Dickens has spoiled us for common authors. Such truthful delineations, such subtle analysis of character, such humor, such pathos, were never before combined in one genius! The world is rich in the possession of such a mind. Long may it be spared to portray both to individuals and nations the foibles and vices that characterize them. Loudest cheers for Charles Dickens the philanthropist!

A TALK WITH THE GANGES, or an Epithalamium on the First Hindu Widow Marriage. By Mrs. Frances Mason. An urgent Appeal for the Hindu Mission, especially for greater Christian effort in behalf of the women of this heathen nation.

## Fashions.

FALL STYLES are very dashy, gay colors predominating. Hats of black silk with a rich madder colored ribbon, and flowers of the same beautiful hue mingled with black prevail. One unique style that met us to-day in Broadway, was black "crinoline" trimmed with black ribbon, striped horizontally with golden threads. The "Poke" continues in favor, and the face adornments are generally suited to the outside trimmings in color.

Mantillas are made to correspond with the hat, frequently ornamented with the same shade, either of ribbon or cord, with tassels to match. Zouave Coiffures of Chenille, made after the fashion of a net, with a wide velvet ribbon run through the outer mesh, and either a bow of the ribbon, or tassels of chenille, are very pretty.

Japanese mitts of black sewing-silk, inwoven with gold or silver thread are displayed in the windows.

Ladies' Robes de Chambre of Chambray, with a puffing of the same, edged by a ruffle an inch wide all around. In white, this is charming.

A dove-colored merino with ornamentation of black velvet, leaves up and down the open skirt.

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